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SEPTEMBER 15, 1954

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# WOMEN'S WEEKLY



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See also pages 16-17

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PMH 71

## The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

SEPTEMBER 15, 1954

Vol. 22, No. 16

### SENTENCED TO HAPPINESS

**A**UTHORITIES in England have begun, experimentally, a new treatment for juvenile delinquents.

Children who come before the courts in Worcestershire are being ordered by Juvenile Court magistrates to spend up to a year in a happy home.

The idea of "sentencing" the children to happiness came from a woman probation officer.

Authorities have approved and passed as happy eight families who are taking delinquents into their homes and making them part of the family for the period to which the court has sentenced them.

The delinquents' parents are encouraged to visit the children during their treatment.

This brave experiment is a very real attempt to deal with a world-wide problem that each year becomes more pressing and more intense.

Perhaps Australia should follow the English example and try it here.

Surely there could be no greater inspiration to a community than a happy family which is big-hearted and sufficiently courageous to take a social misfit into their home.

Human beings rarely react in the way they are desired to on such occasions.

The concept of the treatment is magnificent. It invites the under-privileged child to share a normal family's life; it also gives his parents a passport to a home which may enable them—who, after all, are in some degree responsible for their child's delinquency—to see where their mistakes lie.

This new social venture should be commended as an imaginative approach to an age-old problem.

All parents will await the result with deep interest.

### Our cover:

● Christian Dior's sensational H Line that has caused a furore in the fashion world is pictured on our cover. Photographer Alec Murray made a rush flight from London to Paris to photograph Dior's new model—specially chosen by him to demonstrate his new line. Pages 16 and 17 inside carry further color studies of the H Line, the first to be seen in Australia. These show that, happily, Dior has not completely abolished the bosom.

### This week:

● Candy Hardy, in the teenagers' special section, features colorful week-end play clothes and provides a versatile four-in-one pattern that makes a nightie, a middy-blouse, a romper-suit, and a Sunday supper dress. Debbie shows teenage chefs, step by step, how to prepare, cook, and serve a delicious supper. For more advanced cooks there's a page of biscuits, plain and fancy.

### Next week:

● Our fiction includes the first long instalment of young Tasmanian Don Sharp's new novel, "Conflict of Wings." The book has already been filmed in color in Britain. In this fresh and unusual novel, rich in character, humor, and romance, Sharp tells the story of a battle between the air force and villagers who are determined to keep the R.A.F. from using as a target range land that they regarded as a bird sanctuary. There will be the second absorbing instalment, too, of the Vera Caspary serial "False Face."

● Wonderful color pictures of some of the famous Sybil Connolly clothes will be featured next week. The pictures show some of the fabulous featherlight tweeds she uses in lovely pastel tones, the subtle and unusual colors she has specially dyed for her linens, and her cocktail dresses embroidered with a Georgian motif inspired by ceiling and wall mouldings in old Irish homes.

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## Our 80-page papers

This month The Australian Women's Weekly breaks all its own records for value.

No issue is less than 80 pages, packed with features, some new, others old favorites.

### BIG NEW FEATURES:

- Picture Parade, full of pictures that tell a story.
- Champion Maureen ("Little Mo") Connolly's tennis lessons.

### NEW FICTION:

- "False Face," by brilliant American author Vera Caspary, starts in this issue.
- Margaret Baumann's novel "Woman Without Heart" in this issue.

### NEXT WEEK:

- "Conflict of Wings," by Don Sharp. Part one of this strong two-part novel.

### 4-PAGE FEATURE:

- New designs for bedspreads in color (September 22).

### WATCH FOR THIS!

- The bride's own book (September 29), packed with practical advice for the most glamorous time of a girl's life, and full of wisdom for all women who love their homes.

● Next month the paper will soar even higher in interest, size, and scope.

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Sept.—DESIRE—Annemarie Selinko. 7/- each, postage 1d. (Usual price 18/-)

Oct.—THE AGE OF ELEGANCE—Arthur Bryant. 7/- each, postage 1d. (Usual price 18/-)

Nov.—GUARD YOUR DAUGHTERS—Diana Sutton. 7/- each, postage 1d. (Usual price 12/-)

Dec.—THE SILENT WORLD—Capt. J. H. Coustans. 7/- each, postage 1d. (Usual price 22/-)

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# Henry and the SPACEMAN

**T**HERE is a place which attracts all young bachelors on warm, clear-skied Sunday mornings. And Henry, noticing from the window of his new flat that the skies were of a blue which rivalled those of his own many travel posters, lost no time in hurrying with his soiled clothes to the laundry.

Henry was not, however, one to throw himself into his washing. He washed without a will. Until he plunged his hands into the suds he would maintain a detached and indifferent air. But from that point onward his revulsion for the task mounted with a fervor which dealt harshly with the socks and collars.

So, when he saw that ominous cloud of dirty smoke curling from the next yard and heading with undivided purpose towards his row of white shirts he left that laundry with the jog trot of a man who is fed up to the back teeth.

Reaching the fence, he demanded fiercely, "What do you think you're doing?"

Now this is not quite the line of neighborly greeting which should ring out across the back fences on Sunday mornings. And the redhead who stood prodding the smouldering heap of leaves in the next yard was not quick in catching on to the spirit of the thing.

"What did you say?"

"I said, 'What do you think you're doing blowing smoke all over my washing?'"

For a brief second the redhead's cool gaze inspected the phenomenon which glared at her across the fence. Then she seemed to catch the mood. All the redhead in her leapt into her reply.

"Just keep to your own side of the fence, Buster!" she blazed back, prodding the fire anew. "And watch your temper! Sunday morning's no time to be doing your washing!"

"Don't you tell me when to wash!" Henry snorted.

Had he been in a more tender turn of mind he might have noticed the deep color of her hair against the fullness of her cheeks, the perfect arch of her eyebrows. But his mind was obsessed with the business of the smoke.

"If you don't put that fire out, I will!"

She ignored him, but registered her feelings by poking another belch of dirty smoke towards his shirts.

Henry acted. He grabbed the hose, turned on the water, and returned to the fence in one frenzied movement.

"Don't you dare touch my fire!" the girl's voice trembled dangerously near screaming point. "Don't you dare—!"

Now Henry has always maintained that he only intended to use the hose on the fire. But a man gets carried away. He squirted the redhead.

Any excitement she might have expressed at Henry's intrusion prior to this hosing incident was in the nature of an oriental trance compared to the song and dance act she threw herself into when the hard, cold jet of water hit her fair square.

A few frantic steps found her protection behind a tree. At irregular, and indiscreet intervals she revealed her face and form to Henry insults bordering on the unladylike. But the enraged Henry remained a man of few words and unlimited water.

On this particular Sunday morning Henry harbored quite a few grouches against life, and it was doing his soul good to hurl water at his neighbor. There were others he would much rather have caught in his hose sights.

There was Lois, for instance, who last night had told him in her own sophisticated way to go jump in the lake. This had cut particularly deep, for he had intended, that very evening, to tell her in his own unsophisticated way to do exactly the same thing.

Then there was his boss, who, last Friday, had delivered a short, scathing address on his attempts at layout for the Anstruther Kitchens advertising job.

However, there is nothing quite like the sight of a dripping redhead to pick a man's wounded ego up out of the gutter, and it did not take many gallons of water to turn Henry back into his usual bright self.

A species of brat, about three feet high, had also appeared on the scene and was enjoying the show from a strategic view-point. Henry, always a man of moderation, restrained a desire to let him into the act, and when the fire was completely soaked, without further gesture to his neighbor, he returned to tackle his line of sooty shirts.

He completed his washing, took a shower, and went out to his car. By this time he was again quite the mild, sober-living bachelor whose main excitement in life arose from rush advertising jobs.

He was even beginning to feel a little ashamed at his rather unwarranted display of breeding in the backyard. However, upon reaching his car, five surprises awaited him.

Four were the flat tyres. As he bent to search the boot for his hand pump, the fifth struck him in the seat of the pants.

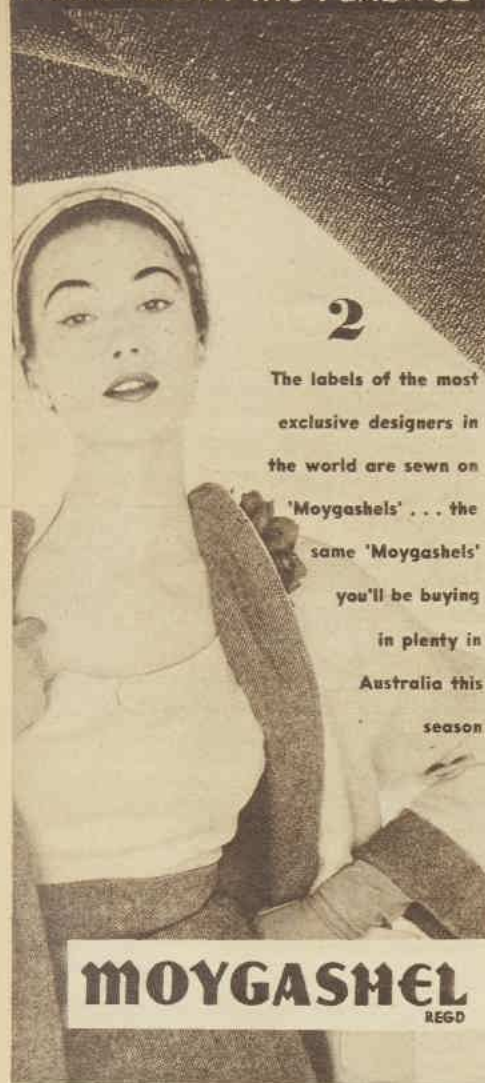
He swung about.

There stood the brat, fingering what looked to

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*From the protection of the tree, the girl hurled insults at Henry as he directed the hose relentlessly at her fire.*

**BY RUDOLPH TAYLOR**



**2**

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# High time he settled down

Light-hearted romance by **VERA GRIFFITHS**

**A**T first Oliver refused point-blank. "No, I will not be your best man," he said. "You don't catch me that way, not after all these years of steering clear of women."

Margarita laid a hand on his arm; he glanced down at it, a small black-gloved hand, a wide flat gold bracelet clasped about the wrist—extraordinary the way women got themselves up.

"Oliver, dear, you're being unkind," she said in her soft little voice. "You're John's oldest friend, that's why we want you to be best man. I don't understand all this about trying to catch you, but I'm sure you've got the wrong idea."

Oliver gave her a good-humored grin. "You're very well brought up. Perhaps you wouldn't understand."

Under the wide black felt hat she flushed faintly. "You don't mean that I set out to catch John?"

"Well," Oliver began rather uncomfortably, then John's pleasant voice broke in, dispelling the slight tension.

"Don't listen to him, he talks a lot of nonsense—he thinks he's being humorous. Now come on, Oliver, don't let the side down. We're banking on you—you'll meet crowds of pretty girls at the wedding," he added mischievously.

Oliver made a face. "That's what I'm afraid of."

"But not one of them will give you a second glance," John assured him. "You've got 'touch-me-not' written all over you."

They'd wrangled amiably for a while; he'd never meant to take it on. Weddings, other people's or your own, were best avoided, in Oliver's opinion.

Your own could be a fatality and at anybody else's you were liable to get romantic ideas; something to do with the general set-up, pretty girls in pretty clothes. "The Voice That Breathed O'er Eden," lace, flowers, frills—a wedding was so dashed feminine; the poor bloke who got married was no more than a lay figure. He'd never been best man to anybody yet, had never intended to be.

"I make it a rule never to be best man even to my oldest and dearest friend," he cleared solemnly.

"Oh, Oliver, please," that was Margarita, whose voice was so soft that you had to listen very hard to hear it, her eyes very blue beneath the brim of that absurd hat, and somehow, before he knew what he was doing, he had weakened.

"Good show!" said John cheerfully. "On the 29th, make a note of it. One of those grand affairs—can you dig up a grey topper, or borrow one? Anyway, I'll get in touch with you later. Now we must rush. Margarita and I have some shopping to do. Can we drop you anywhere?"

"I'm going to watch cricket," said Oliver. "Any chance of your coming along?"

John shook his head. "Sorry and all that—some other time."

And there went a good man lost,

Oliver reflected morosely. There would never be another time now. John would be married to that enchanting Margarita—oh, yes, he admitted the enchantment, but she'd got old John tied up all right.

That afternoon his mind wasn't wholly on the game. This business of getting married. It was to be avoided at all costs, and one way to avoid it was to steer clear of what he'd let himself in for, somebody else's wedding. He'd have to stand and watch old John being bound hand and foot, there would be bridesmaids, he'd be expected to attach himself to one of them.

No way out of it now, but about one thing he was quite determined. As soon as it was over he'd slope off—none of that larking about in the evening with the bridesmaids; that was the dangerous time, everybody a little excited, not quite knowing what you were doing or saying, and before you knew where you were you found that you'd got yourself engaged to some adorable little miss who had planned it all from the beginning.

Oliver was thirty, good looking, quite comfortably well off as director of an old-established family business, and very eligible. A good catch. He'd heard that odious phrase more than once, and he was resolutely determined not to be caught.

**I**T wasn't that Oliver hated women; he did not know them well enough to hate; most of his adult life had been spent avoiding them and there were no women in his family circle. He had no sisters, he didn't remember his mother, and the grim, grey dragon called Mrs. Baker who looked after his father and himself could hardly be classified as a woman.

"You know, it wouldn't be a bad idea if you found a nice girl and got married," the Old Man had remarked not so long ago.

"Heaven forbid!" said Oliver fervently, and the Old Man eyed him curiously.

"Oh, I don't know, there's something about having a woman around—and I mean a woman, not Mrs. Baker—I feel sometimes that you and I are becoming a pair of crusty old fogies."

"I still say heaven forbid," said Oliver. "I like myself as a crusty old fogey. At least I have my freedom; I don't have to explain to anybody where I've been, or miss cricket because my dear little wife wants to be taken shopping or to see her mother, or mind what I say in case I bring on a flood of tears."

"Dear me, what unpleasant women you seem to know," remarked the Old Man. "Your mother wasn't in the least like that."

"She must have been the exception then," Oliver's voice was short. It was no use encouraging the Old Man when he got into that sentimental mood. He was quite prepared to believe that his mother had been the exception; the photograph of her looked gay and crisp.

Somehow you had a feeling that she'd give as good as she got, not melting easily into tears.

Well, perhaps there were still girls of that sort around, but he hadn't met one yet and he wasn't particularly anxious to meet one. For years now people had been saying, "Well, Oliver, when are you going to settle down?"

For years people had been manoeuvring meetings between himself and some pretty girl or other, but all the pretty girls had the same face. Wide-eyed, blandly innocent, powdered and lip-sticked so that all individuality was hidden beneath a smooth mask, they all had preposterous lashes; and they all said the same sort of thing:

"I do like an older man, boys are so silly."

"I've always wanted to know a man in big business—tell me about it."

"I always like a man who is ever so much taller than myself."

You couldn't tell them apart; there wasn't one whom he remembered as a person. He could imagine John and Margarita talking him over.

"We must do something about Oliver, find a nice girl for him; it's time he settled down."

It was funny how the newly-married or those about to marry always wanted to marry you off, too. Nothing doing, anyway. He liked his freedom too well.

Looking extremely handsome in morning dress and topper, he went to the wedding. Standing by John in the chancel he was conscious of a church packed with people; John, pale and tense, gave him an agonised glance, then there was a rustle and a muted murmur and suddenly Margarita was there.

Oh, of course she looked beautiful—even a plain girl could manage to look beautiful on her wedding day and Margarita was by no means plain. All that white stuff, clouds of veiling, Margarita's blue eyes looking up at John as she put her hand in his.

Oliver gulped slightly, then smartly pulled himself together. John, looking quite radiant now, didn't know what he was letting himself in for.

The organ pealed triumphantly and John was married to Margarita, it was all over. Oliver became aware for the first time of the bridesmaids, four of them, two grown-up, two children. In the widespread kissing he concentrated on the children, who seemed surprised, then John's mother grabbed him.

"Oh, Oliver, you don't know the bridesmaids, do you? This is Adele Norman—a brunette, pert little face, merry brown eyes—and this is Jane, Margarita's half sister. Will you walk with Jane?"

This was it, this was where he had to be excessively careful; cool now, not too friendly, start as you mean to go on. He gave a small stiff bow and was a little disconcerted to meet the equally cool glance of a pair of sea-green eyes.

"The best man," she remarked, with a flick of those eyes which made him wonder what was wrong with him.



The brunette broke it up by flinging herself into his arms and planting a smacking kiss on his cheek.

"I always kiss the best man, if he hasn't kissed me first," she remarked.

Oliver suspected a mocking glint in the sea-green eyes and defiantly he said, "Well, here goes—now it's your turn."

"No, thank you," she said calmly, and turned away.

To smooth his unexpectedly ruffled feelings he assured himself that that was fine; a little astonishing perhaps. He wasn't used to girls who glanced at him as if he wasn't there; mostly, when they had the opportunity they flung themselves into his arms.

Jane walked very collectively beside him along the aisle, the tips of her fingers barely touching his arm; in the car she took no notice of him at all. It was the brunette who said, "Oh, I wish I'd been the chief bridesmaid, I should love to have you looking after me today."

That was the sort of remark he was used to, he knew how to ward it off. As soon as they reached the house, Jane moved away and lost herself among the crowd.

Unflattering, very, thought Oliver with a crooked grin, but much the best that could have happened, of course. The brunette was having a wonderful time with a blond boy and Jane seemed perfectly capable of looking after herself. As soon as the cake-cutting and toast-drinking were over he'd slip away.

Across the room he stole a glance at Jane; beautiful when she smiled, as she was smiling then, not at him, but at some remarkably handsome Embassy type. He realised with a sense of shock how attractive she was; taller than Margarita, darker, sea-green eyes and seaweed brown hair with a glint of gold; small straight nose, winged brows, a lift to her chin, a curve to her lips.

He remembered suddenly that photograph of his mother. Jane had it, too, that indescribable crispness, a finish, a take-it-or-leave-it kind of nonchalance.

Here, here, he thought, this won't do.

That was how it began; he'd heard

so many men say, "Yes, I met her at a wedding, she was one of the bridesmaids."

It was a classic device. No, thank you, he wasn't to be caught that way. Not that she showed any sign of wanting to catch him, she was laughing into the eyes of that glossy type across the room. Good luck to him!

He was standing alone half-hidden by a bank of flowers when Margarita went up to change. Jane went with her. Their soft pretty voices floated down to him.

"How are you getting on with Oliver?"

"Oliver?"

She'd never heard of him!

"Your best man, darling, surely you've noticed him?"

"Oh, him! I'm not awfully interested."

For a moment Oliver battled with a confusion of feelings among which a sense of outrage was the strongest. He stood rooted behind the bank of flowers, baffled and unreasonably angry. He was still there brooding when Margarita came down again; but he didn't pay much attention to her, for behind her came Jane.

There was a rush and a flurry, a flutter of laughter, John and Margarita got into the car, showers of rose petals flew, and in the commotion, without really knowing what he intended to do, he edged himself to Jane's side. She turned and looked at him as though she'd never seen him before.

"I say," he found himself stammering awkwardly, "what happens now? Would you like to have a bite of dinner somewhere presently?"

Common politeness, of course, nothing more. He had to keep his end up as best man.

"I'm sorry," she said in the sort of voice that meant that she wasn't in the least sorry. "I've already got an engagement for this evening."

"But look here . . ." Stop it, you ass, you've escaped, fade out now with dignity. But he couldn't stop, he was blurting on.

"But look here, chief bridesmaid

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"I thought you said you were going out with someone this evening," Oliver said joyfully, falling into step with Jane.

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# WHY NOT THE BUTLER?

By DIANA HILLSDON... 17-year-old schoolgirl, of Rylstone, N.S.W.

MR. MITCHELL said triumphantly, "I had decided quite conclusively by the end of the second act that Robert was the murderer. I first suspected him when he said that he had been going past the park at ten. I just knew he was up to something."

He sounded pleased with himself and drank with enjoyment the coffee his wife had just set before him. He hadn't been as pleased as this after the radio play last week. He had stirred his coffee listlessly until it was quite cold, then tipped it down the sink and gone moodily to bed.

He felt he had good cause to be disgruntled. He had been so sure the mother was the culprit and in the end it had turned out to be the great-aunt. First time he had missed for quite four months—it was enough to have turned any man off his evening coffee.

Listening to murder mystery plays was Mr. Mitchell's greatest joy in life. You could give other men their golf clubs and their friends at the bar, and they would feel they were enjoying life to the full, but Mr. Mitchell asked only his wireless on the three nights in the week when these mystery dramas were presented.

Mr. Mitchell was not one of your passive listeners, content to leave the solving of the mystery to the scriptwriter and the story detective. He liked to pounce on any clue, no matter how trivial, and puzzle out all the difficulties of the crime for himself.

The aim of such plays, he felt, was for the listener to forestall the detective in the solving of the crime. The earlier in the play he could decide who was guilty, then the better pleased he was.

He would use the intermission, while the announcer praised his sponsor's wares, sorting out the information he had collected during the first half of the programme. He could decide whose alibis were re-

liable, who had motives and opportunities. Although all the evidence might point to one person being the culprit, he could pounce on the underlying evidence and pick the real criminal.

Of course his enjoyment was doubled when he had a second person to share the evening with, someone else to try to solve the crime, someone to appreciate how right and quick he had been with his accusation.

Sometimes Muriel listened—but Mr. Mitchell didn't consider his wife the ideal companion for such evenings at all. She was no good at this detective business.

She always decided that the guilty one was the one who had all the chances to commit the crime and no alibi; the one at whom the finger of guilt was most accusingly pointed, and whose fingerprints were taken by the local constable.

Mr. Mitchell, of course, realised that such a character was introduced just to mislead the unwary, which he (Mr. Mitchell) was not.

He remembered one evening several weeks ago when he had tried to explain the subtleties to his wife after one of these sessions:

"Well, dear," she had said, unconvinced, "I don't see why it shouldn't have been the gardener. He had every opportunity to kill that poor old man, he had a motive and didn't have one single alibi, and all the police and all the family said he was the guilty one, until right at the end when the daughter confessed to having done it. Well, really, if even the police thought

he was guilty I don't see why I shouldn't think he was guilty, too."

"But don't you see," he explained as patiently as any man can to a woman who will not understand, "it just never is the obviously guilty person! It just isn't done!"

"But why not? Why isn't it done?" she had protested.

"It isn't done because—because—well, do you serve bacon and eggs at bridge parties?" he asked defensively.

"No! That isn't done at all!" Muriel had conceded.

"Well, this is the same! It isn't done to have the obvious person the criminal in these radio plays. It isn't done; just like the bacon and eggs." He sighed regretfully as he remembered her reply that she didn't really see what bacon and eggs had to do with criminals, anyway, or bridge parties, either.

But listening with old Tom Dicky—now that was different. Dicky was a bachelor from next door and a companion detective at heart. He would often come over and listen to one of the mysteries.

The two men would discuss the relevancy of certain clues during the intervals and go over the whole thing again in detail after the play was over.

Tom was cautious, very careful about committing himself. He would rather think that it might be this one, or perhaps that, and reserve his judgment until just before the detective made his accusation at the end. Mr. Mitchell would rather

"I don't care. I just have a feeling that that voice is the one who stabbed him."

"You can't blame the voice, man. That same voice was the hero of last week's play."

But, nevertheless, he had been right. That voice had been the murderer's.

One Thursday night old Tom had come over early.

"One with a really good title tonight, Charles: 'Mystery, Moonlight, and Murder,' so I thought I would come over and listen to it with you."



He wore a worried look during the remainder of the play. The son had produced a very firm alibi. Dicky, too, was becoming more and more perplexed. Neither the distant relative nor Aunt Maud was acting in the usual criminal way; as a matter of fact he was not sure—

Mrs. Mitchell still declared it was the butler.

The detective came on. In a minute or two they would be told who it was—

"It might have been the daughter-in-law, you know," said Mr. Mitchell noncommittally. He didn't want to say it wasn't the son when it probably was, but he didn't want Tom to think that he hadn't taken the daughter-in-law into account if she did happen to be guilty.

"Good play tonight," he added, "hard to be really sure—yes, really interesting, well written, well worked out. 'This is the guilty man!' said the detective. Both men leaned forward eagerly. That did away with the possibility of either the daughter-in-law or Aunt Maud.

"The distant relation?" inquired Mr. D.

"The son," murmured Mr. Mitchell uncertainly.

"The butler," declared his wife with conviction.

Her statement was echoed from the radio by the amazed gasp of the heroine—"The butler did it!"

Mrs. Mitchell had retired triumphantly to the kitchen to make the coffee. The two men sat stunned.

Why, thought Mr. Mitchell, if they were going to start doing things like letting the butler do it, he would never know where he was. His whole theory was upset. All his enjoyment spoilt—unless—unless the person who wrote this revolutionary play wouldn't write another.

The announcer droned to the end of his advertisement and added that "the sponsors hope you have enjoyed our show," a low, mysterious voice took over to announce the name "Mystery, Moonlight, and Murder," and the announcer resumed, clearly and unmistakably, "script by Muriel Mitchell."

Twenty minutes later, Mr. Mitchell had recovered his spirits sufficiently to attack his coffee.

"Promise me, dear," he said, "that you will never again write a radio play."

"Oh, no, Charles! Of course I won't write any more. I just wanted to show you that the butler being the villain hasn't anything at all to do with bacon and eggs or bridge parties."

(Copyright)



No matter what a butler did, Mr. Mitchell insisted, he could never be the murderer in any radio play.

say "that's he" as soon as he could really say it with conviction.

The sooner he could decide exactly who was guilty, the greater was his elation. Why, one night he had picked the murderer as soon as the fellow had spoken.

"That's him," he had chuckled.

Old Tom was indignant.

"You can't say that when you haven't a shred of supporting evidence, Charles! Why the man has only just spoken!"

"Oh, come right in. I was hoping you'd come over. A full three-act play. Yes, it should be good."

They settled down and started to smoke. During the opening tune Muriel came in and announced that she thought she would listen, too.

"Yes, do, dear," said her husband. "Sounds really entertaining tonight. Its name sounds interesting, anyway."

By the end of the first act Tom was debating between the son, a distant relation, or Aunt Maud.

"Aunt Maud or the son. One or the other for sure," said Charles.

"Could be both, you know. It is rather hard to decide."

"Well, I say the butler," said Mrs. Mitchell decisively.

"But listen, dear," argued her husband, "it can't be the butler because it just never is the butler."

"Well, I don't see why it can't be. He had the opportunity and a motive and no alibi; even the murder weapon was in his possession!"

"But that's why," cried Charles, exasperated.

By the end of the second act he had definitely settled for the son. Dicky had it narrowed down to the Aunt or the distant relative. Mrs. Mitchell maintained it was the butler. Why, the police had even found a blood-stained shirt in the butler's room—

"But it just can't be the butler, Muriel."

"But why can't it be the butler?"

"Oh, never mind, dear, the third act is beginning."

Beginning our exciting new serial —  
swift-moving story of romance and intrigue

# FALSE FACE

By VERA CASPARY,

Author of "Laura," "Bedelia," and "Thelma."



**O**N a windy October night when the air smelled of apples, frost and burning leaves, Nina Redfield disappeared. No night this for moods and mystery; the sky was polished by starlight. Although the calendar had promised bats, vultures and witches astride of broomsticks, the heavens were singularly free of such phenomena.

The night's ghosts, earthbound, roved street and alley, congregated at corners and in the open light of electric lamps plotted their foul deeds. Now and again a shade clutched at the sheets that shrouded blue jeans, an elder witch interrupted malevolence to fasten a younger spook's winding sheet, a novice skeleton jerked into position his disarranged bones.

Jack O'Lanterns smouldered with real fire, skulls grinned athwart baseball bats, doorbells jangled.

Woe to the householder who failed to heed! His fence was attacked, his windows soaped with vile but indecipherable legends, his front door cursed with the juice of tomatoes, eggs and other demonic combinations of evil fluids.

No doorbell was rung with more frequency than Nina Redfield's. Believing it the right of youthful spirits to disport themselves on this unholy night, it had been Nina's habit to fling wide her front door and render unto her visitors such tribute as custom demanded. A supply of jelly-beans, doughnuts, gum-drops, molasses kisses, apples and chewing-gum was later found on the hall table beside her front door.

After her disappearance, when the police looked into the night's events, they also discovered that she had opened her door several times, had assumed a delightful expression of horror and paid toll generously to the small hallows.

Her disappearance caused great clamor and excitement, not only in the immediate vicinity of her home, but throughout the State and the entire country. In addition to professional detectives and investigators, hosts of citizens set themselves to the task of finding the woman or the body.

Some were inspired by indignation or excitement; others by the hope of winning all or part of the rapidly growing reward. These were people who had not known Nina. Her friends wished unselfishly to rescue her, and many contributed more than they could afford to the reward fund.

Nina had a great number of

friends and no acquaintances, since to be acquainted with her was to be considered and to consider oneself her friend. It was not only that she was an attractive young woman; her charm was more than physical. The slightest transaction—the purchase of a newspaper, the exchange of a coin over a counter, Nina's smile and grave attentiveness—bestowed such flattery that the beneficiary grew in self-esteem.

This was no trick. Nina was sincerely interested in everything human, animal and alive; had never been afraid of mice, snakes nor bosses.

Had she been a plain woman, these qualities would have made her seem pretty. Many of her best friends had not the slightest idea of her features. They recalled the breadth of her mouth when she smiled, the brightness of her eyes, the effect of sunlight on her hair.

As a child Nina had been distinguished by a wealth of copper-colored curls, but now their exuberance had dwindled, and she had cut and tamed the unruly waves so that only in certain moments of wind or excitement did she appear wild-headed or auburn.

None of this appeared on official descriptions: REDFIELD, NINA MARY, spinster, age 26, height 5ft. 3in., weight abt. 110lb., hair red-brown, eyes grey. Both inaccurate and inadequate, this sent many people off in search of a woman who was not at all like Nina; twenty-six, unwed, a teacher in the public schools. She sounded plain; the subject she taught, art, suggested an addiction to batik or Indian jewellery.

This is how Philip Everclyde felt before the first meeting. He had not expected mascaraed lashes, bare legs, and such an abundance of laughter. Her way of listening made everything he said seem extraordinary, either profound or humorous.

At their second meeting she wore slacks and a green leather jacket whose color was caught by her eyes. She had been captious and he had kissed her.

This had been on Sunday, the thirtieth of October. On Monday evening he wrote her a letter and waited all of Tuesday for her telephone call. That night from the unlikely lips in the world he learned that Nina Redfield had disappeared in the most mysterious fashion and, according to the newspapers, partially if not wholly unclad.

The series of events that culminated

in the disappearance of Nina Redfield had begun the week before on a wet Thursday afternoon. The rain had been going on and on and on. Houses were damp, clothes clammy, beds smelled of mildew.

There could not have been a more unfortunate time for Nina's car, known as The Antique, to be laid up in the garage. The garage proprietor who counted himself one of her friends . . . his son was one of Nina's favorite finger-painters . . . would have had the repair done had the factory fulfilled its promise to deliver the needed parts.

On that Thursday morning, in spite of a headache and a tickle in her throat, she left her house early and called in at the garage. She found The Antique with its hood propped up, its skeleton bared.

"Hi, Nina, I got good news. Your parts are coming in. You'll have the car when you finish work this afternoon," called a voice from some dark region.

"Oh! I'd hoped to drive to school. I suppose I was too optimistic again."

"I'll drive you down. Won't take five minutes."

"How kind of you. But you're too busy. I can take a bus."

A stained dungaree appeared and a young man with a smudge across his forehead slid out from under the motor.

"You might as well wait for the car to be finished as for one of them buses. I'll be glad to drive you if you don't mind riding in the repair truck. My wife's got our car."

"The repair truck!" cried Nina. "Oh, Lester, I'd adore it."

"Come along then." A greasy hand helped her to the high seat. "But suppose the other teachers see you? Dr. Griffin or some of them prissy old maids. What'll they say to you riding to school in a repair truck?"

"The kids'll love it," Nina said, settling herself primly on the seat because it was not a prim place for a teacher to be sitting. Small, out-of-the-way adventures delighted her. What other teacher came to school in such style?

And she had been right about the children's enjoyment. Six first-grade pupils, three in the second and one in the fourth grade chose repair trucks as the subject of the day's art work. This alone would have made the morning successful, but there was more. A fifth-grade girl did a study in water-color, autumn leaves in a blue vase, certain to be chosen for the country exhibition.

The sense of a job well done exhilarated Nina till that hour in the afternoon when the beat of rain on roof and window took on the same dreary sing-song as the questions and answers in her History of Art class. The locker with her raincoat smelled clammy, the telephone in the teachers' rest-room was sur-

rounded and the garage's wire busy for a straight twenty minutes.

"Sorry, Nina," said Lester Ziff when finally she got him on the wire, "I'd have had your car, but it so happens that the parts were wrong. That model's pretty old, you know. I didn't figure out they'd changed the parts when I sent my order to the factory."

"Could you fix it up temporarily with other parts?"

"Impossible. You see, there's a thread in the screw . . ."

"There's always a thread in the screw," said Nina, and hung up hastily because she wanted to catch the next bus.

For the first time in years the 4.07 was not late. She missed it by seconds. The downpour increased. A passing truck splashed her with mud. A taxi slowed down at the corner, but she closed her eyes to temptation. The house her father had built was five miles out of town and local taxi fares were scaled to the purses of millionaires and the extravagance of drunks. Decent people drove cars or waited patiently for the bus.

Nina waited but not patiently. The dreariness of standing idle on a corner and the dampness in her bones awakened a self-pity, a feeling for which she ordinarily had little tolerance. As women do when low in spirits she remembered the men she might have married.

The bus came along. "Hi, Nina, we don't often see you on common public carriers," teased the conductor, who had gone to school with her. The bus was crowded, mouldy and incredibly slow. It took turns like a palsied camel. Passengers were swung about mercilessly.

At an abrupt stop that almost threw her into the aisle Nina thought happily of an accident and a long rest in the hospital. Next to being married and having a strong shoulder to bear her burdens, the dream of a slightly painful illness with good care and lots of flowers is a favorite with women worn down by independence.

This scented reverie occupied Nina until she saw the fishtail convertible.

New, arrogant, a thing that seemed alive in its self-awareness, the car had halted beside the bus.

Its heart was a powerful engine, its body a metal beast so sleek and stylish that even the raindrops seemed to respect its glossy coat. Yet with all of its power the great beast could move no faster along Main Street than the shabbiest jalopy. No driver heeded its sullen horn nor yielded way to its uniformed chauffeur.

From the bus Nina observed his irritability. He was a heavy-set square-bodied man who wore his uniform uncomfortably, as an amateur actor wears a period costume. Something about the man's appearance struck her as untidy, but she

could not say why until the lights had changed again, the car had gained a foot on the bus and she had seen the passenger.

Bushie Neal! No? Yes. Why not? If one could believe the newspapers, Bushie would ride in a six-thousand dollar car driven by a chauffeur who looked like an ex-boxer. She was not sure it had been Bushie until the bus stopped beside the convertible at another traffic light and she looked again at the appalling profile.

A black felt hat was pulled low on his forehead, the collar of his coat turned up, probably to keep old neighbors and schoolmates from recognising him. Why had Nina seen him today? Today, when she had neither the strength to cope with her frustrations nor the courage to remember her mistakes.

It was the fault of the garage, of the factory, of the thread in the screw. Had she owned a decent car, she would not now have had to see that oaf slouched on the seat

*Nina hesitated, the receiver in her hand, waiting for Philip to be gone before she answered.*

of a magnificent convertible while decent people rode in jogging buses.

She ought to have been at home by now, cosy, with the fumes of China tea rising from a Crown Derby pot and firelight adding lustre to the ruby brocade of old curtains and cushions, giving life to the ivory cheeks and golden eyes of the small Andrea del Sarto (if it was a del Sarto) prince on the west wall, and the glow of spring to Fantin-Latour's lilies and primroses.

Were she willing to part with these she could own a better car, but why should she give up things that were almost as much a part of her as her eyes or her heart? Why should she not own them and a decent car as well? Why should Bushie Neal ride behind a chauffeur in a costly beast of a car? Bushie would not know what a del Sarto was, nor a Raphael, nor a Michelangelo.

"It's nice," Nick Brazza had once said of a color-plate of "The Original Sin." She had believed then that there was hope for Nick. His were the people for whom Michelangelo had painted the Sistine ceiling. But Bushie Neal! Just as she had prophesied, Bushie had become a thief. And a murderer.

The shafttail car turned off the road. Nina pulled the

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ILLUSTRATED  
BY MILLS



cord with such desperation that the bus stopped between corners.

Seven or eight minutes later, her raincoat dripping on linoleum in the office of the local police chief, Nina said, "Bushie Neal's in town. I think I know where you can find him. His car might not be parked there, but it'll be somewhere in the neighborhood, and he'll be with Grace Malloy. You know Grace, don't you? She was a McHenry, but she married a man named Malloy after Bushie left town. But Bushie'd never let anything go and now

On the six o'clock broadcast that day it was announced that, after three months' search, by the police, Bernard (Bushie) Neal, wanted for the murder of Sol Craven, a collector for a slot machine agency, and for that of Craven's companion, truck driver Joseph Ryan, had finally been captured as the result of courage and quick action on the part of a school-teacher, Miss Nina Redfield.

Immediately Nina's telephone and doorbell became busy. Reporters and photographers drove out from the city to get first-hand stories and pictures of the new heroine.

Her best friend, Florence Allan, who had a nose for notoriety and a knowledge of newspaper men (her second

husband had been one) arrived with several bottles of whisky.

When Nina's last guest left she was so exhausted that she fell into bed and was almost immediately asleep. At three in the morning she was awakened by a sound like the tapping of fingernails on her window.

For a time after the capture of Bushie Neal, Nina was surrounded by such hubbub and flattery that she did not pause to question her journey to the police station. When she had read of Bushie's crime she was righteously pleased at the confirmation of her earlier prophecies; Bushie had not yet reached the end but he had certainly come to a bad middle.

That the local papers reported his exploits so lengthily and lovingly had seemed to her typical of a suburban town's pride in local celebrity. It had struck her as ironic that the birthplace of a famous sculptor, a senator, and a well-known writer should boast because it had nurtured two nationally known gangsters.

Early in the evening she had been as pleased as on a birthday to receive congratulations and praise. As the night advanced and the telephone kept ringing, she grew self-conscious. It is uncomfortable to be treated as a heroine when one has not been heroic.

## Continuing ... False Face

from page 9

Although Nina did not allow these qualms to diminish her pleasure in the atmosphere that always seemed to develop when more than three people gathered at her house, she was quite willing to let Flo Allan officiate at the telephone.

"Some character called Lester Ziff wants to talk to you. He seems to know you well. Want to talk to him?"

"Of course. If it hadn't been for Lester, I'd never have seen Bushie."

"How's that?" asked Cullen, a red-faced reporter. "Who is this Ziff?"

"Proprietor of the Old Colonial Garage. If he'd had my car ready the way he promised, I'd never have been on that bus when Bushie passed. Not that it was Lester's fault. It was the thread in the screw. Hello, Lester!" she said into the telephone. "Want your picture in the papers? I was just telling the reporters that you're really responsible for Bushie's capture."

"What about giving me a cut in the reward?"

"I never thought about the reward."

"I was only kidding, Nina. If anyone deserves the dough! We're all mighty proud of you."

What I called about is to tell you before you do anything about your car, make an exchange or anything like that, I got a customer who'll give you a better price than any dealer."

"Why should I trade in my car?"

"With a five thousand dollar reward, you're not going to hang on to The Antique, are you? First thing I thought when I heard the news, now she can get herself a decent car."

"I never thought about the reward."

This was the truth. Neither in reporting Bushie's presence to the police nor in receiving congratulations had she remembered that five thousand dollars had been offered for information leading to the apprehension of Bushie Neal. The reporters did not believe this. There was laughter.

NINA said, "I swear to you. Until Lester mentioned it just now I never thought of the reward."

"You're not deaf," Cullen said, "and that five grand has been mentioned several times in this room. Also on the radio."

Nina sighed and leaned wearily against the cushions. "There was so much noise and everybody talking at the same time, and I've been in such a twitter."

"That the thought of five thousand pieces of silver hadn't entered your immaculate mind?"

A columnist named Stoneycroft who wore a striped suit and considered himself dapper said, "I believe her. Nina's the last person I'd suspect of inincerity."

"Thank you very much," Nina said.

"I didn't say Nina was trying to kid us. Nina's okay, but she might be kidding herself. Or maybe she doesn't need the money." Cullen's eyes roved the room, noted the improbable del Sarto, considered rugs, furniture, bits of Staffordshire, Chelsea and old glass.

"Maybe you don't know how much they pay schoolteachers in this town. In my income bracket you think of money twenty minutes out of every hour. These things," she had noted the appraising glance, "are all inherited. My father was Claude Redfield." She saw at once that the name meant nothing to them. "He was editor of the old Muses."

Flo Allan added, "It was an art magazine. Claude Redfield was famous in his day."

"The name's familiar," Stoneycroft said. "Whatever happened to the magazine?"

"It failed. Later Daddy started the New Muses."

"With his own money," Flo explained.

"And," Nina said sternly, "that failed, too."

"So you weren't thinking of money." The twisting of his mouth gave Cullen's face a shrunk look. "Thinking of the old car the garage is trying to fix up and what it will cost and how much tax you pay out of that pitiful income, but you never once thought of how much easier it'd be for you with five thousand fresh berries in the bank."

"Perhaps you're right. I was worrying about my car and wishing I could afford a taxi and I got simply green at the sight of a monster like Bushie in that terrific convertible."

"And it never occurred to you that merely by whispering his name to the local gendarmes you, too, could drive a terrific convertible?"

"I don't remember consciously thinking about the reward, but I might have been," said Nina in the voice of a penitent child.

"What tripe, darling." This was Flo, as ever aggressively loyal. "Bushie's a murderer and menace to society and it was your civic duty to report him to the authorities."

The reporters laughed. So did Nina. She was not of the stuff of which true heroines are made. The true heroine moves with pious directness towards the unquestioned goal of duty, no humor, no self-doubt, no humility adulterates her resolute will. "That wasn't it at all, Flo."

"It certainly couldn't have been the money, darling. You've never done anything sane about money in your life."

"Perhaps it would have been safer of me to think of the money than of how much I loathed Bushie and wanted to hurt him."

"Oh?" Cullen said interestedly. "You knew him very well then."

"She did not!" Flo said indignantly. "Nina didn't know him well at all."

"She must have known Bushie fairly well to have hated him so much. And don't give us any more of that about his having been a public enemy. What's the real story?" Cullen asked.

Nina said, "I hated Bushie because he had such a vile influence on Nick Brazza."

"Brazza!" someone said.

At once Nina recognised her error. They were all talking again, tossing the name about, asking about Bushie Neal's connection with Nick Brazza and Nina's with both.

"So Bushie and Nick knew each other well, too," Cullen said.

"Of course. Both of them came from this town," remarked Flo with pride as though she had spoken of the sculptor as senator.

"But Brazza doesn't operate round here."

"The last I heard of him was

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### IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

BY RUD



YOUR GUARANTEE OF CONSISTENT

Accuracy

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OWWA



**POODLES ON PARADE.** Making their bow to the camera at the Town and Country Poodle Parade, which was held in London, are Poo, Ninon, Candy, Maurice, and the twins.

## PAMPERED POODLES

● Being a poodle is no dog's life—that is, if you're like the lucky hounds which patronise the London beauty parlor for canines run by Mrs. Jane Grieveson. Lesser breeds might think that such prettifying would make a monkey out of them, but these dogs are just glamor pussies.



**SAY IT WITH FLOWERS.** Many London florists now cater specially for poodles. Maurice and Bonney (above) are wearing the latest thing in doggy flowers. They like the most expensive.

**CANDY,** debonair with a flower behind the ear, explains to fellow mannequins just what's expected of them at the parade. Pictures taken by Lillette of London.

**SHAMPOO,** or Poo, as he is called, is wearing the latest thing in poodles' evening dress. He has had a manicure for the occasion and prefers red lacquer.

**QUARTET IN ORGANDIE.** In these variations on a petticoat theme we have (from left): Three tiers and Swiss lace; beadings of blue ribbon; lawn-covered vilene; flounces and pink ribbon. Quartet from Farmer's, Sydney. Prices: £5/15/6, 72/6, 63/-, 82/6.



# Petticoats

... are here to stay

• Petticoats—frilly, flouncy petticoats like the ones great-grandma used to wear—have come into their own again. There are new materials and new styles since grandma's day, but the principle's the same. It's the petticoat that counts.



**VILENE**, new wonder lining (left), stands alone, forms underskirt for flounced organdie half-slip. Myers, Melbourne, have both—£5/17/6 the organdie slip, 29/11 the vilene.

**RUSTLING TAFFETA**, corded at hem and flounces for extra stiffness, makes the half-petticoat (above) for billowing skirts. It comes from Mark Foy's, Sydney, and costs 74/11.



*DANCE* petticoat of coin-spotted white argandie and Swiss lace comes from Farmer's and costs five guineas. The pillared background is provided by Glen Ascham, at Darling Point, Sydney.



*PALEST* lemon nylon net frills cascade over stiffened nylon taffeta in the frothy can-can style half-slip from Georges, Melbourne. It's called "Pompadour" and costs £12/19/6.



*SOUTHERN* mammy style slip of candy-striped cotton from Georges is gored and corded to give an added fullness. £8/19/6 is its price.

(3)

*FRENCH LACE*, fine net, and black silk jersey combine (left) for a ballerina-length luxury petticoat from Mork Foy's. Its price is 12 guineas.



# The new Bedggoods are cool and airy...

So smart for summer but that's not all . . . punching lets the air in to keep your feet cool and fresh. To heighten your comfort, Bedggood shoes are made in multiple fittings from supple suede, calf and patent. This summer, you can really enjoy cool, easy walking all day long — thanks to Bedggood.



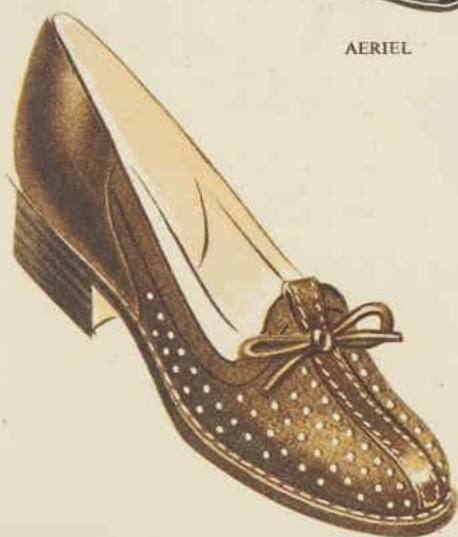
AERIEL



REGATTA



**Bedggood**  
THE FRIENDLY FOOTWEAR



GLEN

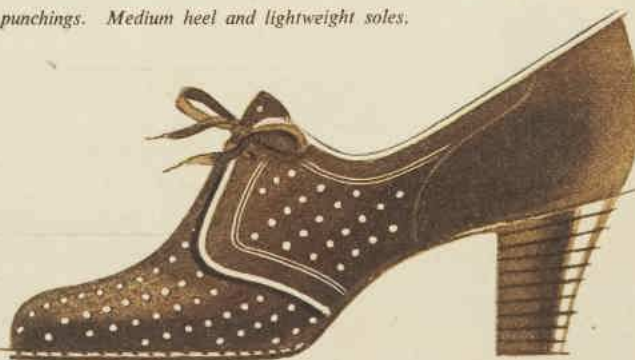
**REGATTA** Punched thro' court in calfskin or suede, light weight welt sole and medium high leather heel.

**HEATHLANDS** Punched thro' tie model in suede. Available in several colours. Light welt sole and medium leather heel.

**GLEN** Punched thro' welted sole flat available in a combination of suede and calf in several colours.

**POLKA** High cut step in court with small, neat punching. Medium high cuban heel. Lightweight sole.

**AERIEL** Smart, patent leather dipside court with interesting tear drop punchings. Medium heel and lightweight soles.



HEATHLANDS

POLKA



**FOREIGN SECRETARY** Anthony Eden and his wife part after their Austrian holiday, when Mr. Eden resumed duties.



**SERVICE ON SKATES.** Business is booming at this garage near Kaiserlautern, Germany, since the owner put all his woman attendants on roller skates last month. "They get around faster and the service is better," the owner claims.

## PEOPLE IN THE NEWS



**MOTHER AND DAUGHTER.** Most recent portrait of the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret, taken by Cecil Beaton in the morning-room of their home, Clarence House.



**TRIUMPHANT DEBUT.** Gloria Vanderbilt Stokowski after her first professional performance in Philadelphia as an actress. An heiress, she is married to Leopold Stokowski.



**REUNITED** film producer Walter Wanger and wife, Joan Bennett, who are visiting Britain to see Wanger's "Riot in Cell Block 11," chosen for the Edinburgh Festival.

LESLIE CARON who is seen in M.G.M.'s musical "THE GLASS SLIPPER"

So young,  
so very exciting

is Leslie  
Caron

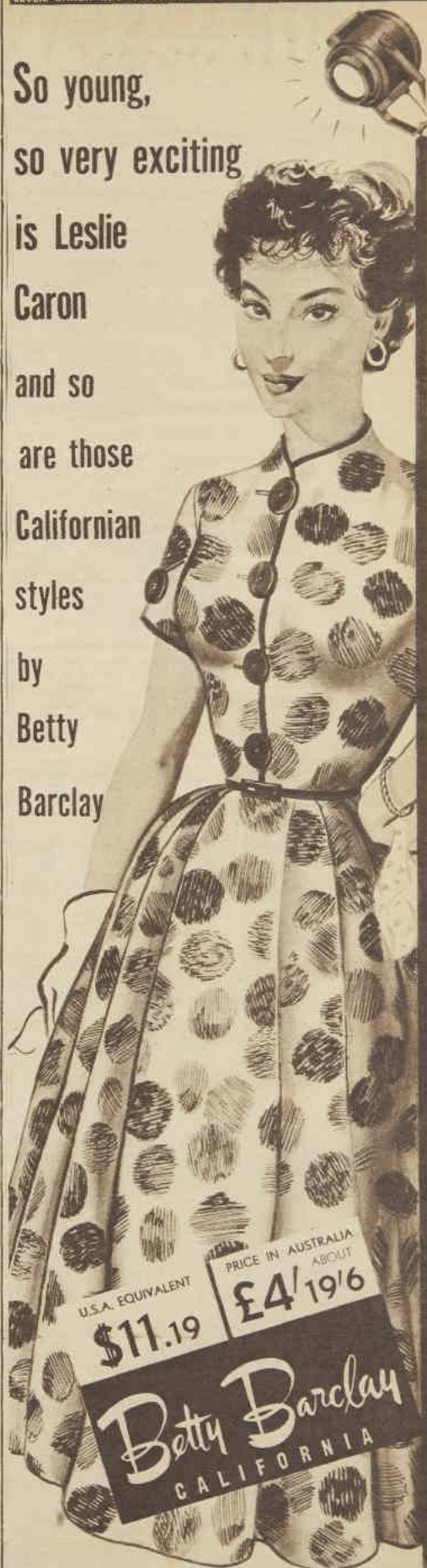
and so

are those  
Californian

styles

by  
Betty

Barclay



**FROCK OF THE WEEK:** (Style 4918). New "planet" print in black on pastel grounds and white, has large disc buttons. Another glorious *Warchington* fabric.

REPRODUCED & DISTRIBUTED BY CALIFORNIA PRODUCTIONS LTD. IN AUSTRALIA

# DIOR'S SENSATION: THE FLAT BOSOM



• Dior's new flat bodice-top and low waistline are combined in this short-skirted dance dress. The skirt spreads into width from the hips. The material is flower-brocaded satin. Note the designer's choice of footwear—pointed satin court shoes with square buckles.

● Christian Dior has not abolished the bosom. As these pictures show, the new Dior line controls and slightly flattens the bustline—but inconspicuously so.

THE skirt of the new shape can be slender or wide; at times it can be labelled slinky. With this new form of slenderness is a dramatic way of dressing all in one color—dress, coat, and hat. Dior has made red a very important color; there are also fresh tidings of deep blue.

Chiffon is smart for any time of the evening. For the ballroom, satin is seen

in rich, luscious colors. The Dior choice for millinery is a small hat worn well forward. It is often in the same color and fabric as the ensemble it accompanies. Colored beads, fur trims, and a satin court shoe with a baby Louis heel are other Dior "looks" for autumn.

These pictures of Dior's new line were taken specially for us at his Paris showings by Alec Murray.



• Short-skirted chiffon evening dress (above) designed with a flat-over-the-bosom sleeveless bodice and bateau-shaped neckline. The skirt is pleated and flounced.



• Red velvet coat (above) was designed by Dior to wear with the white rough tweed sheath dress which appears on our cover.



• New slinky lines are used for this exotic gold satin evening gown (above). The dress is worn under a matching three-quarter evening coat trimmed with bands of mink.



• Christian Dior's short dance dresses are the shortest in Paris. The one above is superbly pleated tulle worn with a taffeta coat.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 15, 1954



● Slim blue duetown dress (above) is worn under the matching topcoat (below). The dress is beltless and has a wide-to-the-shoulder neckline. A double row of buttons reaches to the slightly draped hipline. The collarless coat has a scarf wrapped to the wearer's liking. Note the blue beads to match—a Dior fancy for autumn.

● The latest shade of panna violet tweed is used for the dress (above). Below, it is shown worn with the short squat stole, fur-trimmed, and made in the same material as the dress. The dress features Dior's new sweater top with a square-cut neckline. The skirt fullness is in pleats from the hipline. The tiny hat is matched to the ensemble.



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from

PARIS...

Romance

from

LONDON

Lovely lovely Goya Perfume... luxurious... romantic... cherish yourself with one of the famous Goya fragrances.

No. 5... Pink Mimosa... "21"... Gardenia... Great Expectations... Goya Heather... there's one created for you, to capture just the mood you love.

Chic Handbag phial 4/6, Gift Size 5 Gns. Reflect your favourite perfume with matching Talk, Soap, and Perfumed Cologne.



Goya

LONDON PARIS NEW YORK MELBOURNE

You are insured  
for £1,000  
when you wear  
CAN'T-TEAR-EM

How  
LUCKY CAN  
YOU BE -

HE'S WEARING  
CAN'T-TEAR-  
EM!



and - 3 month's wear or a FREE  
PAIR when you wear...

CAN'T-TEAR-EM

Work Trousers -  
Work Shirts

\*They're SANFORISED. Trousers up to 50" waist, shirts up to 50" chest.

CTM12-12

With Royal elegance and an infectious smile...

# Teenage Princess Sandra conquers Canada

By noted Royal  
biographer  
MARGARET SAVILLE,  
in Canada

"What a swell girl!" exclaimed a young man at a Toronto luncheon as Princess Alexandra passed to the top table.

His voice was louder than he realised. Amused blue eyes looked back at him. "Well... thanks very much," said the Princess.

She laughed. In a moment she had everybody else at the table laughing, too.

THIS is the way the first tour of the young Princess has been going since the first rather uncertain days.

With her cheerful personality, young but growing in assurance, she has broken through the aura of formality and stiffness.

Princess "Sandra," as they call her here, has made her mark with Canadians emphatically. Don't think it has been automatic, or even easy.

She's the first teenage Princess they've seen.

Frankly they've been sizing her up, wondering how "the kid from England" finished at a French school would measure up to our way of life.

Equally frankly they recognised how she must have felt facing that keen, unashamedly critical scrutiny.

When she arrived she showed signs of strain.

She turned constantly to the Duchess of Kent for a little gesture or nod of approval.

No doubt the Duchess was anxious, too. What mother wouldn't be watching her 17-year-old daughter coming out of adolescence—slapbang into the public eye? Growing up in public, you might say.

But little things helped to break the ice. Things like the Princess' gloves.

Those gloves have been left behind more than once.

## Her own back

WHEN they were retrieved for her on one occasion, she had an infectious smile for photographers as she indicated the glove clip for attaching them to her big handbag (which she'd forgotten to use).

Later, when she was congratulated by some dignitary on her composure, she shook her head.

"But I still keep on dropping my gloves," she confessed.

Then there was the neat way in which she got her own back on the swarms of photographers at Niagara Falls.

She turned suddenly to an Army cameraman, and, borrowing his camera, swung it with a broad smile on the rows of photographers.

The exactly focused shot she took later was published in

Canada's largest evening paper.

By the end of the first week of the tour the mixture of schoolgirl exuberance and self-possessed young-womanly elegance had begun to delight all who saw her.

By that time she was writing on a postcard to a school friend at home, "I'm having lots of fun."

And there is no doubt about it. Her overflowing good spirits showed unmistakably in the way she tackled corn muffins, blue jam, and all the other regional specialties that the proud locals plied her with.

People who met her liked, too, the warm way she was continually talking about her family.

## Quick mind

WALKING round with teenagers at a Junior Red Cross luncheon, looking at paintings, she remarked, "I'm not terribly good at this sort of thing. Mummy, of course, is marvellous and Michael can paint quite well, too."

It was the young Princess who carried off the occasion when some functionary faltered at Windsor.

The Duchess was ready to lay a wreath. The wreath couldn't be found. With presence of mind, Princess Alexandra stepped forward and stooped to lay on the marble



the bouquet she had been presented with earlier.

Canadians have been quick to sense her growing sureness. They have a new respect for her mother's judgment in combining her "finishing" with this exacting first tour.

It hasn't been an easy one, apart from "nerves."

There was heat to begin with.

While other teenagers wilted in the crowds, Princess

PRINCESS ALEXANDRA wearing one of her tour dresses—a white evening gown with green velvet edging and a pink rose at the waist.

Alexandra was flushed of face, but erect.

After the soaking the Princess took at Niagara, she insisted upon carrying on in wet clothes until a convenient moment came for a change.

Teenage enthusiasm had been, of course, enormous.

No one here has seen anything like her new short-cropped-curls hairstyle. Already enterprising salons are announcing, "Princess Sandra Hairstyle, Eight Dollars."

There are crowded days of public duties still ahead. Then in New York there will be visits to the ballet and several parties.

## U.S. escorts

AMONG the young men who will be escorting the Princess are handsome young Prince Edward Lobcowicz and socialites David Clark and Edward Boyd.

Perhaps one of them will take her shopping for the jazz records she loves.

She is often heard singing softly under her breath as she travels in the Royal train, her favorites being the Fats Waller numbers "Ain't Misbehavin'" and "Honeysuckle Rose." But especially "Ain't Misbehavin'."

She should have fun on her holiday, for she should know, as now Canada knows, she has "passed the grade" as a charming Royal personage in her own right and won the not-so-forthcoming Canadian popularity in full measure.



ROYAL VISITORS the Duchess of Kent and Princess Alexandra photographed with the Governor-General of Canada, Mr. Vincent Massey, in Quebec, where they stayed four days.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—September 15, 1954

**HURRY!**  
**SEND YOUR ENTRY NOW!**  
**COMPETITION CLOSES NOV. 1<sup>ST</sup>**

# EXCITING CREAM OF TARTAR RECIPE COMPETITION



**1<sup>ST</sup> PRIZE**

**2 WEEKS  
 TO  
 California!**

**PLUS 120 CONSOLATION PRIZES**

## CONDITIONS

1. Consider these Recipes on the basis of taste, economy, and ease in preparation, and place them in what you consider to be their order of merit. Then add your favourite recipe of any kind.
2. Fill in the coupon or write out your entry and mail it to G.P.O. Box 4119, SYDNEY, N.S.W.
3. Every entry will be examined and, in the event of a number of competitors displaying equal skill in determining the order of merit of the recipes, the judges will select prize winners from the competitors' favourite recipes on the basis of taste, economy and ease in preparation.
4. First prize is a tourist trip by air for one person for two weeks in California, to be taken up by 30th June, 1955, subject to obtaining passports and visas, otherwise a trip elsewhere of equal value will be awarded.
5. If a label, lid of a can or cutting of the words "Cream of Tartar" from any cooking product containing Cream of Tartar is attached, the first prize will be doubled and will become a trip for two people.
6. The Proprietor or Manager of the Grocery Store nominated by the winning entry will be awarded an Australian holiday trip for one or two people to the value of £100.
7. Consolation prizes of 10 Electric Waffle Irons, 10 Electric Irons or Toasters, 100 beautifully bound and coloured basic Cookery Books.
8. Anyone is eligible to enter except employees of Australian Cream Tartar Co. Pty. Ltd. and its Advertising Agency, and their families.
9. The decision of the Judges will be final; no correspondence will be entered into regarding such decisions. Entries become the property of Australian Cream Tartar Co. Pty. Ltd. and may be used at its discretion. Entries close at G.P.O. Box 4119, SYDNEY, at 5 p.m. on Monday, 1st November, 1954.
10. Prize-winners will be advised by mail and will be announced in an advertisement in "The Australian Women's Weekly" on 15th December, 1954.
11. The Coupon is not required from residents of any States where its use contravenes the law of that State.

**FILL IN NOW AND POST TO  
 G.P.O. BOX 4119, SYDNEY, N.S.W.**

Just imagine! A tourist trip by air to glamorous California — a fortnight's glorious holiday to the land of San Francisco, Hollywood, Palm Springs — and you — and perhaps your husband, your mother, sister, or best friend — may be the fortunate ones.

**READ THE CONDITIONS CAREFULLY!  
 IT'S FAST! NO COMPLICATIONS!  
 ENTER NOW — THIS VERY MINUTE!**

**Remember!**

If a label, lid of a can or cutting of words "Cream of Tartar" from any product containing Cream of Tartar is enclosed, the first prize is doubled to a trip for two persons.

## 1. PATTY CAKES:

**INGREDIENTS:** 6 ozs. butter, 6 ozs. castor sugar, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 2 eggs,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup milk, 2 cups Cream of Tartar self-raising flour, pinch salt.

**METHOD:** Cream butter with sugar and vanilla until soft, white and fluffy. Add unbeaten eggs one at a time, beating well after each one is added. Fold in milk alternately with sifted flour and salt. Fill into greased patty tins, bake in hot oven approximately 15 minutes. Makes about two dozen cakes.

## 2. LIGHT FRUIT CAKE:

**INGREDIENTS:**  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. butter, 1 dessertspoon grated orange rind, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind,  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. plain flour,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon salt, 4 eggs,  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. castor sugar, 1 oz. coarsely chopped blanched almonds, 1 lb. mixed fruit, 2 ozs. shredded peel, 1 level teaspoon Cream of Tartar baking powder, 1 or 2 tablespoons sherry, 1 tablespoon cornflour.

**METHOD:** Cream butter with orange and lemon rinds. Gradually add sifted flour and salt; continue beating until soft, white and fluffy. Separate whites from yolks of eggs, beat whites stiffly, gradually add sugar, beat until dissolved, add yolks. Mix into creamed butter and flour. Fold in almonds, fruit and sherry, then baking powder, sifted with cornflour. Turn into 8-inch round or square tin lined with paper. Bake in a moderate oven approximately  $1\frac{1}{2}$  hours.

## 3. ORANGE CAKE:

**INGREDIENTS:** 8 ozs. butter,  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. sugar, grated rind of one orange, 3 eggs,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup milk, 1 tablespoon orange juice, 3 cups Cream of Tartar self-raising flour.

**METHOD:** Cream butter, sugar and orange rind thoroughly. Add eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition. Add orange juice, mix well. Fold in flour, which has been sifted three times, alternately with milk. Fill into greased 8-inch cake-tin. Bake in moderate oven approximately 1 hour. Allow to stand in tin 10 minutes. Cool on cake-cooler. When cold, ice with orange icing.

## 4. COCONUT BUTTERSCOTCH COOKIES:

**INGREDIENTS:**  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup butter,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cups brown sugar,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon vanilla,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 egg,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cups plain flour,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon Cream of Tartar baking powder, pinch salt,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup coconut.

**METHOD:** Beat butter until softened; gradually add sugar, vanilla and lemon rind. Continue beating until creamy. Add egg, mix well. Work in sifted dry ingredients and coconut. Shape dough into rolls about 2 inches in diameter. Wrap in waxed paper (not greaseproof) and place in refrigerator overnight. Cut into water-thin slices with a sharp knife. Place on a greased oven tray, bake in moderate oven approximately 10 minutes. Remove from oven, brush with milk, sprinkle with sugar, and return to oven for 2 or 3 minutes. Cool on trays, store in airtight tins when cold.

## 5. CHOCOLATE CAKE:

**INGREDIENTS:** 4 ozs. butter,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup castor sugar, 2 tablespoons boiling water, 2 eggs, 8 ozs. plain flour, 1 teaspoon Cream of Tartar,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon bi-carbonate of soda, pinch salt, 5 level tablespoons drinking chocolate, good  $\frac{3}{4}$  cup milk.

**METHOD:** Cream butter with sugar; add boiling water. Add eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition. Fold in sifted dry ingredients alternately with milk. Fill into two well-greased 7-inch sandwich-tins and bake in moderate oven 25 to 30 minutes. Cool on cake-cooler. Ice one layer with chocolate icing and join layers with cream.

## 6. GINGERBREAD CAKE:

**INGREDIENTS:**  $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups plain flour, 1 level teaspoon Cream of Tartar baking powder, 1 level teaspoon ginger, 1 level teaspoon cinnamon, 1 level teaspoon spice, 1 level teaspoon bi-carbonate of soda,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup sugar,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup golden syrup or treacle, 1 tablespoon margarine,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup milk, 1 beaten egg.

**METHOD:** Sift flour and spices into a bowl; add the sugar and mix. Melt the shortening, add the milk to it, warming it slightly before stirring in the treacle, beaten egg, soda and baking powder. Gradually add liquid to dry ingredients, mixing lightly and thoroughly. Pour into buttered and paper-lined slab tin. Bake in moderate oven 35 minutes. When cool, cut in squares and sift with sugar.

## 7. SPONGE SANDWICH:

**INGREDIENTS:** Three large eggs, good  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup sugar, 1 cup self-raising flour, pinch salt, 1 teaspoon butter, 3 tablespoons milk.

**METHOD:** Separate whites from yolks of eggs. Beat whites until stiff and frothy; gradually add sugar, beating until sugar is dissolved. Add egg-yolks one at a time, beating well. Fold in sifted flour and salt, then butter melted in hot milk. Fill into two greased 7-in. sandwich-tins, bake in moderate oven approximately 20 to 25 minutes. Cool on cake-cooler, fill and ice when cold.

## HERE'S ALL YOU DO!

My choice of Recipes—

1st No.	2nd No.	3rd No.	4th No.	5th No.	6th No.	7th No.
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My favourite recipe for \_\_\_\_\_ is attached.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

STATE \_\_\_\_\_

The Proprietor or Manager of my Grocery Store is Mr. \_\_\_\_\_ of \_\_\_\_\_

Your entry may also win a two weeks' holiday in Australia for your Grocer and his wife.

**CREAM OF TARTAR RECIPE COMPETITION**

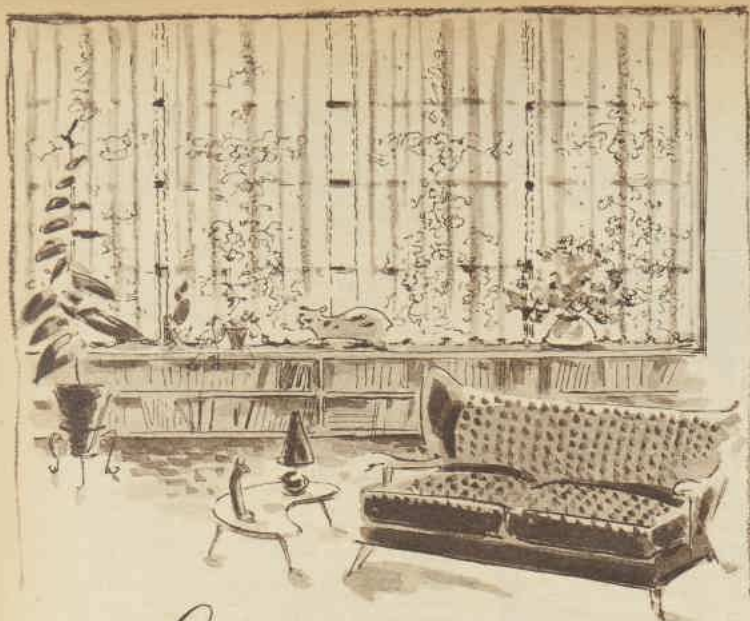
**Exciting clothes from  
Sybil Connolly's collection**



**PAT O'REILLY**  
wears a cream  
handwoven  
Donegal tweed  
frock with  
bamboo suede  
belt. The frock  
is aptly named  
"Day In, Day  
Out."



**RACHEL FITZGERALD** wearing a brilliant scarlet suit of Irish linen named "Cashel."  
The enchanting cap is a white hand-crochet bonnet in a coarse, open stitch.



*Lace* ADDS BEAUTY  
TO YOUR HOME



Top: The new "Picture" laces with large designs combine perfectly with modern ideas in home decoration—ask to see these at your favourite store.

When choosing a lace design for your bedroom windows, buy enough to make a matching bedspread—you will be delighted with the result.

The new laces from Nottingham and Scotland have been specially designed for Australian homes. See them, in all their variety, at your favourite store, and transform your home—both from the inside and the outside—with these lovely creations of Britain's master lace-makers.



ALL THE NOTTINGHAM  
AND SCOTTISH LACES  
CARRY THIS EASILY-RECOGNISED SEAL  
—your guarantee of quality.



SOON AUSTRALIA WILL BE SEEING

# Irish models for our Parades



PAT O'REILLY



RACHEL FITZGERALD

What makes an Irish beauty—coloring, carriage, looks, or the blarney-stone charm they spread? The three lovely mannequins who are on their way to Australia with famous Irish designer Sybil Connolly have more than a fair share of these qualities.

THEY will model the Sybil Connolly collection at our Irish parades, assisted by Australia's premier model, Judy Barraclough, and elegant Parisian Elayne Evrard.

The girls, Rachel Fitzgerald, Pat O'Reilly, and Maureen Trendell, are all different types.

Pat is a winsome honey-blond, dark-haired Maureen is sun-tanned and has sparkling hazel eyes, and Rachel looks like a portrait of a traditional Irish beauty—tall, slender, dark, with regal carriage.

They are all tremendously excited at visiting Australia, and spent what leisure time they had before they left finding out about Australia and its people.

"It's the luck of the Irish to be chosen," Maureen said, waving her round-the-world air ticket in her hand.

Maureen comes from Connemara, the county that is Sybil Connolly's source of inspiration.

When Maureen was asked to make the Australian trip, it seemed to her almost too good to be true.

"I had worn Sybil Connolly's clothes the last time I went through Dublin to visit my family in Connemara," Maureen said, "and I just longed to be in her parades."

But she had already some

of Ireland's most famous beauties modelling for her, and every Irish colleen wishing she could."

Maureen has been dashing from London to Dublin trying on the models she will wear in our parades.

"The best part is that I will be wearing some of the romantic evening gowns that I have always longed to model," she said.

"I find Sybil Connolly's clothes so Irish and romantic they put me in just the right mood," she added.

"Her clothes bring out the Irish in you—and of course that's the best part."

Asked what she liked doing best of all, Maureen said, "I am happiest when I am showing lovely clothes to people who appreciate them."

Maureen is the only one of the Irish mannequins who is not married.

She had remarkably little to say about romance, except to make some rather searching inquiries about the height of Australian men.

Rachel Fitzgerald, who is in private life Mrs. Michael Severne, and has a seven-months-old daughter, Amanda, is delighted at the prospect of visiting Australia.

In repose, Rachel's patrician



MAUREEN TRENDELL

face carries a hint of Celtic melancholy, which her manner belies.

Rachel was born in Dublin but her family home is Castle Glin in County Limerick.

Her 17-year-old brother, who holds the Irish title of Knight of Glin, is still at school.

She worked for a time for Olga Mattli, who supplies hats to the London fashion house of Mattli.

Honey-blond Pat O'Reilly of the elfin charm is a close friend of Sybil Connolly and calls her by her "little" name—Billie.

Pat, whose father is an Irishman, was born near London, although she claims Ireland as her own.

She is one of the most popular photographic models in London at present, and her 21-inch waist is believed to be the smallest of any model in Britain.

Pat is one of those lucky girls who don't have to diet.

Pat has been modelling about five years and before that was a secretary in the editorial department of an English glossy magazine.

When she gives up modelling she is rather keen on the idea of trying photography.



MAUREEN TRENDELL models "Stella," a pale maize chiffon with a high bustline and softly draped shoulders. The skirt is given gentle fullness towards the hemline with looped under-side panels.

## Parade bookings

● Our Irish fashion parades in Sydney will be presented in association with Mark Foy's Ltd. They begin with a fabulous evening of fashion at Prince's Restaurant on Monday evening, October 4. Reservations at £4/4/- each for this gala dinner and parade may be made at Mark Foy's Ltd.

From October 5 to 9, parades will be held in the morning and afternoon in Mark Foy's spacious Empress Ballroom, finishing with a Saturday morning parade on October 9.

Bookings for all parades at 10/- a ticket may be made on the ground floor at Mark Foy's store.

The special business girls' parade arranged for Friday evening, October 8, is already completely booked out, but a few seats are still available for business girls for the Saturday morning parade.

Springtime, a young man turns to the girl in

**LUCAS**  
**EVERLOC**  
*floraloc*



Wherever you go, Lucas Floraloecs and Everloecs win admiring glances, whether in or out of town. Women naturally appreciate their carefree ease in washing and packing . . . coolness and flattering comfortable fit.

Guaranteed crease resistant and colour fast, the new season's range is available in a wide range of styles, designs and colours.

. . . obtainable from your favourite store at the following appealing retail prices.

**FLORALOC** £7.19.6      **EVERLOC** £6.19.6

*No extra cost for larger fittings.*



For the name of your nearest retailer stocking Lucas Floraloecs and Everloecs, write E. Lucas & Co., 27 Flinders Lane, Melbourne.



ASSOCIATE JUSTICE of United States Supreme Court, Mr. Justice William Douglas, talks with Mr. and Mrs. Tom Hughes at the party given in his honor by the New South Wales Bar Council in the Starlight Room, Australia Hotel. Mr. Justice Douglas is the 1954 Dyason Lecturer.



RECENTLY ENGAGED Wendy Birks, daughter of Mrs. Neville Manning, of Bellevue Hill, and the late Mr. Norman Birks, of Adelaide, with her fiancé, Andrew Clayton, son of Colonel and Mrs. Hector Clayton, of Edgecliff.

## SOCIAL JOTTINGS

**THERE'LL** be a magical air about the A.C.I. Ballroom on Friday, October 1, when the Naughty 'Nineties Ball goes to "La Boutique Fantasque."

The magic toyshop will really come to life with the dolls and customers of the ballet (which is, by the way, included in the Borovansky Ballet's third programme at the Empire Theatre), together with some of the traditional Naughty 'Nineties characters.

Sam Hughes, who is in charge of decor, says that the entrance will be a snow-storm — the committee is hard at work making cotton-wool "snowballs" — and the ballroom will be the toyshop, its other-worldly atmosphere emphasised by chairs and umbrellas floating in the air.

Guests will include the president of the committee, Mrs. W. J. Smith, and Mr. Smith, Dr. and Mrs. Frank Louat, and the Ben Fullers.

Proceeds will aid the N.S.W. Institution for Deaf, Dumb, and Blind Children.



IN THE FOYER of the Empire Theatre are Judy King and Noel Harman. They were among the audience at the first night of third Borovansky Ballet programme.



**GAY COUPLE.** Patricia Ward and James White dance at the ball given by officers of the Eastern Command Royal Australian Army Service Corps at Victoria Barracks.



**NAVY PARTY.** Mr. and Mrs. Charles Parsons at the party held at the Balmoral Naval Depot to help raise funds for the monster fair at H.M.A.S. Penguin, Balmoral, on October 30.

**MADAME LOUIS ROCHE**, wife of the French Ambassador, left for her home in Canberra late last week after spending a few days in Sydney. But Madame Roche will be back before September 29 — the date of the gala preview of the French comedy "Edwarc and Caroline" at the new Paris Theatre (which is at present called the Park Theatre). Madame Roche is president of the French Widows and Orphans of Indo-China War Relief Fund, and the whole of the preview's proceeds will benefit the fund.

**AQUAMARINE** and white, with touches of pink lilac, form the color scheme chosen by Maryrose Lean for her wedding with Bill Stretton at St. Andrew's, Cronulla, on September 11. The daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Lean, of Miranda, Maryrose will be attended by Norma Carpenter, Mrs. Ian Bates, and Suzanne Lean. After the wedding, Ian and Maryrose will fly to Melbourne for two weeks' honeymoon.

**JANE CASEY**, daughter of the Minister for External Affairs and Mrs. R. G. Casey, has returned home to Melbourne after holidaying for ten days in Sydney recently. Jane announced her engagement to Murray Macgowan, of Sydney, a few weeks ago. She plans to travel up here again at the beginning of October, when she and Murray will be the guests of his sister, Mrs. Frederick Dodds, of Gundagai, for about a week.

**DATES** for the diary . . . the Eastern Suburbs Younger Set of the Country Women's Association is holding a Masked Spring Ball at Princes on October 9 . . . the Gilbert Prattens will open their garden at Pymble to the public on September 18, and proceeds will aid the Kuring-gai Karitane Mobile Clinic.

Anne



**FAMOUS THEATRE PERSONALITIES** Sir Lewis Casson and his wife, Dame Sybil Thorndike (centre), with Mrs. C. R. McKerihan at the reception given for Sir Lewis and Dame Sybil by the N.S.W. Arts Council at the Pickwick Club.



**WED IN GOULBURN.** Russell Jack and his bride, formerly Pam Lytle, daughter of Mrs. D. J. Lytle, of Goulburn, and the late Dr. Lytle, leave St. Andrew's, Goulburn. Russell and Pam will make their future home at Wahroonga.

# Anthony Squires

## HOW TO HELP YOUR HUSBAND BUY HIS SUITS!

May as well face it, ladies . . . *he leans on you* when it comes to style. And your feel for fashion, your *instinctive* sense of what's right, can make an important difference to your husband's appearance. Next time he's buying a suit, *go with him* and ask him to try on an Anthony Squires suit. Because Anthony Squires suits are so far above ordinary run-of-the-mill suits, they'll show off your husband in an entirely new light. Anthony Squires suits are crafted by hand from cloths that will be sheer delight to experienced eyes like yours. Anthony Squires has them *loomed-to-order*, that's why. **"The Suit that Inherits 100 Years of West End Tailoring Tradition"**



FROM 20 GUINEAS, AT ALL TOP-FASHION MEN'S STORES THROUGHOUT AUSTRALIA

# DRESS SENSE

● It's back for spring and summer—the printed cotton sleeveless dress and waist-length jacket, with the jacket cut low and square to show the bodice of the dress.

THE seasonable fashion news above answers the problem of one of my city readers who writes:

"DURING the hot weather I never feel that a 'little cotton' looks smart enough for the city. I am searching for something cool in cotton that will look a bit more formal than the frocks I can afford to buy in the stores. Would you please help me with your sensible advice and draft me a paper pattern in a size 36in. bust?"

If you don't feel that a "little cotton" meets your fashion requirements, why not add a small jacket? Both dress and jacket can be in cotton.

The idea is illustrated at right. The sleeveless one-piece has a contrast jacket—the dress in print, the jacket plain. The jacket is fitted neatly to waist-length and is worn under a belt.

You can obtain a paper pattern for the ensemble. The price is 4/6 complete. The lines under the illustration give full details of the material required and how to order.

THIS summer I will be spending a number of week-ends staying with some friends who have a seaside cottage and I want to plan the correct clothes now. I am hoping you can suggest some sort of planned ensemble for such a visit. I do my own sewing."

My suggestion is a four-piece ensemble including a middie-type jacket, brief shorts, bra, and a front-buttoned skirt—all to match.

You will use the shorts and tiny bra for swimming, with the jacket added for lounging; and the skirt and bra with the jacket tucked into the skirt for general wear. Color suggestions: Strawberry stripes on a pink ground, or a harlequin-printed cotton—sky-blue diamonds on a bright navy ground.

LAST year I had a black linen suit tailored to my measurements and could not find the correct hat and blouse. The result is the suit is still new and I would like to use it this season for better wear. I am 20, of medium build, and olive-skinned, and I always felt drab and depressed in my suit."

A black tailored suit for summer can look rather conservative. I feel your suit needs a splash of glamor, particularly as it is for "best." Roses clustered at the nape of a small white hat worn with a white cotton blouse printed in rosebuds would be an excellent cheer-up for the suit and your spirits.

MY problem is a frock to wear to parties when a short-skirted one is needed. I love sheer and floral prints, in fact anything at all femin-



D.S.104 — Sleeveless one-piece and contrasting jacket. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 5½ yds. 36in. material for dress, and 1½ yds. 36in. material for jacket. Price, 4/6. Patterns may be obtained from Mrs. Betty Keep, Dress Sense, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney

ine. Please assist me in your column."

Why not a dress made in cotton organdie? Organdie in frosty pastels, or in a flowery print is being used a great deal as after-five fashion. You could, for instance, have a skirt tiered from the hip to hemline and the bodice finished with a just-off-the-shoulder neckline. Have the latter finished with a self band. Have the waistline circled with black velvet, and a bow and streamers at centre back.

"I HAVE some black cotton that I think is suitable for summer wear. I feel the material needs a tailored design and I would be grateful for an idea. Size is 35in. bust."

A middie dress would be a chic idea for your black cotton. Have the design slender, finished with short tailored sleeves. Have the collar large, notched, and tied in a bow. Wear the dress with short black gloves (cotton), black shoes, and a white plateau coolie-type hat banded in black.

"RECENTLY I have become very keen to have a white cotton frock suitable for street wear. I do not care for the bare-topped frocks. Would you assist me with this problem?"

My suggestion is a shirt-waist dress made in starched white cotton sheeting belted with a narrow black patent belt. Have the skirt proportions wide and the top the exact

replica of a man's shirt, but finished with cuffed above-elbow sleeves. By the way, a long gilt necklace or a necklace made in collar beads looks very chic looped under a shirt collar.

"I AM starting to sew for my glory box and would like you to assist me with some new shades I could use for my underwear and give me any little suggestions about trims and designs. I have no way of reading fashion magazines from overseas, so I do hope you will help me with my problem."

Pale green is the very newest lingerie color in New York and is often trimmed with china-white lace or with a matching but different-textured material. For instance, waterlily-green nylon could be trimmed with ruffles of matching net or leaf-green chiffon with bands of fine white lace. In Paris, flowers printed on cotton are being used to make numbers of summer nightgowns which are quite often as pretty as a party dress. In the same city, a cotton petticoat is an important lingerie item in summer fashion. These petticoats are often lace-trimmed and ribbon-threaded and look deliciously frothy and feminine.

## Berlei

advise regular  
**LUX** washing  
for "Fancy Free"  
foundations



THESE FABULOUS feather-weights, superbly made of nylon elastic net, are so flattering and, oh! so free-and-easy to wear! Keep them this way by taking the manufacturer's advice on their care!

"Foundations worn next to the skin absorb perspiration... and perspiration damages the fabric. We advise frequent washing with Lux (at least once a week) to make foundations last and keep their firm fit!"

Yes, a regular Lux dip whisks away harmful perspiration... preserves elasticity... keeps all your undies lovely far longer. And these same silky Lux suds keeps hands party-pretty too.



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# Which twin has the Toni..

AND WHICH HAS THE EXPENSIVE PERM?

(see answer below)



Ask the twin with the Toni... she knows that Toni gives a more natural, longer-lasting perm!

SHE KNOWS, too, that Toni has been tried and proved through many years of basic hair research. The Toni miracle neutralizes actually 'locks in' the wave to give a long-lasting perm that looks and acts immediately like naturally curly hair. No wonder more women throughout the world use Toni than any other home perm!

Here are the Bartlett twins of Sydney, Janice (at the top) has the Toni and sister Barbara the expensive perm. Hard to tell, isn't it?

Hairstyles by a leading coiffeur.

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HOME PERM



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SET OF 44 SPIN CURLERS: 12/3  
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**STAYS MOIST TO THE LAST SPECK**

Laboratory tests prove it! Kiwi in the new sealed tin stays moist longer than any other polish. Kiwi spreads easily and smoothly — goes further.



"Sorry we can't help you, Mum, but we're TIRED."



"Bench grinder? Drill press? We carry a complete line of tools for the home handyman, sir..."

## It seems to me

By



Dorothy Drann

IT'S not till the second day after a holiday that your pearls begin to choke you. The first day you still carry that remote glow, far from the fret and fuss.

Everyone asks about your holiday and politely refers to your freckles as suntan. You look in the mirror wondering what's happened to the furrow in your brow. Never mind. It will come back.

On the second day you begin to feel those symptoms of imminent collapse which experience has taught are due to the chafing of the harness. And a day or so later the tide of ordinary life has washed away the holiday footprints from the sand.

While I was in Queensland there was some protest from professional fishermen about the encroachments of amateurs. I don't think they meant me. Still, there were some fish about, as they say. It isn't absolutely essential to catch fish when you go fishing, but it helps.

Funny thing about people. When they ask if you caught any fish and you say "A few bream," they don't ask how many, but (sceptically) "How big?"

I've found the answer to that one. I just say smugly, "Oh, they were legal."

SLIDING in behind the desk, my eyes lit on an item describing a Government memo to the British Civil Service.

The Civil Service employees were exhorted to help cleanliness and good working conditions by keeping dirty teacups off their desks and refraining from stowing them among files and papers; to keep parcels, personal gear, and groceries out of sight; and (my favorite bit) not to use filing cabinets and cupboards as "barriers or enclaves."

The wish to set up filing cabinets as partitions is deeply rooted in office workers. It goes right back to the days when a man's cave was his castle. It breaks the hearts of those designers of the gold-fish-bowl office, which is the modern idea.

The goldfish bowl may be air-conditioned and furnished with shiny desks, but most of its inhabitants secretly desire a nice cubby-hole, with a few hiding places for towels, teacups, make-up, and the lunch-hour shopping.

YOU can see that passion for the cubby-hole in coffee shops with alcoves.

Once I used to have lunch in a coffee shop that had alcoves for four down the sides and a row of small tables down the middle.

People avoided those centre tables like the plague. Single lunchers made straight for the alcoves and entrenched themselves with a truculent air. Latecomers sat sulkily at the exposed tables, or went in search of a cafe with alcoves.

Eventually the owners had the place remodelled. They set up miniature alcoves in the middle. Everybody was happy and business thrived.

THERE is a most interesting article in a recent issue of John o'London's Weekly, by John Wyndham, saying that science fiction will eventually oust the detective story.

His belief is that there has been too much murder for too long, that people are getting tired of it, and that the science-fiction market, when sufficiently sorted out, will gain the upper hand.

He remarks that at present the label "science fiction" is so broad that new readers in the field can't find their way round in it. It ranges from the comic strip, through the technical field, to the literary fantasy.

This is perfectly true. Those of us who have read detective fiction for years can tell immediately whether a murder will suit us or not. For a beginning, one knows authors' names, and whether they deal in the mystery proper or the thriller.

Then, if I open a book and see the word "dossier" I close it. With rare exceptions I can't abide spy stories.

Any mention of rye or bourbon rouses the suspicion of a gun-toting detective, which I am mostly agin. The words "vicarage" and "butler" tempt me to closer examination, as I tend to prefer murder fiction in respectable or rich settings.

In time the science-fiction field will be equally well mapped.

THERE is another facet of reading tastes which Mr. Wyndham's article didn't touch. That is the fashionable cult.

When intellectual types, such as professors, first began to admit that they read detective stories and enjoyed them (or even wrote them), it encouraged a lot of people to come into the open. In fact, to admit to lowbrow reading became almost a highbrow hallmark. Comic strips were similarly helped in estimation.

Now it is the turn of the space-boys.

TO stop quarrelling in a home, Anthony Stevens, Fellow of the Royal Society of Arts, advises couples to change the color of walls. "In the time it takes to paint a room," he says, "bickering may change to cooing."

Color, so the fellow says,  
Helps affect domestic mood  
Just as much as other things  
Such as nice or nasty food.

Switch the color of your walls,  
Is his serious advice,  
Something in appropriate hue  
Changes tigers into mice.

Maybe so, or maybe not,  
Who are we to cast a doubt?  
Anyhow it gives a home  
Something fresh to fight about.

By Madame de Groof, well known Continental dress designer and fashion advisor.



**Vilene**  
1 THE FASHION SHAPE-MAKER

First of all, what is "Vilene"? It's the first and only non-woven interlining created specially to build up the permanent shape into fashion garments. Everybody who sews uses it. Europe and America because it won't shrink or fray, never needs starch, can't be permanently crushed, it WILL wash and dry quickly and will dry-clean. People ask me—

Q. How do I get that moulded line with Vilene

A. By using darts. Cut the dart and stitch it edge to edge on to a piece of Vilene and zig-zag over the finished dart to keep it flat. (See sketch) To get a nice moulded shape, cut the dart slightly on a curve. Seams in the bodice should be sewn in the same way as darts. This eliminates bones. Use qualities 65 or 80.

Q. What about collars and cuffs

A. Slip a piece of "Vilene" on collars, cuffs, and see how they hold their crisp shape and how easy it is to keep the edge professionally finished. "Vilene" cuts like paper in any direction, so you can use every last scrap. Use qualities 50.

**Vilene makes Bartok hat!**

This fashion-winner is easy to make. Line it with "Vilene" and holds its cute shape for always. Make it yourself to match your new dress. Use qualities 80 or 100.

★ BARTOK HAT PATTERN is Weigel No. 137 (in head sizes 21, 22, 23) at your favourite pattern department... or by mail if you send 2/3; (which includes postage) to Madame Weigel, 229 Lennox Street, Richmond, Victoria.

# For Teenagers

## The Hepburn Story

★ Audrey Hepburn leads the teenage section this month not so much because she is a pin-up stage and screen star, but because, in spite of the temptation to be carried away by a big build-up, she is still Audrey Hepburn.

**T**HERE'S a go-thou-and-do-like moral to the Audrey Hepburn story. Not "Go and be an actress" or "Be another Audrey Hepburn"; but "Make the most of yourself and your looks, work hard at your job, and don't try to be a carbon-copy of someone else."

At 25, Audrey Hepburn has the world at her feet, but her attitude to this is realistic.

Recently she said: "One day I'll be offered a part not because I have looks that are the rage of the moment. When that day comes I want to depend on nothing but ability. That lasts."

In the meantime she is working hard to keep her success.

She constantly studies dramatics

and ballet. When her most recent film for Paramount, "Sabrina," called for singing she spent four hours a day studying singing as well.

Her voice now, she thinks, is "shrill and monotonous, but better than it was." Other people say it's a charming voice that matches her looks.

To Audrey this isn't much of a compliment. She thinks she looks "a bit odd."

Her eyes are too big, her mouth too wide, her teeth slightly irregular. Although her nose is neat, the nostrils are too wide. She is thin and hairdressers say her hair is a disgrace.

But all these separate features combine in a total of someone who sends hardened critics and interviewers rushing to find new ways of saying "enchanted."

"Success is not security," Audrey said recently. "All this excitement may mean nothing five years from now. By then I may be happily married."

Audrey's engagement to a young English businessman, James Hanson, was broken off after she made "Roman Holiday."

She explains: "It was silly to try to make a happy and lasting marriage when we both had careers that involved being separated half the time."

Other people still say that she will marry Mel Ferrer, but Audrey repeatedly denies this. She may marry in two days' time or not for ten years.

A child of divorce, she is wary.

"I don't want a rushed marriage and a divorce," she said. "When I get married I want to be very married."



● Opening long, shapely legs, Audrey Hepburn often wears brief shorts (above) and play-suits (right). While no ace housekeeper, she can cook—and she likes to eat.



● In her new film Audrey wears superb clothes. She plays Sabrina, daughter of the chauffeur to a multi-millionaire family, who is sent to Paris to learn to cook in order to enter the family's domestic service. Thanks to a fellow-student—a French baron taking a refresher course in souffles—she returns home transformed. This modern-style Cinderella finally jilts William Holden, the millionaire's playboy son, for the other son, Humphrey Bogart.



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And how it clings—for longer than ordinary make-up; it never, never cakes and... this is most important... leaves no "make-up edge."

Creamy-soft "AirSpun" comes in ten fashion-conscious shades to blend with and flatter every type of skin, including remarkable, new Muted Rose, Muted Beige, Muted Sun.



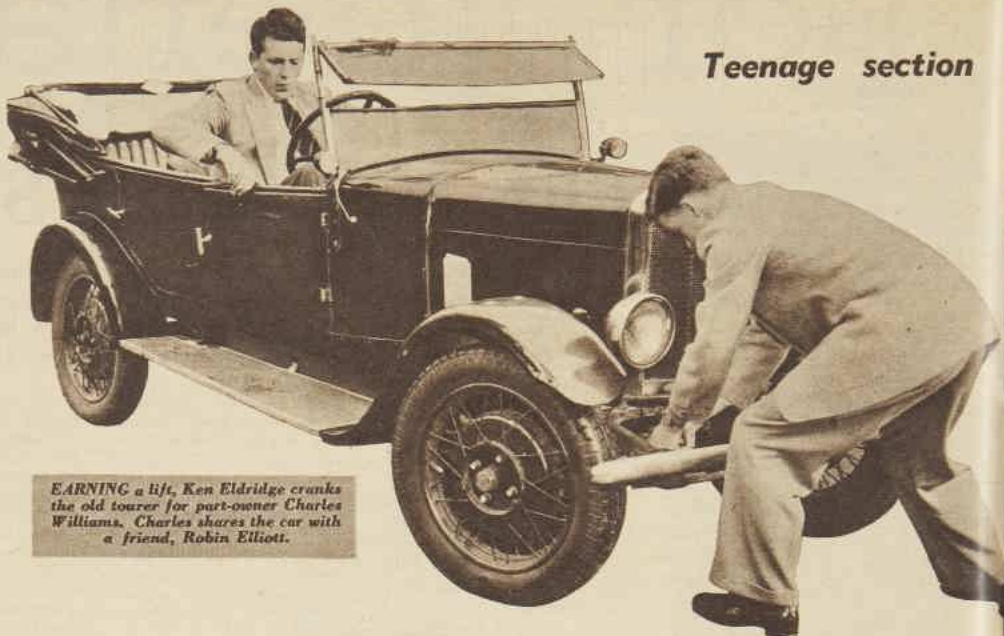
7/6

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FACE POWDER BY

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# Old bombs for young drivers

Teenage section



EARNING a life, Ken Eldridge cranks the old tourer for part-owner Charles Williams. Charles shares the car with a friend, Robin Elliott.

In the United States vintage cars are usually antiques that have been dangerously souped up into "hot-rod." In Australia they're "bombs," slow old monstrosities noisily proud of their lack of class, speed, and style.

THEIR owner-drivers say they have a charm all their own. They claim, too, that a bomb isn't only a means of getting there; it's also a hobby, and—in the event of a smart resale—a paying proposition.

There are thousands of keen bomb-owners all over Australia. Among the many at Melbourne University is medical student Nicky de la Vatine.

Nicky owns "the equivalents" of three cars—a '25 Essex, a '24 Delage, and a '28 Bugatti—but never has more than one roadworthy at a time.

His Essex tourer is well known at the University.

"I drive up every day unless it is raining," he said.

"Public transport is safer then."

Nicky is officially Viscount de la Vatine, of France. He spent the war years in Britain, where his father is still living.

Nicky will not detract from his Essex's "air," and has not

changed its upholstery, inside lining, and door handles. However, he has replaced, repaired, and revitalised its "works."

"The police have held me up several times," he said, "but usually they walk around,

"CRAZY KIDS" is often the adult description of the young owners of vintage cars, but many parents feel a "bomb" is safer than a motor-bike, while the police view, expressed by Inspector A. W. Reid, of Victoria Police Headquarters, is: "Old cars don't give us any more trouble than new ones."

Inspector A. H. O. Robinson, of Victoria Police Headquarters, added: "The best rule for bomb drivers to follow is a once-over of tyres, brakes, steering, and lights before starting the car each day. Also never delay a repair."

This advice was echoed by Mr. C. H. A. Naphthali, of the Technical Department of the Sydney N.R.M.A. Mr. Neil McPhee, general manager of the Royal Automobile Club of Victoria, urged young drivers not only to know and observe traffic rules and regulations but to learn to recognise the limitations of their cars.

"A car in good order, whether 20 years or 20 days old, is safe if it is in good hands," he said.

look her over, laugh, and say, 'Drive on—if you can!'"

Civil Engineering student Brian Fleming calls his '28 Austin Seven Tabitha.

"I took it from the Bible," he said. "I commend unto you Tabitha—full of good works."

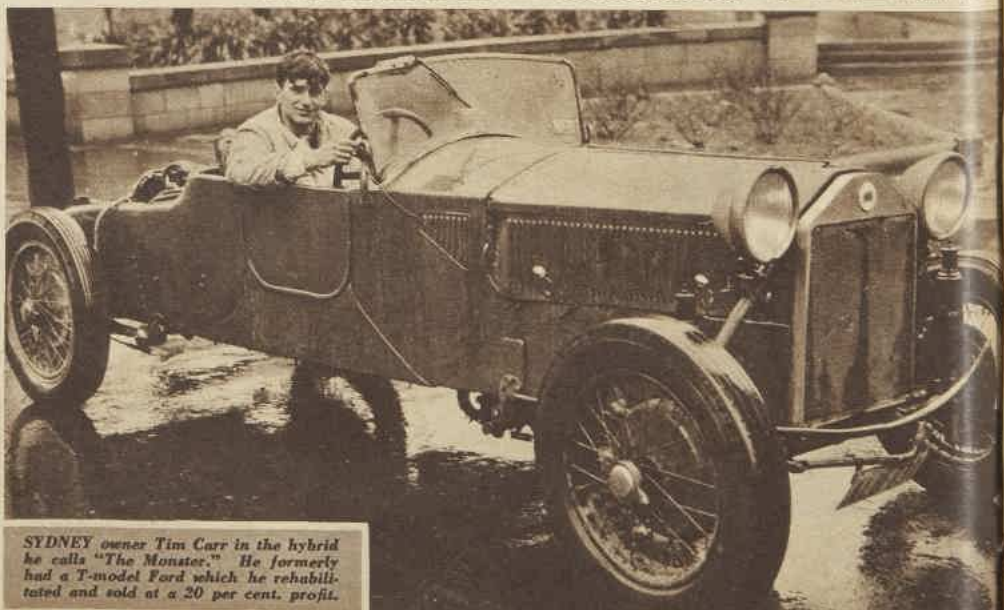
"Dad bought her for me two years ago so I wouldn't get a motor bike. But Mum isn't keen about her."

Dad—a group-captain at Laverton R.A.A.F. station—helps with the running repairs.

Arts students Charles Williams and Robin Elliott use their Citizen Army pay to run their 1926 Lea Francis tourer. They bought it for £85 and spent £70 "fixing" it.

"I go for the big ones," Charles explained. "I'm big, and it's distracting to push down all the pedals at once just because you have a big foot."

The long, high, 30-year-old Hispano Suiza that makes dignified croaks around Mel-



SYDNEY owner Tim Carr in the hybrid he calls "The Monster." He formerly had a T-model Ford which he rehabilitated and sold at a 20 per cent. profit.

**How a car behaves  
is always up to  
its owner**



**UNDERGRADS** Alistair Mitchell, David Yoffa, and Barry Capp (above) try Don von Sibra's Peugeot at Melbourne University.

bourne belongs to final-year law student Tim Hewison.

In his spare time and helped by friends he rebuilt the engine, which now runs smoothly, if noisily.

"But it's a smooth noise," said one of his passengers.

Among the bombs that chug and rattle their way around Sydney are the 1926 Chevrolet tourer belonging to James Thompson, a 21-year-old junior woolbuyer, of Artarmon, and a hybrid model belonging to Tim Carr, 24, of Hunter's Hill.

Tim's hybrid, nicknamed "The Monster" or "Beastie," is composed of a fifth series Lancia frame and a 1924 Chenard et Walcker engine.

"It's mechanically perfect," said Tim, "But it took months and the complete loss of goodwill among the neighbors to get it that way."

"People talk a lot of rot about old cars being dangerous. If the car is properly maintained, there's nothing better."

"My 'Monster' has a better performance than my brother's modern car and it's good to travel in. I drove my grandmother down to Gympie Bay in it the other week-end. She was amazed."

According to James Thompson, the advantages of an old car far outweigh its drawbacks.

"Girls don't like it much, though," he said. "It's fine if we're going to the beach, but when they have to drive to a ball in it they're inclined to be a bit sour."

"For myself, I feel pretty good behind the wheel of the old Chev. I'm pretty long" (James is 6' 3 1/2" tall) "and it gives me leg room."

He added: "I get a terrific kick out of parking between really good-looking slick American jobs."



**ABOVE:** James Thompson, of Sydney, drives some friends in the Chev. he likes because it's solid, reliable, and can carry nine without crowding.

**RIGHT:** Tim Hewison polishes his imposing sedan. A true enthusiast, Tim has previously owned a Bentley, two Delages, and another Hispano.



Ball, from French Viscount Nicky de la Vaine in his green Essex, "Mephis-tophiles." The car is splashed with Melbourne University slogans.

SO SMOOTH... SO Right!



Now you can have lips that stay soft and lovely all through the day — with never any feeling of irritating dryness or cracking... and with a lustrous, lasting sheen that stays on hours longer.

As indelible as it should be and really non-drying, Coty's new, delightfully creamy lipstick is easy to apply — to form a flawless outline which will not smear or "fuzz", and is absolutely waterproof.

Ten brilliant, fashion-matched shades: **Gay Fuchsia, Fresh Pink, Rose Satin, Forest Fire, Spungold, Gitane, Red Ribbon, Dahlia, Vif, Coral Pink.**



THE NEW

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"Free Arm"



**not just a new sewing machine  
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The Swiss HELVETIA enables you to look at sewing in a new way because of the "Free Arm." You can re-style last season's frocks without undoing a seam . . . you can darn socks with wool thread without adjustment! It's an easy matter to slip a sleeve or a trouser leg **ON TO** the "Free Arm" if you're making a new garment or for patching, darning or reinforcing.

**THE EXTENSION TABLE** as illustrated at right is clipped into position in seconds to give a wide, flat area for "normal" sewing.

**THE WEEK-END TYPE CASE** makes the HELVETIA completely portable. The extension table, foot control, attachments, etc., all fit snugly into the case.

\* \* \* \*

When you see a demonstration of the HELVETIA check these points: the simple controls which give instant backwards and forwards sewing, the control which enables material to be moved about under the needle for darning . . . the in-built light . . . the foot control . . . the clip at the end of the "Free Arm" which completely exposes the shuttle mechanism . . . the fast bobbin winder, the hinged presser foot—and the attachments. All the HELVETIA attachments will surprise you with their simplicity. The set complete with the machine (they're NOT extras) comprises a darning, zipper foot, hemmer, feller, broider, ruffler and quilting. Ask to see the attachments at work. A 10 year guarantee, full service and spare parts stocks back every HELVETIA sold anywhere in Australia.

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**THE HELVETIA "Free Arm" IS  
A LUXURY MACHINE  
AT A COMMONSENSE PRICE**



**HELVETIA**  
sewing feature

THE  
FIRST OF A  
SERIES

You can be more ambitious with your sewing with the extra scope given with the HELVETIA "Free Arm." Here is an up-to-the-minute touch which is quite easy to carry out on a frock or to add to a frock you have now. Note how the "Free Arm" can avoid juggling with seams or turning—inside-out-and-round-about.



Picture at left shows the quilting attachment which has an adjustable guide. The cuff is sewn on to the sleeve and quilted by simply revolving on the "Free Arm"—no seams to be undone. Picture at right shows a quilted pocket being attached. On the HELVETIA, after the pocket is pinned in position, the frock is drawn **ON TO** the "Free Arm" and accurate sewing is easy. The bulk of the skirt simply falls away from the sewing area.

You can see how the HELVETIA "Free Arm" makes this kind of work easy for new frocks or for additions to your present frocks.



SWISS SEWING MACHINE COMPANY (Aust.) PTY. LTD., Craft House, 10 Denison St., Bondi Junction, N.S.W., Phone FW4711.

# "My parents don't understand me!"

By BETTY BETZ

● The first of a new series of teenage articles by Betty Betz, one of young America's most widely read authors.

"MY PARENTS are so old-fashioned . . . they don't understand me!" is a popular idea among teenagers today.

It may be just a mild case of sulking, or it may even turn into a real family rumpus where a "certain young person" even threatens to run away from home.

There, there, chum . . . don't look so glum . . . Your Mum and Dad may seem a little strict to you right now, but if you play your cards right there are ways of remedying this and establishing a family peace treaty!

Sure . . . you're hep to the newest records, movies, fashions, and dance steps, so you think you're pretty sharp. You've started dating and running around on your own.

If you're a gent, you're borrowing Dad's ties and shirts now, and if you're a young lady, you're using your Mum's brand of lipstick and nail polish. You're a big shot now, and you're a long way from Mum's apron strings these days . . . that kid stuff is a long way back.

But wait a sec! Just exactly HOW long ago was it that your Mum made a daily inspection of your neck and ears? And wasn't it just six months ago that she nursed you through that bad case of the flu? And how many times has she darned your socks without even telling you?

Just think back a little and you'll remember how concerned your Dad has been over your marks in school, and how he made you buckle down to bring them up a few notches.

A YEAR or so may seem like a long time to you, but to your folks this seems like only yesterday, and they're so used to watching out for you and keeping tabs on everything you do that you can't wonder why after "umteen" odd years of this routine they can't suddenly let you blow away like a leaf in the wind.

If they seem strict and old-fashioned to you, try to realise that the basic reason is because they love you, and can't yet appreciate you've left your childhood days.

For them time has passed very quickly, and they realise you'll have plenty of time to work at being a grown-up. The thought of your leaving them becomes a little frightening and they're determined to keep you as long as they can.

If Dad had his way, he'd keep his daughter in little ruffled petticoats and flat-heels the rest of his life. And Mum always hates the day her son insists on getting his first pair of long trousers.

Perhaps they don't understand your lingo, your style of dancing, and your latest type of music, but if you were smart you'd let them in on your diggings, and brief them on the current interests of younger people.

No parents are so old-fashioned they don't understand that young folks like dancing, parties, and fun, so deal them in on your good times.

Tell them where you're going when you go out, always come home at your appointed hour, and

introduce your folks to your friends so they'll know you're not chasing round with the raciest set in town.

Do try to grow up gradually and the sudden change won't seem like such a shock to them. Phony grown-up trappings like make-up, smoking, drinking, swearing, and late hours are just a red flag to any set of parents no matter how old you are!

And the minute they see signs such as these you may be sure they'll clamp down on you like a pressure cooker . . . and with good reason, too!

Growing up can be a very painful job if it's done overnight—so do it the gradual way . . . which is the easiest way!



## ...AND THIS IS WHAT THEY TELL ME

### WHAT ARE THE MOST COMMON CRITICISMS OF BOYS AS EXPRESSED BY GIRLS?

1. They're either too shy or too rude.
2. They won't learn to dance.
3. They look messy.
4. They won't meet our parents, except when trapped into it—and then they get silly or embarrassed.
5. They don't ask us out often enough.
6. When they get to parties they gang up with the other boys—at the other end of the room.
7. They don't ask for dates until the very last minute.
8. They brag about their other dates.
9. They gossip too much.

### AND WHAT ARE THE BOYS' COMPLAINTS ABOUT THE GIRLS?

1. They keep us waiting and then make a dramatic entrance (it would be much more dramatic to be on time).
2. They pick out the most expensive places to go.
3. They giggle.
4. They break dates when something better comes along.
5. They never learn anything but the latest songs—why can't they discuss sports, or something interesting?
6. They all try to dress like movie sirens.
7. They'd rather be seen with our cars than with us.
8. They brag about their other dates.
9. They gossip too much.

# Cole OF CALIFORNIA NEWS

## How to improve your Bust line



Sketch shows concealed bust improver pockets in lining of "Telescope" style, at left. Wire supports, too.



"Cuff Happy" style 204, for average to large busts. The straps are separate and adjustable. Spiral wire supports pre-shape profile.



"Easy to Love" style 72, flatters a firm bust. Garter top for strapless security.



"Sea Bird" style 69, wide-spread wings add depth and width to bust. Spiral wire supports.



Style 62, "Telescope", with pre-shaped bra profile. Drawing gives separation and adjustable depth. 4-way straps, 17/6.



"Big Dipper" style 61, has curved spiral wire supports at side of bust, for rounded contours and a tailored look.



"Sarang" style 76, accents shapely bustline. Drawing gives adjustable depth. Spiral wire supports held soft draping in place.

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# Summer Weekend

● Here are teenage fashions chosen with a definite purpose—for wear on summer week-ends out of doors.

The accent is on brevity, because to my mind a suntan is the most glamorous summer decor. Be sure your suit or dress is cotton—it's high fashion and also fundamentally right for hot weather.

The lavish prettiness of a cotton flower print looks new on and off the beach, so do peppermint stripes or a cool pastel.

Plan your week-end wardrobe now, ready to be worn in the first high wave of warmth.

CANDY HARDY.

No. 3358. TO MAKE FROM A PAPER PATTERN. The white linen one-piece (above) is styled with a hand-span waist and yellow flower applique. The pattern is in sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. material and ¼yd. 36in. contrast for applique. Price, 3/6; transfer for applique, 1/- extra. Patterns may be obtained from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney.



● Here again for summer (left) is the skirt-and-separate-top union. The tops are made in two new pastels—banana, and a pearly pink. The sleeveless one-piece dress and the two-piece beach suit (above) are in heavenly blue cotton, a color of wonderful allure against a tan.





● Slick shorts and shirt twosome (above). The little-boy shorts are in striped cotton, the sleeveless blouse decorated to match. Scarlet buttons, earrings, and shoes add extra color.

● This season the long-legged look is all the go. At right are tiny shorts and matching sweater worn with the prettiest and most feminine jacket seen in years. The boys will approve.



● The importance of stripes is illustrated above — and they're a highly contemporary fashion for the young for beach or street.

● A unique mixture of summer colors (below), and pretty, too. The raspberry skirt is front-buttoned, the blue one buttons at back.





The Marquise de Levis Mirepoix, enchanting member of a famous French family founded in the 12th century. The young Marquise says: "Every time I use Pond's Cold Cream, I'm delighted by the beautiful care it gives my skin."

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KAY MELAUN SAYS . . .

## Here's your answer

There's no need to stress the fact that friends are among the most important assets anyone can have. This is obvious. But I'm constantly reminded of it by letters from young readers expressing their loneliness, and their longing for friends.

**I**n answering the following letter from a teenager I'm conscious of repeating some of the information I gave to a country boy some weeks ago. However, the point it makes is important enough to be stressed:

"I am a 16-year-old Australian girl, and with my parents have just shifted to an Adelaide suburb. I am very fond of dancing, swimming, and most things that interest a teenager including fashion, books, and clothes, but I find I now have no girl-friends with whom to share these interests. Could you help me by perhaps publishing my letter and helping me find a friend with whom I could perhaps join a tennis club or go to dances, pictures, etc."

Pat, Adelaide, S.A.

Publication of your letter might bring a reply. I hope it does—and from a girl you will like.

In the meantime, however, what about trying some more direct action.

A few weeks back I suggested to a young man in a country town that he get in touch with the minister or priest of his church in order to make some friends. I now suggest the same to you.

Generally, the situation is that many churches have tennis and social clubs where new members are welcome. The churches that don't have such clubs will help young people join a club run by another denomination.

For instance, there is a social club in a Sydney suburb run by the Methodist church. Among the members are a number of Roman Catholics who were recommended to join by their parish priest.

Among some dozens of teenagers you will have every chance of finding one or two or more who share your interests.

If you don't belong to a church you might be daunted by the thought of calling on a priest or minister. Even if you do belong, you might be daunted, anyway. Could you

get your mother or father to help you out on this?

The result will be worth the effort involved.

"I am writing to inquire about an article in the 'Sunday Telegraph' (15/8/54) dealing with a career for boys and girls as an animal technician's association in England.

"If you cannot help me in this matter, could you please suggest some other job along the same lines, if you know of any. I will be very grateful for any information whatsoever."

V. J. B., Marrickville, N.S.W.

I couldn't find an association similar to the English one. As for jobs along these lines, there are some as an animal attendant.

The indirect approach to get one of these jobs is to go along to the Higher Appointments branch (Professional Services Section) of the Commonwealth Employment Service, Grace Building, 77 York Street, Sydney.

Don't expect to walk into a job here. They will take a note of what you can do, education, etc., and get in touch with you if a job crops up. But at least this will be something accomplished, and you can also get from them a fair idea of the pay you can expect.

The direct approach is to canvass the various places where such jobs are likely. I haven't a complete list, but here are some places where animal attendants are employed: Department of Public Health; Sydney University (McMaster Animal Health Laboratory, the School of Public Health and Tropical Medicine, and the Veterinary School).

One man I talked to was discouraging. He said that people employed as animal attendants were mostly about 16 or 17. (I take it you're a little older). He added—rather moodily, I thought:

"A lot of people apply for jobs and say they love animals, thinking there's something glamorous about the work. Actually, they find they're wearing dirty overalls and spending half their lives cleaning out the rat cages."

Don't let this or a scarcity of jobs stop you if you think something like this is what you really want to do. If you are interested in the animals and the work, cleaning the rat cages falls into place as an insignificant routine detail.



• For a pretty summer idea, tie a floral bandeau round a port sailor . . . Wear a floral shirt tucked into a plain skirt or trousers . . . Match a floral cummerbund and gloves

—RENE

## YOUNG WRITER'S SUCCESS

**DIANA HILLSDON**, 17-year-old author of this month's "young" short story (published on page 7), is a Leaving Certificate student at Our Lady of Mercy College, Parramatta. Her home is at Rylstone, N.S.W.

Since last month's teenage supplement, many promising short stories were submitted.

Many of them failed because the treatment was too immature or the style lacked color and freshness.

Writers attempted settings about which they obviously knew nothing. This is a mistake. Beginners should con-

centrate on familiar subjects and types of people.

Other stories were so untidily written, or the typing was so faint and full of mistakes that they were not easy to read.

However, the majority were well and clearly set out. Almost everyone, too, remembered to enclose a stamped and addressed envelope.

Note: Will you take care that your envelope is big enough to hold your story.

The following are specially commended:

J. C., Clayfield (Qld.): Very promising attempt.

General style and treatment not quite up to standard.

M. B., Croydon Park (S.A.): Very creditable attempt. Too drawn out and over sentimentalised.

R. S. Dalwallinu (W.A.), V. B., Palm Island: Promising theme. Not well enough sustained.

H. P., Indooroopilly (Qld.): Good theme. General style not interesting enough.

D. H., St. Ives (N.S.W.), V. J. W., Warragul (Vic.): Well written, but story not interesting or unusual enough.

B. L., Ashgrove (Qld.): Promising. Too drawn out.

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# DEBBIE GIVES A PARTY

Every man likes to eat. Even at a party the boys like hot food—and plenty of it.

THEY like the savories and the airy sweets, too. But it takes something like the buffet menu put on by Debbie, our teenage chef, to make them feel they've really eaten.

Illustrated at right is the menu: Meat balls in savory sauce, home-baked beans, hamburgers, and frankfurts.

This menu is also economical and simple enough for a teenage hostess to manage without bothering Mother unduly — even alone, if necessary.

The secret of these meat balls is the sauce. The recipe is simple and the flavor is superb. It is made with tomatoes, bacon, and a green pepper.

The name pepper is misleading. Green peppers, which ripen into red peppers, or capsicums, are not hot. It is the seeds inside them which burn the tongue. These seeds must always be scooped out and thrown away.

The peppers themselves are slightly sweet and are good in savory dishes, particularly creamed foods.

Debbie has served the meat balls in the dish in which they were cooked, fitted into a basketware stand. If you haven't one or a silver stand, simply put the casserole on a wooden platter.



FIRST STEP (above, left) in making the meat balls is to prepare the sauce ingredients. Bacon, tomatoes, onion, and green pepper are chopped as illustrated.

ABOVE: All the ingredients used for the meat balls are combined and mixed well. The mixture is then shaped, a spoonful at a time, with floured fingers on a lightly floured board to prevent sticking.

LEFT: The meat balls are placed in a casserole and the sauce gently poured over them. It isn't necessary to strain the sauce, although straining helps to make a smooth consistency.

## Party Fare Recipes

### MEAT BALLS IN SAVORY SAUCE

Two rashers bacon, 1 onion, 4 tomatoes,  $\frac{1}{4}$  small green pepper,  $2\frac{1}{2}$  cups water, salt and pepper to taste,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  lbs. minced steak (minced at home for preference),  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup flour,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup soft breadcrumbs, 2 eggs, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, pinch herbs.

Remove rind from bacon, chop into small pieces. Peel and chop onion, skin and chop tomatoes. Remove stem end and all seeds from green pepper, chop finely. Place bacon in saucepan, cook in its own fat 5 or 6 minutes over low heat until lightly browned. Add onion, tomatoes, green pepper, and water. Season to taste with salt and pepper. Cover and simmer over low heat until tomatoes are soft and pulpy and green pepper is soft. Rub through a coarse strainer to make a smooth sauce as illustrated, or, if preferred, bacon and green pepper may be left in the sauce.

Prepare meat balls. Combine steak, salt, pepper, flour, and breadcrumbs, mix well. Add beaten eggs, parsley, and herbs. Shape a spoonful at a time into balls the size of a golf ball, using floured fingers and shaping the balls on a lightly floured board. Place in casserole dish, pour sauce over. Place lid on, bake in moderate oven approximately 1 hour.

### HOME-BAKED BEANS

Half-pound haricot beans, 2oz. butter or substitute, 1oz. flour,  $\frac{1}{4}$  pint meat or vegetable stock, 1 dessertspoon treacle,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups concentrated tomato soup, 2 rashers lean bacon, salt and pepper to taste.

Wash beans well, cover with water, soak overnight. Drain, cover with boiling water, simmer  $\frac{3}{4}$  to 1 hour. Drain. Melt butter or substitute, add flour, cook 2 or 3 minutes. Stir in stock, treacle, tomato soup. When boiling, fold in chopped bacon, drained beans, salt and pepper to taste. Turn into casserole (edges and rim of lid well greased), cover, bake steadily 3 to  $3\frac{1}{2}$  hours or until beans are soft.

Soft as the fall of  
petals on the grass...



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It's the lightest powder you can imagine; so soft, so fine; this new formula Face Powder that covers so well and clings so much longer without caking or streaking. Its smoothness imparts a gentle softness to your skin, veils tiny blemishes, blends perfectly with your skin tones yet livens and lightens their beauty. It will keep your skin lovely from your first make-up till bedtime.

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Richard Hudnut

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## Drama on disc for stage fans

By  
BERNARD  
FLETCHER

Before the arrival of long-playing records it would have seemed fantastic to buy a recorded play, comprising a dozen or so records, and then sitting down to hear it.

WELL, hardly sitting, because you would have been jack-in-the-boxing every few minutes to turn a disc. Even with a changer the continuity would have been constantly interrupted.

Today, all that is altered. The long-playing record and the drama have formed a new alliance.

When you consider the amount of time spent during a play on curtains, lights, arranging sets, the intervals, and the "business" of the actors, you'll find that the actual dialogue takes only a couple of hours, usually less.

Even in the heyday of the 78 r.p.m. disc, theatre-goers enjoyed the snippets of plays that were on record — "Macbeth" (Sybil Thorndike), "Hamlet" (John Barrymore), "Murder in Mayfair" (Ivor Novello), "Moonlight Is Silver" (Gertrude Lawrence and Douglas Fairbanks), and the Noel Coward series.

But today the field, by comparison, is wide. It can become infinitely wider if enough interest is shown in drama on disc.

The popularity of the radio play in Australia is an indication of how much theatre is enjoyed from the armchair.

The difference lies in the fact that the average radio play is heard and forgotten, but no one wants a recorded play that will pall after a few hearings. It has to be a good play, one that stands the test of repeated hearings, and it must be superbly produced and acted.

Such a play is "The Importance of Being Earnest," which I have been playing on two borrowed imported discs (33CX.1126/7). This undoubtedly sets the standard for the future. The play is generally agreed to be one of the wittiest in modern English literature.

This disc version was produced by Sir John Gielgud, who also plays the star role

of John Worthing, and his cast — most definitely a hand-picked one — includes Roland Culver (who steals the lime-light from the star), Dame Edith Evans, Celia Johnson, and Pamela Brown.

Celia Johnson, a mature woman, magically becomes an 18-year-old as "little Cicely," while Edith Evans' dragon-like Lady Bracknell calls for one word only — magnificence!

Gielgud has been appearing in and producing "Earnest" for some 20 years, and there is no living actor who knows more about its rewards and pitfalls.

The recording is the ultimate condensation of his



"Still grimly hanging on, eh?"

theatrical knowledge and skill, and if I had my dictatorial way I'd make every producer, whether for stage or radio, listen to it once a month for the term of his professional life.

At the present time there's a 50-50 chance that it will be issued here. I covet it so much that if I can't get it locally I'll march into a shop and order an imported copy.

In the meantime there are lots of other good things on disc. Shakespeare heads the list with two "Hamlets" — Laurence Olivier's on a standard set and Gielgud's on LP. They are not complete plays, but consist of highlights.

The Gielgud is a worthwhile disc because it couples scenes from "Romeo and Juliet" with Pamela Brown, and a few sonnets to round it off.

"Romeo and Juliet" is complete on another LP set. This is an Old Vic production starring Claire Bloom.

Olivier's "Henry V" 78 r.p.m. records are well known, but don't by-pass Anthony Quayle's fine extracts from "Henry IV," "As You Like It," and "Othello."

Following up the Henrys, you'll also find a "Henry VIII" co-starring Dame Sybil Thorndike and Sir Lewis Casson, who are at present visiting Australia.

My choice of the Shakespeare LPs is "Julius Caesar," which is soundtracked from the M.G.M. film. It simply bristles with top-notch performances, notably by Gielgud and by that Shakespearean dark horse, Marlon Brando.

T. S. Eliot is represented on the revolving stage with his famous plays "Murder in the Cathedral" (Robert Donat) and "The Cocktail Party" (Alec Guinness). And for those who appreciate the best type of modern drama there's the moving tragedy "Death of a Salesman."

Action fans are catered for with "Treasure Island" (Thomas Mitchell) and "The Three Musketeers" (Douglas Fairbanks), while for those who enjoy the slower-moving Dickens there is an adaptation of "The Tale of Two Cities."

If it's laughter you're after, try a ride on "The Ghost Train" with Claude Hulbert at his most hilarious.

Next month a new recorded play will appear that should be most interesting, particularly if you know the book or the film. This is "Lost Horizon," the principal role being taken by Ronald Colman.

The last play on this list is "The Snow Goose," which is so well known that it hardly needs introducing. This unashamed tear-jerker, played so skillfully by Herbert Marshall and Joan Loring, is the best-seller in the field.

## HAVE A "NIGHT IN PARIS"

NOW that everyone's sold on French records, cash in on the craze and have a "Night in Paris" party.

Arrange groups of little tables seating two or four in your living-room, with a space for a floor-show and dancing in the centre.

Cover the tables with check cloths. Put a street lamp in the corner. You can fake this from a paper lantern mounted on a broomstick wound with ribbon, barber-shop style. Or,

if Mum will let you, deck out the standard lamp.

Don't ask your guests to dress up, unless your gang really wants to. (Most boys don't.) Instead, gather old or new scarves and bandannas, berets, caps, and g-udy jewellery.

Distribute a few pieces of finery when your guests arrive, and let each design his own costume. (A prize, if you like, for the trickiest ensemble.)

Use French records for the music. Have a Parisian version of musical chairs, and

turn the tables on the winner by having him sing the last record a la Charles Trenet.

Make everyone act some sort of stunt, or let them draw for their skills.

This can have amusing results. A big, husky boy might be forced to describe his dress-designing salon, while a mild little girl must explain how she stormed the Bastille.

Serve fruit punch in big wine-glasses. If you want to be really French, try either French pancakes or onion soup for supper.

# FOUR OUTFITS FROM ONE PATTERN

● On the beach, in town, from morning till night you can dress from the same pattern without ever wearing the same outfit. The pattern complete for the four garments costs 2/- and may be obtained from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney (postal address Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney). Tasmanian readers should address orders to Box 66-D, G.P.O., Hobart; N.Z. readers to Box 666, G.P.O., Auckland. When ordering quote No. 3394.



**ONE-PIECE** romper, sun, or swim suit (above) in pepper-mint-striped cotton. Earmark this one for holidays. In sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 1½yds. 36in. material.

**BARE-TOPPED** middie-type play shirt (right) is a minimum of trouble to make and is very good in seersucker. In sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 1½yds. 36in. material.



**PRINTED COTTON** nightgown (above) has a cool, boat-shaped neckline and no sleeves. The gown is the simplest thing to make. In sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 36in. material.

**PRETTY DRESS** for town (left) is tied at the waist with a leather belt or a contrast in dress fabric. In sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 2½yds. 36in. material.



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Candy Wilson,  
Bond's 5th Avenue  
Style Reporter.

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Ask for **BOND'S** little girl  
*Nightwear*

wherever you shop. (If your store is out, write to Bond's Ltd., Box 34, Camperdown, for the name of the nearest store that has them.)

# New fashion will end in smoke

## Women puffing luxury pipes

A lady is no lady in America, so people are telling the ladies, unless she smokes a pipe. Now Australian women have decided to adopt the new vogue and have their pipe dreams, too.

IN the past few weeks tobacconists in Australian cities have shown in their windows dainty little briars, slim, graceful, and multi-colored, and the girls have lined up at the counters to choose pipes with stems that match the new spring hats.

One tobacconist with very definite ideas on the joys of pipe-smoking for women explained the new fashion.

"Women are achieving a new maturity. Cigarettes are only a habit. A pipe is a pleasure," he said.

His gallantry went even further when he was asked what was the average age of a female pipe purchaser.

"What can I say but young? How young? Well, under 30, anyway."

Not all Australian men join in his admiration for the new craze. One man sharing a restaurant table with a pretty young girl regarded her with unconcealed interest throughout the meal.

When the waiter brought her coffee she dredged deep in a large handbag and produced a gay red pipe. In a minute his face matched the pipe's color, and he was out of the door with the first puff.

Other more tolerant males, however, have joined in the fun and buy the little colored pipes themselves. "We're not sure whether they want to blend in with the girl-friends' color scheme or if it's just more comfortable to smoke a lighter pipe with dentures," one tobacconist said.

"In any case, it's an encouragement for the girls."

### Fashion show

IN America, pipe-manufacturers are having visions of women everywhere puffing peacefully beside their men-folk, and they are working hard to make that pipe-dream come true.

To that end, the pipe-manufacturers held their first women's pipe-fashion show in the smart Governor Clinton Hotel, New York. The organisers were members of the Pipe and Tobacco Council, representing all the leading manufacturers.

Larry Foley, of our New York staff, who attended the show, sent us a story of the proceedings.

He said it was a properly organised fashion parade, com-

plete with professional models, carpeted walk, announcer, and massed Press photographers. On display were pipes already on the market and pipe styles likely to emerge soon.

The show made it clear that pipe-smoking by women in America will resemble remotely pipe-smoking as practised by men.

"The pendulum," cried the announcer, Mrs. Joan Grayson, an official of the council, "has swung dramatically towards the fair sex."

A woman's pipe, she said, must serve not only for smoking but also as a fashion accessory. The well-dressed woman must have a well-dressed pipe.

### "Must be exotic"

"WOMEN'S pipes," declared Mrs. Grayson, "must be colorful, exotic, and, above all, feminine."

The crowd braced itself.

On came a model wearing a sleeveless coat of dazzling red-and-white plaid with a knitted sheath underneath. She was puffing (rather timidly, to a male pipe-smoker's critical eye) at a short pipe with a reddish stem and a streamlined white bowl set with red simulated rubies and rhinestones.

The next model wore a pastel blue woollen dress. She smiled bravely between puffs at what the announcer described as "this delicately blue-shaded and slimly stemmed briar creation with the collar of simulated blue sapphires



**PUFFING AWAY** at her miniature briar filled with her favorite perfumed tobacco is Sydney radio actress Mary Jane Windsor. She began pipe-smoking a few weeks ago.

running lazily around the white bowl."

Men in the audience craned forward. Sure enough, simulated blue sapphires were running around the white bowl, ever so lazily.

There followed a model in pink mandarin pyjamas with contrasting embroidery, puffing in a manner which can only be described as womanfully as a creation which had ruby buttons along a stem about a foot long.

This creation was "just the accessory for sleepwear or intimate moments when a woman wants to luxuriate alone," according to the announcer.

It might have been only a trick of the light, but some spectators thought, perhaps unkindly, that the face of the girl who modelled a leopard suit and a jade-green pipe had turned a matching shade of green before she completed the course.

### Jewelled bowl

"FOR the woman who has everything," purred Mrs. Grayson, "what could be more appropriate?"

What indeed more appropriate than a white pipe with a white jewelled bowl to go with the lady's simple white mink stole as she strolls out for a quiet smoke before the theatre?



**SLIM-STEMMED BRIAR**, twelve inches long and studded with rhinestones, was one of the exotic pipes for women paraded at the Governor Clinton Hotel, New York.

To illustrate the fundamental principle that a lady must be properly pipe-out-fitted at all times, a succession of models undulated by in swimsuits, all puffing.

Mrs. Grayson explained carefully that the pipes that matched the swimsuits were to be smoked after the swim, not during.

Another modelled a pipe with a narrow feline bowl. That's what the lady said. Feline bowl.

At this announcement a gentleman looked up in surprise. He was Mr. Morris L. Levinson, head of the 103-year-old company that is the biggest thing in pipes in the U.S.

"I didn't know we made a feline bowl," he was heard to whisper.

A feline bowl, for your information and Mr. Levinson's, is streamlined, elongated, and flat. It was designed, apparently, to eliminate "that unsightly bulge" of a pipe in a breast-pocket.

Women's pipes come in stems colored red, blue, tan, and green, but these colors are designated as cherry, navy, maize, and jade. The makers believe that women will not buy anything listed as plain red, blue, tan, and green.

### Special tobacco

ONE firm stocks a special women's pipe tobacco, marketed under the trade name "Milady" and blended in Holland. (European women, notably the Dutch and the Danes, think nothing of smoking pipes and cigars.)

The pipes are priced mostly at five dollars (about £2/5/- Australian) and seven and a half dollars, but really swank jobs can be had at colossal prices.

The trade estimates that there are about 160,000 confirmed women pipe-smokers in America. Tobacconists have for years carried a few specially made pipes in stock for them.

But this fashion parade was the first time a concerted effort has been made to win women over to pipe-smoking.

Anti-Shrink by

**Grafton** introduces

'Super Lavenelle'  
the great fabric

dresses that feel  
and shimmer like pure silk,  
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Grafton Anti-Shrink's  
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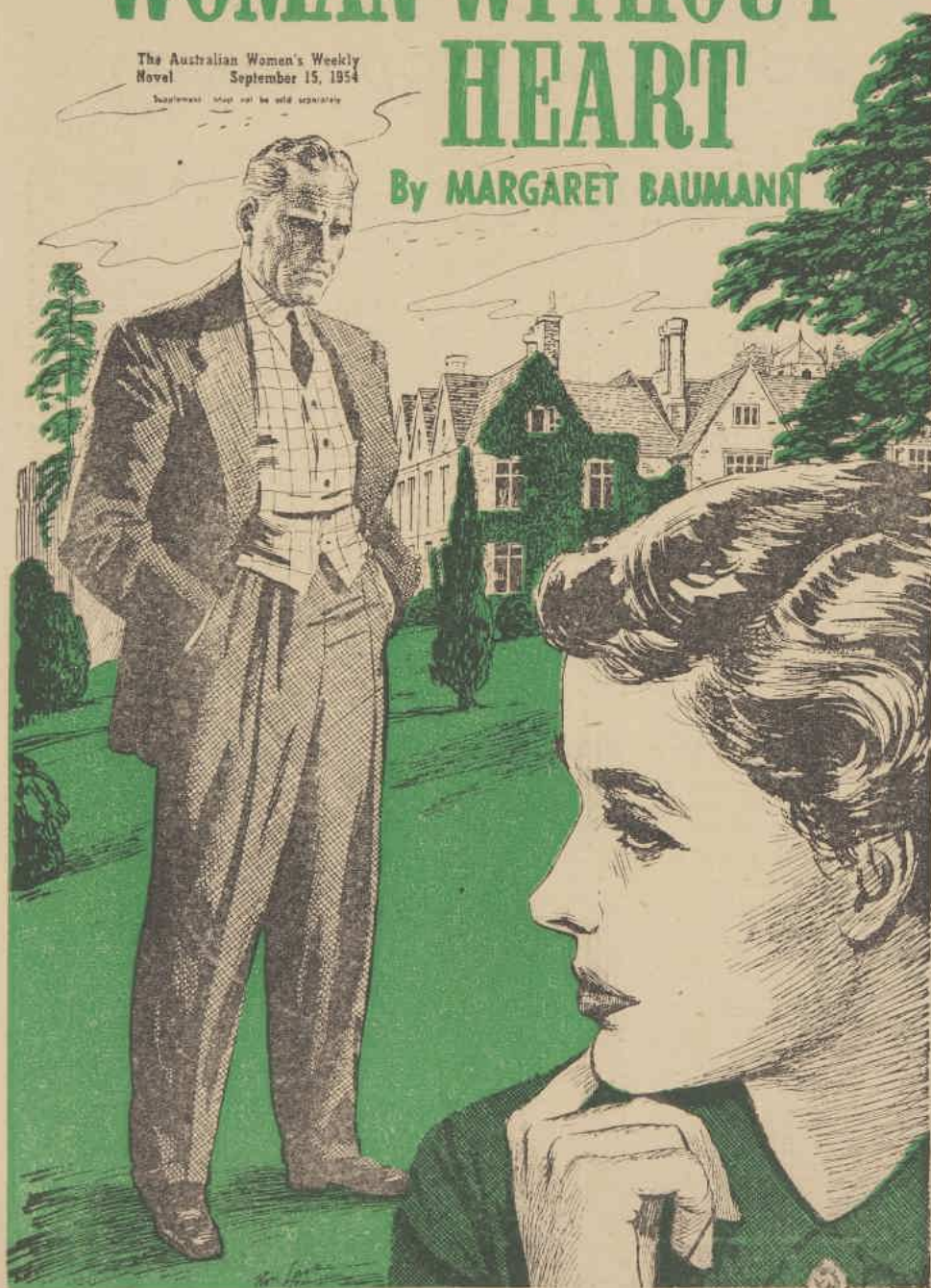
Super Lavenelle is a fabric in a million that actually has the qualities of pure silk but you buy it at typical Grafton Anti-Shrink value prices. And you get all the other Anti-Shrink advantages, too — like Grafaine, Clairdechene and Grafagleam, Super Lavenelle cannot shrink, cannot fade, cannot stretch—it's easy to wash, easier to dry, easiest of all to iron.

# WOMAN WITHOUT HEART

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Supplement (does not sell separately)

By MARGARET BAUMANN



## WOMAN WITHOUT HEART

ON the day Rose Winters came to Clancy Manor there were larks singing and the tops of the sycamores that stood as a windbreak behind the old house had their springtime sheen of rosy pink.

Beyond again, in the woodlands, propped like stage scenery against a serene, unreal blue sky, the green of silver birches was streaked here and there upon the more sombre mass of spruce and pine.

Rose drove out with old Will Jessop. He had a knobby parcel of hardware and a sack of chicken feed on the driving seat beside him. In mid-week when few people required the hire of his car, Will acted as general carrier between the market town of Whinsbury and the outlying villages, and this afternoon he had some goods to deliver to Miss Liprot, the Clancy postmistress.

Picking up an unexpected passenger off the London train made his trip doubly worth while, and he drove with gusto in high good humor.

It was, in fact, a perilous four miles out to Clancy, with every tapet in the old engine rattling. Rose, in the back seat, had to hold on with both hands. She feared the worst when he braked hard at a bend in the road.

He twisted round in his seat and shouted to make himself heard above the noise of the engine: "There you are, ma'am; that's Clancy Manor over on the right."

He jerked a horny forefinger. The fall of a wayside tree had torn away the fence, leaving brown earth and unsightly roots hanging, and making a gap through which the big grey house with its gabled roof could be seen across the park.

"That's Clancy Manor," said Will again, laboriously changing gear, "just as it has stood three hundred years."

"Stop," said Rose. "Stop for a moment."

She hadn't even raised her voice, but there was an urgency in it that Will obeyed instantly, bringing the car to a shuddering standstill.

She was leaning forward slightly with her hands joined on her lap, staring at the house: a woman of thirty, very slender, bronze-haired, with tragic eyes. Will had felt curious about her from the start. He reckoned himself a shrewd judge of human nature. After all, he saw people at their best and at their worst; he drove them to and from their festive occasions, their weddings and Christmas parties, and when calamity fell he had to hurry them urgently here and there. But this was a passenger he couldn't seem to sum up at all.

It was rare indeed for a guest to come to the Manor these days. Odder still that there had been no one at Whinsbury station to meet her, though she had luggage for a stay. Smart luggage, too: that pigskin case of hers was quite something. And yet, Will thought, unsure of her welcome; keyed up for an ordeal rather than anticipating a pleasure.

She sat very still now, fixing that house with that long, burning scrutiny.

It was because he felt so ill at ease that Will went on talking.

"There was an elm stood here, but the ivy strangled it and the great storm last winter brought it down. Mr. Grantley took it hard. He has always had a great fondness for the trees—being rooted to the place himself, so to speak—and it vexed him that nobody noticed the ivy until it was too late. For that matter, he passed the tree himself every day as he drove down to the mill. But he has more on his mind than trees. I shouldn't wonder, with business as it is. Trying to run a place like this with one old gardener and a couple of lads, and next to no indoor staff."

"It must," said Rose, "be a great hardship." Her smile was bitter. She began gathering up her things. "I see we are nearly at the gates. I'll walk the rest of the way."

To trudge up the drive carrying a week-end case was no way for a guest to arrive at Clancy Manor. Will was scandalised and showed it, but when she gave him that look he got down quickly to open the door for her. It was useless to argue with a woman who knew her own mind absolutely.

His curiosity was stronger than ever as he saw her walk away with a quick, firm step, carrying the pigskin case. As he passed the gates she was standing looking towards the house. He touched his cap, though she didn't look round. Then the road dipped and he could no longer see her.

AROUND two bends, the village of Clancy came into his sight: grey stone cottages clustered round a little old church with a Norman tower. There was a young river that ran down from the moors, sparkling and lively, and then crept on, sluggish and marred, when the mill had finished with it. For down in the hollow, astride the river, stood the Grantley Woollen Mill and Dyeworks, source of livelihood and prosperity for the whole valley.

The mill was squat and black, but the afternoon sun glittered on its long rows of windows, turning every pane to pure gold.

Will Jessop lifted down the sack of chicken feed and the hardware, and with an important, bustling air went to have his chat with Miss Liprot, the postmistress. After all, a visitor to the Manor was something the whole village would soon know about, and it wasn't often he had such a titbit of news to pass over the post-office counter!

The house was large and imposing. It stood in front of her, at the top of the drive, solid, invulnerable, secure, like Charles himself. She knew quite suddenly that it had been folly to come here, folly to accept the invitation which had first stung her pride and then set blazing all the resentment, the anger, the sense of bitter injustice which had smouldered in her heart for three years.

The pigskin case was heavy. She set it down on the drive and picked up

a handful of this fine, sandy earth, letting it run through her fingers. The old trick, as she stood there getting her breath, brought suddenly back to her those hours of terrible patience when she used to sit in front of the cottage during Denis' illness, letting the sand run through her fingers like this.

They had married just after the war, on very little besides hope and youth and a passionate striving after beauty. Denis had talent; his water-colors of the Lake District had already drawn notice. Because his war service had left him with a chest weakness, they took the cottage up above Brotherswater, where he could paint and dream and find healing in the mountain air.

But a severe winter lowered his vitality, and in her heart Rose soon had to admit that things were much worse than she had guessed. She pinned her hopes on the spring, and then, for a few hours at a time, Denis was buoyed up by all the old delight, painting feverishly.

A car drew up outside the cottage one day and a party of hungry tourists trooped in, clamoring for tea. Rose chanced to have some eggs and a batch of scones warm from her oven. She and Denis laughed afterwards at her frantic search for enough cups and saucers, and the handsome tip she later found under one of them.

Rose stopped laughing and made Denis paint a "Teas" sign, which she nailed to the old wayfaring tree at their gate. After that it wasn't a joke at all, but downright hard work. Throughout that summer she was kept busy at the week-ends catering for motorists touring in the Lakes.

In the autumn few cars passed. Rose would sit with her back against the warm pineboards, letting the sand run through her fingers, waiting.

At last she screwed up her courage to appeal to the only connection either of them had. In boyhood Denis had spent many happy times at Clancy Manor, the home of his cousin, Charles Grantley. Along with the family estate Charles had inherited the family business—a mill of some sort which the artistic Denis vaguely remembered for its squat ugliness.

But it was not as a millowner that he thought of Charles; he remembered him as the vigorous, strongly built, adventurous companion of those far-off school holidays, and loved to dwell on the tramps they had had together over moor and fell.

Yes, thought Rose for old friendship's sake, Charles would help them; she had been foolish to let pride stand so long in the way. But the reply to her appeal was typewritten, a curt, businesslike message over Charles' sweeping signature. A man in his position received many begging letters, and they must realise that he could not accede to all the demands made upon him. For a case such as Denis', surely there were hospital facilities?

Rose tore the letter in small pieces and dropped them on the fire. Then she went to stand at the cottage door, looking out at the brown hillside swept

by the strong, sweet wind Denis loved. Hospital facilities. . . All that night the wind roamed round and beat against the pine-wood boards. By morning the storm had passed, and the tumult was over for Denis, too, leaving Rose in a still, empty world.

All that was three years ago. No one, least of all Charles Grantley, had troubled to ask Rose how she had lived since then. A week ago, out of the blue, she had received a much-reduced letter from Charles' daughter—a girlish, untidy, impulsive handwriting on expensive notepaper. It was the last paragraph of the letter that she found impossible to forgive.

"Denis was always a favorite with my father. It was at an exhibition of pictures where some of his water-colors were shown that we heard the tragic news about him. My father remembers him so young and so full of promise, and asks you to accept, dear Cousin Rose, his sympathy and regard. We should be so happy if you could spend a little time with us at Clancy Manor. Believe me, you will always be welcome."

The hypocrisy of it! At least Charles hadn't put his own signature to the letter. Some message had to be sent when he heard about Denis, and he had thrust the task on to a young daughter who obviously knew nothing of the appeal for help which had been so callously turned down.

The torn-up letter from Felicity Grantley had festered for a couple of days in the waste-paper basket before Rose suddenly made up her mind to go to Clancy. It was the last thing Charles would expect. She could imagine the girl impulsively suggesting the visit, and Charles, embarrassed, agreeing for appearance sake, confident that she would not accept.

Her presence in his house would be a mortification, a thorn in the flesh. She would spare him nothing of the harrowing details of that last pitiful illness. She would accuse him. For in these three years of brooding upon it she had come to believe that by his refusal of help, he was morally responsible for Denis' death. So young and so full of promise. . . Yes, she would accuse them: the Grantleys who thought they owned the earth.

The spate of Easter wedding receptions at Simpson's Hotel, where she was manageress, was over; she had a breathing space and this was a convenient moment to take a vacation long owing to her. She sent a telegram announcing that she would arrive the next day.

And here she was on the heels of it. The strangest feeling, almost a sense of homecoming, had gripped her when she caught that first glimpse of the house; for Denis had often described it so vividly, reminding himself of some detail by a rapid pencil sketch.

The one discordant note was the fallen elm, its life sapped by the parasitic ivy, which nobody had noticed until it was too late. That gave her a vague feeling of uneasiness; for it seemed to her so glaring an oversight that she could not be explained away by pressure of business concerns.

As she stood staring towards the unsightly gap in the fence, a car turned into the drive so suddenly that she had to leap out of its path, snatching up her suitcase as she did so.

To add to the outrage, it wasn't even a smart car such as one might expect to see bowling up the drive of a house like Clancy Manor. It was a weather-beaten old tourer with the canvas hood down, and it contained two people: a girl with a lot of soft fair hair and a young, thick-set man wearing a rather shabby suit and an expression of extreme annoyance.

"Why don't you look where you're going?" he shouted.

Furiously Rose called back: "Why don't you sound your horn?" Turning into the gates at that speed and then treating her as the culprit!

She began walking quickly up the drive, keeping well in to the side; but apparently the car had only turned into the gates in order to reverse. She heard the driver grind his gears and back out. Then running feet overtook her. The girl's voice called out breathlessly: "Oh, please! You are—you must be—Cousin Rose? You can't have walked all the way from Wimbury?"

Rose turned to face her. "Only the last hundred yards. I asked to be dropped near the gates."

"And that could have been disastrous, too! If Dr. Manson had run you down, I don't suppose it would have been much consolation that you'd have been given expert attention on the spot!"

"Not much," admitted Rose. In spite of herself, her lips twitched a little.

"And he's such a very, very careful driver," the girl insisted, as though it were very important to her that Rose should not start off with a wrong impression. With all the soft hair blowing across her face, she smiled anxiously.

"I wouldn't for the world have had your visit begin this way! But, you see, it's a month or two since I posted my letter to you and your telegram yesterday took me by surprise. You didn't even mention a train. All we knew was that the wire was sent from London."

"Your letter has been following me round," said Rose, and left it at that.

"At least you're here! I'm Fliz, by the way—short for Felicity, and in less soulful thank goodness!" She held up her cheek, flushed with pretty country color, to be kissed.

Rose hesitated a second, then bent and brushed it with her lips. Her look was shut and unsmiling. There had been no idea in her mind of cousinly gestures, of any pretence of friendliness, when she resolved to visit Clancy Manor. But this child—

Fliz took the pigskin case and began to lead the way briskly up to the house.

She confided: "The worst of it is, Daddy is away on business and won't be back for a couple of days. He had gone before your telegram arrived, or I'm sure he'd have put off his trip."

ROSE, who had been bracing herself for the encounter with Charles, felt flat and disarmed. To be met in this disarming friendly way by Felicity; to find Charles absent! Had he really left before her wire came or was the business trip a quick way out of an embarrassing situation?

Fliz gave her a quick sideways look, caught the set expression and said hurriedly: "Please don't think Daddy being away makes any difference. Laura and I are dying for company. The house is so old and quiet, we're so far away from anywhere. . . Of course, Laura has the dogs and keeps house after a fashion; but I just have to fill the time as best I can."

"Driving round with the country doctor on his calls—for instance," thought Rose.

Fliz stumbled on: "This is rather a back-handed way of saying that it's marvellous to have you at Clancy! You'll be hungry, I do hope. Laura ordered afternoon tea. We don't always bother with it, though dinner seems to get later and later; Daddy stays down at the mill office these days ages after everyone else. The less business the more work, J.P. says."

"J.P.?"

"Daddy's secretary, John Francis Dowling. It's such a mouthful and far too imposing, so we use his initials. He lives here in the house, by the way, when they're not both off on business somewhere. Poor Daddy has had a terrible lot of worry just lately. People still wear clothes, don't they, but somehow they don't buy them any more! Or else the price of wool out in Australia's wrong. It's very, very complicated."

Rose savored the intense pleasure of knowing that all did not run smoothly with Charles Grantley's affairs. She thought again of the fallen tree. Suddenly it seemed symbolic.

In talking, they had reached a little flagged forecourt at the E-shaped front of the house and the dogs could be heard barking within. A paneled open the heavy door and they passed directly into a large hall with panelling and a beautiful plasterwork ceiling.

At one end of the hall a fire burned in an enormous hearth, but dispiritedly and without giving off much heat. There were rugs on the polished floorboards, and a small table and a couple of armchairs were drawn up to the hearth, but there was no sign of afternoon tea. The place seemed to lack those small intimate touches which make for comfort and delight.

Once again Rose had the impression that someone had lost heart and she had never needed a cup of tea so desperately.

Fliz was already bounding up the carved staircase ahead of her and flinging open one of the doors on the little gallery.

"This is your room, and Laura had everything ready for you, after all."

"Indeed, yes," said Rose, as her glance travelled over the room.

Sunlight poured through the small-paned windows, stripping the floorboards and the four-poster bed with wavering bands of gold. A handful of daffodils crammed tightly into a small vase stood on the kidney-shaped dressing-table. There were fresh towels beside the wash-basin and books at the bedside.

Rose felt exactly as she had done when Fliz offered her cheek to be kissed.

She said, covering embarrassment: "Laura has been very thoughtful. Has she guessed my taste in books, I wonder?"

"There's a new biography, a romantic novel and a thriller; one of them had to be right! But come and look at your view. Don't you think it the most beautiful in the world?"

It was breath-taking. On the sunny side of the house lay a small formal garden with borders and little box hedges. Beyond stretched the undulating parkland with its noble groups of trees, and from Rose's window there was a viewable small lake with wild daffodils growing all round it. Her heart tightened with all the old bitterness as she looked out, Charles had enjoyed this, and so much besides, while she and Denis struggled for the stark necessities of life in the bleak Laze District cottage.

"Daddy has the next room," said Fliz. "He has always loved this view so much." A shadow fell across her face like a cloud over a sunset day. Then she smiled again. "If you haven't slept in a four-poster before, I can tell you it's fun. When you draw your curtains, you're in a snug little world of your own. Laura and I used to play house in this bed. Of course, that was when we were quite young." It was said with a delicious seriousness that once again made Rose's lips smile in spite of herself.

Fliz added: "Andrew says bed-curtains are dust-catching, unhygienic."

things, and I expect he'd tear them down if he slept here."

"Andrew?" The telltale color came and went in Flix's cheeks. "You know: he nearly ran you down and was so rude about it, though that really wasn't a bit like him. I expect he was startled. He's teaching me to drive and sometimes I go with him on his calls. A country practice is fearfully hard work you know."

"I'm sure it is," said Rose.

The girl's eyes were shining. "You have to love your work to choose a country practice! And there's no fortune in it, either. All those years of study—and a mother to support. You mustn't laugh, but sometimes I see Andrew like a knight in armor, going out to fight pain and ignorance and indifference with science for his sword. He's rather wonderful, I think."

"Does he know you think him wonderful?"

"I'm afraid he can't help knowing." She flushed in a whisper: "I love him so terribly."

Rose probed: "How old are you, Flix?"

Flix flushed up agonisingly. "Seventeen. At least, I shall be next month." Her head went up. "And I'm old enough to know my own mind."

Rose was conscious of sharp cotermination. Seventeen, and all these hours on her hands! When other girls of the same age were training for some worth-while career, Flix was living in a dream, driving round with the young doctor, giving her heart in passionate hero-worship. What was Charles thinking about? She felt a sudden sharp anger against him which had nothing to do with the old injustice.

Aloud she said: "I'll be interested to meet Dr. Manson. But not in the drive!"

"He doesn't call at the house when Daddy's away," admitted Flix honestly. "That shows, doesn't it?"

Rose said lightly: "He might call to apologise to me! All sorts of things are possible, you know when you have a visitor staying!"

The girl's troubled face burst into a sunrise of pleasure.

"You're so kind, so understanding, not a bit like a stranger! You seem like one of us already!"

That gave Rose an uncomfortable twinge.

"I'll unpack and tidy myself up and be down to tea in ten minutes."

It was a plain enough hint, and Flix hurried out.

Rose unpacked, tidied herself and went downstairs.

Standing before the fire in the hall, with a Cairn puppy in her arms and a couple of golden Cocker spaniels at her feet, was a tall, dark-haired, dark-browed girl a year or so older than Flix. Her manner stiffened into hostility as Rose approached. She did not put down the puppy or offer her hand. The fire still needed attention and there was no sign of tea.

It was Flix who supplied the conversation, chatting about Rose's journey from London. And all the time the feeling was growing upon Rose that though Flix had welcomed her with such impulsive warmth, her presence in the house was anything but agreeable to Charles' elder daughter. Had her father confided in her? Did she know—as Flix so obviously did not—of that desperate appeal for help he had turned down?

"What on earth has happened to the tea?" exclaimed Flix at last, flashing her sister an urgent look.

"It's no use trying to hurry Mrs. Harper. She just turns awkward and goes slower and slower," said Laura deviously.

All the same, she rang the bell and after a considerable wait an elderly,

stout, bustling housekeeper came in with a tea-trolley. Rose, whose eye was trained to seek perfection, could have found a thousand faults with the way afternoon tea was served at Clancy Manor, but it was something just to be sipping a hot drink!

She said to Laura, making an effort at cheerfulness: "Your choice of bedside reading is very cunning! The daffodils, I'm sure, were from the park?"

Laura was taken aback, and from the quick glance which passed between the girls Rose perceived that it was Flix, after all, who had made these little gestures of hospitality.

"At least," she thought, "we know where we are. Laura doesn't even pretend to be friendly. She dislikes me and is uneasy. Why?"

After tea, Laura bestirred herself at last and went off to see about preparations for the evening meal, which Rose found herself anticipating with very small pleasure. The dogs went with her. They followed her everywhere, it seemed; she loved them passionately and was more concerned with their welfare than with running the house.

Flix watched her sister go, then turned her eyes on Rose and said simply: "Poor Laura, she just can't stick housekeeping, and ever since she was a little girl she has known it would fall to her some day. She's much happier walking miles and miles over the moors with the dogs or sparring with J.P. over the dinner-table!" Her face brightened.

"He's a good sport and cheers us up no end. And Daddy would be absolutely lost without him, of course. I may bring heaps of papers home from the mill and work in the study all day, hours—and just when we want to play canasta! That makes Laura wild. Because, of course, she . . ." She broke off, suddenly confused, as though on the point of betraying something that Laura would not have wished her to reveal.

Rose was still groping her way about in the relationships of this rather surprising household. She knew that Charles was still in his early forties—yet it seemed he would be "absolutely lost" without his secretary, whose status in the house caused her an instinctive uneasiness. She wondered what Flix had been about to blurt out.

Flix was chatting on: "Oh, I do hope Daddy and J.P. can hurry their Wool Federation meetings and get back tomorrow. Daddy hates sleeping away from home, so you may be sure he won't stay in London a minute longer than he has to! You know how awful it is in hotels!"

A wry little smile touched Rose's lips. She thought of the endless trouble she gave herself over the comfort of her guests at Simpson's; she thought of her own little private apartment on the top floor of the hotel. It was a world and a life that she had made her own, into which she had put the very best of herself.

She felt piqued that these Grantleys, putting up with a draughty discomfort and the slipshod service of a Mrs. Harper, classed all hotels together as "awful."

Just like Charles Grantley," she found herself thinking vexedly.

Flix linked an arm through hers. "I want to show you Daddy's study. It's the most interesting bit of the house—secret panel and all!"

Rose felt a sudden strange reluctance. The feeling grew stronger still when she stood with Flix in the small wainscoted room, her eyes rest-

ing on all the things that were part of Charles Grantley's most intimate moments: his littered desk, his books, his pipe-rack and the comfortable old chair drawn up to the window.

The window was slightly open and a breath of the sweetly scented spring air stirred the curtains. Facing Rose upon the wall opposite the fireplace were two framed water colors of the Lake District mountains. They were both Denia's.

Flix gave her a quick look and said softly: "We had one of them a long time, but Daddy bought the other at the exhibition. Some collector had offered it for sale. That was when we learnt . . . when we first heard that Denia . . ." She broke off, frowning.

"I think I'd better lend a hand in the kitchen, don't you? Just to make sure Laura doesn't foist something tinned on to us. You'd never believe how little cooking is done in this house when Daddy is away!"

She slipped out and closed the door softly.

Rose withdrew her gaze with an effort from the pictures and passed a hand over the bookshelves, taking out a volume here and there at random, turning pages. Old books, shabby books, well-loved books, among them a few treasures.

Inwardly she was in a tumult. What folly had brought her here? Panic gripped her when she thought of meeting face to face the man she had hated so long.

When she woke next morning, there beat relentlessly upon Rose's brain the bitter words she had meant to fling at Charles Grantley: "You let Denia die."

How melodramatic her intention seemed now, from the depths of a comfortable four-poster in the gracious old guest-room of Clancy Manor!

She lay for a long time listening to the early morning sounds. Instead of the noises to which she ordinarily woke

the purr of the vacuum cleaner on the hotel corridors, the rattle of a milk-wagon, and the hum of city traffic, she heard cocks crowing from farm to farm in the misty light; then the voice of the old gardener, as he chopped wood and swept the forecourt, and chaffed the two young maids arriving from the village to begin their day's work in the house.

At this point Rose found she couldn't lie still any longer. She took a chance on the water being cold, dressed—as she always did—with meticulous care, and went downstairs.

Breakfast was the most chilling experience she had so far had at Clancy Manor. She ate it quite alone in the vast dining-room—gloomy and tree-shadowed, all in scowling dark oak.

She guessed that Laura had enjoyed her own breakfast in the warmth of the kitchen, lugged over by the housekeeper. She was sitting now on the steps of the forecourt—for there was sun on that side of the house—grooming her dogs. Flix, sleeping the innocent sleep of youth and hope, didn't put in an appearance at all.

Rose had no inclination to linger over her breakfast, and walked restlessly about the dining-room for some time. She was thinking: all this carved panelling to polish, the great table to wax every week, the silver to clean . . . Though she had seen at once that Mrs. Harper took advantage of Laura's inexperience and left many things undone, one couldn't really wonder that she had lost heart! You would have to love a place passionately to keep it as it should be kept.

She guessed it had for many years worn this sad, uncherished look. The girls had grown up haphazard. Laura,

unwilling and indifferent, had accepted the role of mistress of the house, while in reality Mrs. Harper ran it as she pleased.

Rose thought of the two girls—Flix in so many ways still a child, Laura at the dangerous age, her stormy beauty just unfolding. How narrow and limited their life was here, how little scope it offered for their boundless energy! And for a moment she felt tense with indignation that Charles apparently accepted this state of things as normal.

She set off determinedly in quest of Laura, and on her way she couldn't resist peeping into the various doors which opened off the hall. One handsome doorway gave on to a twisty back staircase, another led to a cloak-room. Rose thought this had probably been the housekeeper's room in the old days, for the still-room was next to it and the kitchen beyond.

At the front of the house was a little morning-room of faded elegance with a satin-striped wallpaper, chintzy armchairs and a beautiful Sheraton desk, but it was all shrouded in dust-sheets and the curtains partially drawn to keep out the sun.

The queerest feeling came to Rose. The house was haunted—haunted by the past. The world had been too long—oh, far too long—shut out.

It was a relief to hurry out into the sunny forecourt; and then, once again, she felt at a loss, for Laura had disappeared. She could hear the phone ringing inside the house, voices calling. She had the mortification of being entirely shut out from the concerns of the household.

She set off to explore the park, then she saw Flix running to find her. In an old skirt and jumper, and with her fair hair flying, she looked about fifteen.

"Oh, I feel so guilty! Unless someone shakes me up or I stick the alarm clock under my pillow, I just sleep on and on. And I did mean to give you breakfast in bed this first morning."

"To tell you the truth," said Rose, forgiving her with an instant smile, "I can never balance the tray. And there are crumbs!"

"How did you find the four-poster?" "Wonderful! Has it a romantic history? I'm sure some excessively distinguished guest must have slept in it."

"Not until last night," said Flix solemnly.

It was too absurd. Rose couldn't help laughing and laughing; her contrary humor lifted like a morning mist. But Flix's next remark, as they entered the house together, brought back all her misgivings with a rush.

"J.P. just phoned from London. Laura told him you were here, and he and Daddy will polish off their business as quickly as they can and try to get back by their usual train in time for dinner tonight."

"I suppose that means a busy day for everyone." Even to herself Rose's voice sounded unnatural and strained. "Is there something I can do? The flowers, perhaps?"

"The flowers!" repeated Flix vaguely, making it obvious that "doing the flowers" was not a daily ritual in this house. Rose realised all at once that it was the lack of them which made the place so oppressively drab.

Flix said doubtfully: "I don't think there's much out in the borders—just wallflowers and a few irises and tulips. And our gardener is such a crabby old man; whatever I take, it spoils his display!"

"But there's all the lovely spring foliage," said Rose.

Until Rose started to give her this lesson in flower-arrangement, Flix hadn't even imagined it to be an art requiring special skill. Between them they

did a bowl of yellow and purple irises for the window-seat in the hall, set a great jug of beech and mountain ash leaves half-way up the staircase and displayed tawny wallflowers in a piece of rare old lustre on the dining-room table.

"Perfect!" said Flix. She gave Rose a look of mischief. "And the flowers aren't tall enough to block Laura's view of J.P. They talk with their eyes, you know, and darling Daddy never suspects a thing!" Her smile was warm with gratitude. "There's magic in your fingers. They turn everything to beauty."

Rose made a sharp disclaiming gesture. As she gathered up the oddments of stalk and leaf she felt angry with herself for enjoying this hour so much.

"How about tackling the silver?" she suggested in a matter-of-fact tone.

There were cruet and entree dishes, antique branched candlesticks, a silver fruit-stand; and all, as Rose's trained eye couldn't help noting, streaked with careless cleaning.

Flix, too, was suddenly and uncomfortably conscious of deficiencies in Mrs. Harper's housekeeping. She said, as they carried the silver through to the hall on a couple of big trays: "It's such an awful old place to run with so little help. Mrs. Harper is always grumbling at the work."

An awful old place? Rose experienced a shock of indignation. Why, it could be perfectly beautiful.

Rose said: "I wonder you don't leave the dining-room for special occasions, and use the little morning-room. I peeped in this morning early and found it full of sunshine. A small fire would heat it comfortably—and it's so near the kitchen."

There was an odd little sound. Laura had appeared in a doorway, and across the hall the sisters exchanged a glance of shocked dismay.

Flix said hurriedly: "That's out of the question. The room hasn't been used for years—not as long as I can remember."

**L**AURA'S expression changed. She pushed out a mischievous lower lip.

"Why shouldn't we use the morning-room? It's so stupid of Daddy—living in the past, refusing to have anything touched or changed. Why, not even the branch of a tree may be lopped off, no matter how it darkens the house. He . . . he turns the place into a prison. A houseful of ghosts and memories."

Flix knotted her hands together. "Oh, please. Don't let's think any more of it."

"Running the house is my job, or so Daddy is always insisting," said Laura stubbornly, the long-pent-up rebellion bursting forth. "I shall have a fire lit and move all the furniture round so that the room looks quite different. Then it will be too late for him to do or say anything about it."

"Laura!" pleaded Flix, so shaken by the prospect of her father's anger that Rose was conscious of a new sense of outrage. She was meeting Charles in yet another role, that of the tyrant.

Laura marched into the morning-room, violently pulled back the curtains and threw open a window, struggling viciously with the stiff latch. At that moment Mrs. Harper suddenly appeared. She cried out in a shocked voice: "Miss Laura, have you taken leave of your senses?"

"No," snapped Laura. "It's time we had a change here."

"But the master won't permit anything in this room to be touched, and you know it."

Laura's dark eyes flashed. "Please send down one of the girls to light

a fire. When the room has been put to rights, we'll have lunch here."

Rose, despising the tyranny of the absent Charles, felt like applauding Laura's show of spirit.

"Miss Laura, love," coaxed the housekeeper, "leave it till tomorrow. With the master and Mr. Dowling expected home tonight, I'm fair run off my feet already."

"Then I'll do the room myself," said Laura, the tide of revolt still flowing strongly. She was here and there like a whirlwind, dragging the dustsheets from the furniture.

"Very well, I'll have a fire made," said Mrs. Harper with a baleful glance at Rose, as though to say she knew where all this had started.

For the rest of the morning a great cotwebbing, dusting, and polishing went on in the morning-room, the silver, by tacit consent, being put aside till later. Lunch was an uneasy, half-hearted affair. Flix looked miserably guilty, Laura's defiant mood was fast ebbing, and Rose was silent and perturbed. Yet the room was just as cosy and as charming as she had pictured it.

Sunshine danced on the diligently polished walnut furniture—the little inlaid desk between the two windows, the round pedestal table with the silver and glass set out upon it for the meal. There were all the ingredients for a happy hour, thought Rose, but in this house the recipe seemed to have been mislaid!

"Need we bother with coffee?" Laura asked abruptly, getting up from the table as though unwilling to prolong the meal a moment longer than necessary. "Mrs. Harper has run out of a few things—she never remembers on the day when we phone the grocery order—so I'll walk down to Miss Liptrot's for them."

The dogs were already waiting expectantly. Rose thought the trip down to the village was more for their sake than to oblige Mrs. Harper.

The silver was all set out upon a large newspaper in the hall, and, as they started upon the task, Flix glanced up secretly at the clock.

"Why did I ever suggest this?" exclaimed Rose, pulling a face. "It's such a lovely day, I'm sure you'd have preferred to walk down to the village with Laura."

"Oh, no," said Flix quickly. "She'd much rather go alone. Anyway, I wouldn't dream of leaving you."

It was revealing. Rose realised suddenly that this was the hour when Flix usually waylaid Dr. Manson on some excuse or other, hoping to be rewarded by a run round in his car. To hide her restlessness and secret disappointment, the girl set about the silver with furious energy.

It was only too plain that when she wasn't actually talking about Dr. Manson, she was busy thinking of him. A score of times already Rose had seen that dreamy, withdrawn look come into her eyes. And she was so young, somehow so defenceless—far younger in some ways than most girls of seventeen who were fitting themselves for a career, getting around, making friends with boys of their own age.

One couldn't suppose that Dr. Manson took the devotion of the child seriously?

And what was Charles doing about it? Oh, the home-truths she would like to fire at that man!

She carried the pair of branched candlesticks back to the dining-room and set them on the long table with the lustre bowl of wallflowers between them. The dark red and bronze flowers glowed out and the ornate silver candlesticks stood stately and tall like dancers in a pavan. The effect was so beautiful that she lingered a moment to enjoy it. Then her eye fell upon the

great carved, high-backed chair at the head of the table; Charles' chair.

"How I hate him!" whispered Rose under her breath; and then felt again that queer panic at the thought of meeting him, now that every hour brought his homecoming nearer.

She heard Flix's voice calling her. She was in the hall, her face radiant; and behind her stood young Dr. Manson.

"Here's Rose," she cried gaily. "Now you shall meet her properly and apologise for giving her such a scare yesterday!"

"I do, indeed," said the young doctor awkwardly.

Rose held out her hand. "In town I'm on guard against reckless drivers—it's a sixth sense one acquires—but I didn't expect to have to jump for my life at Clancy!"

"If you know how rare it is to meet anyone on the drive, you might excuse me for turning in without warning," said Dr. Manson, studying her with what she felt to be a mixture of curiosity and mistrust.

"We've been cleaning the silver," said Flix, putting on a little housewifely air to impress him. "And this morning I had a lesson in flower-arrangement. I'd no idea it could be such fun! You must admit the result is worth looking at!"

But Andrew wasn't looking at the flowers. He was staring hard through the open door of the little morning-room.

Flix followed his glance and said in a small, uncertain voice: "We turned out the morning-room, too. It will give Daddy a surprise."

Andrew said slowly: "I've never thought of your father as a man who appreciated that sort of surprise."

He turned rather stiffly to Rose. "If you are to be long at Clancy, we shall no doubt meet again."

"I hope so," said Rose, her smile friendly and gracious for Flix's sake. "I'd enjoy hearing about your work; a country practice must bring you many adventures. I got to know something about that up in the Lakes, when trouble came along it was the country doctor who never failed you. I expect things are much the same in Clancy as they were in Hartsop!"

Andrew gave her a long, measuring look, as though he could still not sum up this event who had descended so unexpectedly upon Clancy Manor. He opened his mouth as if to speak, and then thought better of it and went rapidly away.

Flix slipped a hand through Rose's arm.

"Rose, how sweet of you to say that. I never knew anyone so understanding and kind. And . . . and it reminds me that you once went through such an unhappy time. If only we'd known! If only we could have done something!"

Rose flung off her hand. She said in a voice suddenly harsh and unfriendly: "Are you going to ring for tea or shall I?"

"I'm afraid we shall have to make it ourselves. I hate to ask a favor of Mrs. Harper when she is so busy."

It gave Rose extraordinary pleasure to find her way about in the kitchen. And what a kitchen! The great cupboards, the shelves with their rows of copper pans, the beautiful cooking range; and the long dresser of scrubbed white, which must have groined under a load of good things in the spacious days of the past, when guests at the Manor were welcomed with lavish hospitality.

Times changed, thought Rose, with a wry little smile. The larder was bare—not even a biscuit. But she showed Flix how to conjure up a dairy afternoon tea out of nothing. She rolled up wafer-thin brown bread spread with

cream cheese, made drop scones on the hot plate, and buttered them while still crisp and sizzling. The way she set out the tea-things on the trolley was in itself perfection. In this household, she had discovered, the "every-day" teapot was an heirloom piece of Georgian silver!

Flix was enjoying every minute. She heaped up the fire in the hall with logs, and they were sipping their tea in front of it when Laura came in. She set down her heavy basket on the side table and rubbed her aching arm.

"What an age you've been," said Flix by way of greeting. "While you were gossiping at Miss Liprot's, Rose and I have been ever so busy. Just look!"

Laura inspected the tea-trolley without comment, poured herself a cup of tea, and fed her spaniels with bits of scone. She kept stealing a little glance at Rose, over at the other side of the hearth; a glance full of uneasiness and resentment. Then she stalked off to the kitchen, with the dogs bounding round her.

Oh, well, thought Rose, depression settling down upon her, she hadn't really expected Laura to come back from her walk glowing with friendliness!

THE tension and expectancy in the house mounted as the hour of Charles' home-coming drew near. There was to be "something special" for dinner to mark the occasion. Laura and Mrs. Harper were busy in the kitchen, while Flix watched the clock.

But the expected hour passed with no sign of the travellers, and after waiting an age, Laura had dinner served and they sat down to it without appetite. Laura looked desperately mortified. And no wonder, thought Rose indignantly. Had Charles not thought for the girl at all? If he was delayed, could he not have wired or phoned? Flix was fretting that her father, who detested sleeping away from Clancy, was condemned to another hotel night.

"Is that such a hardship?" asked Rose a little impatiently. "I live at an hotel—and enjoy it! What grieves me is Laura's disappointment about the dinner."

Laura gave her a savage look and jumped up from the table. Even Rose's sympathy galled her.

Flix whispered, sudden mischief in her eyes: "I don't believe she cares two hoots about the dinner. It's J.F."

Rose looked up sharply. "You mean . . . But at that moment Mrs. Harper came stamping in with the coffee things."

Afterwards, pleading a headache, Rose went to her room to read in bed. The curtains had been cosily drawn and the bed turned down; the mystery story lay waiting on the bedside table open at her place, but in this restless, disturbed mood it was impossible to read.

Ever since those anxious night vigils with Denis she had slept badly, and now she did what she so often resorted to in town when a sleepless night came upon her: she slipped on her jacket, tied a scarf over her hair and let herself out of the house quietly. She would walk until sheer physical weariness made it possible to relax and sleep.

There was a desolate enchantment about Clancy at night. The air was frosty and a bat's wing of cloud hung over the moon.

Memories crowded upon her; she walked swiftly to escape them and was almost running when she reached the tall wrought-iron gates. They were closed but not locked, and the gardener's cottage was in darkness. She let herself out into the highroad, and

after a brief hesitation turned to the left, the way she had driven with Will Jessop. About a hundred yards farther on she came to a cross-roads, with a phone box at the grass verge beside the signpost.

She had enough coins in the pocket of her jacket to put through a call to London, and on impulse she stepped into the box and dialled long distance with a curious feeling of urgency—almost like a prisoner snatching a chance of escape.

"This is Simpson's Hotel. Can I help you?"

It was the voice of Henshaw, the night clerk—alert and cheerful, as he was at any hour of the night. But concern came into his voice when he heard who it was.

"Mrs. Winters! You're ringing from a box? Something's wrong?" "Nothing, except that I'm having one of my bad nights. I'm out walking and happened to see this phone box. I had a sudden wish to know how things were going."

"Don't worry about us," said Henshaw. "You're on holiday—and you've earned it! Miss Frazer is doing splendidly, it's just as if you were here."

Somehow that wasn't very comforting! At this moment she wanted badly to be missed, to be needed.

"That little matter of the missing sheets," said Henshaw. "Miss Frazer settled it. The laundry agreed to replace them."

Rose said quickly: "But the quality must be our choice. It had better be left over till I'm back."

"Yes, indeed, Mrs. Winters," said Henshaw earnestly. "But I wish you'd put the hotel right out of mind and have a really carefree holiday."

Carefree? considered Rose, stepping out of the phone box with a queer tightness at her heart. Carefree? When she knew already what folly it had been to come to Clancy at all—and with that hateful meeting with Charles still ahead?

She was blinded at that moment by the headlights of a car coming from the direction of Whinsbury. Her hand was still on the door of the phone box, and she pressed back against it, shielding her eyes from the sudden glare.

The car, a black, glittering monster, slowed down; stopped a couple of yards from her. A young man leaned out of the driving window.

"Anything wrong? Can we give you a lift?"

Rose stammered out: "No. No, thank you. I'm only going as far as Clancy Manor."

"As far as Clancy Manor!" the young man echoed the words in an odd tone, half turning to someone seated beside him. With just that moment's encounter, just those brief words, Rose had the strongest feeling of aversion. Perhaps it was the peculiarly light, strange eyes, the too-sleek fair hair, the intonation of his voice which seemed to hold a veiled sneer. She fervently wished he would drive on. Instead, the man beside him got out, came round the front of the car towards her; and as he passed between the lights, his enormous shadow was thrown upon the roadway.

Perhaps it was this, or perhaps the image she already had of him as a sort of ogre who ruled the household from a great carved chair; he seemed to her far beyond the stature of ordinary men; and the dark, frowning, craggy face, the thick dark hair, all heightened the impression. Even before he spoke, she knew that it was Charles, returning with his secretary from the London journey by a later train.

He said: "I think you must be Rose Winters. But here, and at this time of night? . . . is the telephone out of order up at the house?"

"Oh, no, nothing like that! I know it sounds stupid, but I was out walk-

ing and happened to see this phone box. It occurred to me to . . . to put through a business call."

"Indeed," said Charles in a tone of dry unbelief. She was conscious of the cool, smiling stare of the secretary. They both thought she had come out to put through a phone call where nobody in the house could overhear it. Belatedly Charles put out his hand.

"This is an odd way to meet, Rose!" There was constraint in his manner. She guessed that his thoughts turned to the past, to Denis; and she had at least the satisfaction of knowing that this must be one of the most uncomfortable moments of his life.

The return to Clancy Manor in the middle of the night seemed to Rose like something lived through in a dream.

The powerful black car—a monster held on leash—purred up the quiet lanes; the gardener appeared from the lodge at an impatient honk of the car-horn to open the gates, shuffling out, pulling on his jacket, his braces dangling. And then, as they rolled into the forecourt, the old dark house sprang magically to life—lights everywhere, Fliz running out in raptures, the dogs barking.

Fliz flung her arms round her father's neck and kissed him, then tugged him indoors.

The secretary, who had been busy pulling out suitcases from the boot of the car, drove off round the side of the house to the garage.

In the hall, which had seemed to Rose so forlorn and sombre, there was a sudden, invigorating atmosphere of excitement. Charles' travelling bag was hung over the back of a carved chair, there was a mannish smell of tobacco and tweeds. The master of the house was home indeed!

Mrs. Harper came lumbering down the back stairs wearing a shaggy dressing-gown which made her look like an Old English sheep-dog. She poked up the embers of the fire, grumbling under her breath; and the glorious burst of sparks that went up from the hearth gave the effect of a festive fire-work display.

Laura was the last to appear, and she made it a moment of drama, as she had time to arrange her hair and put on lipstick and now came slowly down the staircase wearing an old housecoat of tangerine velvet, flaring out from a narrow waist. It set off dramatically Laura's sulky dark beauty.

Rose thought: what it would mean to this girl to possess lovely clothes! In her mind's eye, and all in the space of two minutes, a shopping expedition at one of the big London stores unfolded itself. It would be the most rapturous adventure for Laura; and, she suddenly realised, for herself!

The secretary had come in. His movements were lithe, catlike. Rose had a sensation of something secret and dangerous as she turned and saw him standing just inside the doorway. His eyes reaching out to Laura. It was a smouldering, secret look that passed between them, and Rose knew suddenly that the dramatic velvet gown was for his benefit.

J.F. said now, lightly: "You don't mean to say you'd given us up and gone to bed?"

"You've never been so late before," said Laura.

"We were late getting into Leeds, missed the usual connection, then found there was another train from Central Station—the slowest on earth! At Whinbury the garage was closed and we had to knock the fellow up before we could get the car. And here we are—pretty fed up. And hungry!"

Mrs. Harper mumbled something about sandwiches and coffee and lum-

bered off with her usual ill grace to the kitchen. Rose knew that coffee! And she guessed what the cold beef sandwiches would be like. She thought of hot soup, something quick and tasty on toast, real coffee. . . . But now that she knew how Laura had interpreted her offers of help, wild horses wouldn't drag her into that kitchen again!

The curious thing was that neither of the girls realised that she had returned to the house with Charles and his secretary. It was very dark in the forecourt when she slipped out of the car. They had imagined she was reading in her room, and in the general melee of arrival it was taken for granted that she had simply come downstairs and joined the others in the hall.

Fliz slipped a hand through her arm now and drew her forward, saying to her father: "How infuriating to miss your connection in Leeds when you must have been longing to meet Rose! We did have a dismal evening. We kept dinner back as long as we could, and I don't wonder poor Rose had to go up to her room with a headache!"

Charles said rather sharply: "There was no point in letting the meal spoil and keeping your guest waiting." Then to Rose, in an abrupt, constrained manner: "I must apologise for our late return. But we weren't at all sure that you would still be here."

Rose stood facing him, her eyes guarded and challenging. She was thankful at this moment for the hotel training, which made her appear self-possessed under all circumstances; for it wasn't just a trick of the car headlights which had made Charles look so formidable. He was tall and strongly built, a man of forty-two or three with crazy dark features. A man to respect and perhaps to fear; a man who had hitherto considered himself undisputed master in his own house, his own domain.

It gave her a certain bitter satisfaction to see how ill at ease he looked, as he stood there in front of the hearth, measuring her up with that frowning glance of his. His shoulders seemed to sag under the burden of an immense weariness and there was something strange about his eyes; they were deep sunken, netted with fine lines at the corners, and from time to time he passed an irritable hand in front of them as though to clear his vision.

**I**t wasn't just the weariness of the journey, Rose thought, but the guilty conscience that had travelled with him! He hadn't expected her to accept Fliz's impulsive invitation. He hated to be reminded of Denis, whom he had failed in a moment of desperate need.

"I don't wonder Rose had a headache," said Fliz remorsefully. "We've been cooped in all day, and so busy that there simply wasn't time to go out for a breath of air."

"Indeed?" said Charles with dry emphasis. "Clancy is hardly a holiday resort," he added. "I'm afraid there is little to entertain you here."

Rose felt herself flushing. She stammered back: "Oh, I don't know about that! Exploring the house is an adventure in itself—these little flights of stairs and mysterious cupboards, rooms opening out of one another and at such odd angles, up a steep and down a steep! I remember Denis said it was the most marvellous place for hide and seek."

She had the satisfaction of seeing him wince sharply.

"That was a long time ago."

"A lifetime ago," said Rose. And then, her voice faltering in spite of herself: "He . . . he loved this place and the school holidays he used to spend with you. And now at last I have seen Clancy, too."

Charles muttered: "I thought it might be painful to you . . . to be reminded . . ."

"Painful—to me?" She challenged him, her eyes stinging bright, her heart bursting.

"Whisky and soda for you, sir, or will you have sherry?" The secretary was suddenly between them with his noiseless tread. He had a small glass in either hand, and the sherry glowed golden in the firelight. "Just to warm up while we're waiting for the coffee and sandwiches."

Rose thought the interruption was welcome to Charles. Her own hand shook a little as she took the glass. Fliz called out gaily: "Pour me one, too, J.F. This is a celebration! Darling Daddy, I'm so glad you're home to do the honors of Clancy; I want it to be a holiday that Rose will never forget when she goes back to that dreary hotel!"

Charles' brows drew together. "You live at an hotel?" He said it as though for some reason he found the news unwelcome and disturbing.

"I do," said Rose quickly. "And I like it. After all, could there be a better way of combining privacy and freedom?"

Charles said awkwardly: "It has the advantage, I suppose, that you can uproot yourself whenever you please. I presume it is"—he hesitated—"a temporary arrangement?"

There was something in his voice, a sort of apprehension. Tingling red rushed up into Rose's cheeks. Did he actually imagine—as Laura had done—that she was looking for a home and intended to stick fast—like limpet on rock—to Clancy, with his invitation for her pretext?

It was perhaps fortunate that Mrs. Harper just then came in with the trolley. On the upper deck she had placed a silver coffee-pot and the white-and-gold cups and saucers, while below stood a solitary plate of sandwiches. They were thick, crusty, unappetising, and the coffee, as Laura poured it, looked muddy and not even very warm.

Although her feelings towards Charles at this moment were bitterly unfriendly, three years as manageress of Simpson's Hotel made Rose think with instinctive indignation: "What a supper to put before two hungry men, and after such a journey!"

Charles had set his empty sherry glass on the vast stone mantelpiece and Fliz solicitously pulled up a chair for him. Laura, still in the pose of a tragedy queen, was filling the little white-and-gold cups, which J.F. then handed round, as though this were a customary part of his secretarial duties. Rose saw his fingers touch Laura's. The girl started and flushed and gave him a quick, veiled glance.

Rose couldn't bear to see more and turned to slip away upstairs. But Fliz ran after her instantly, drew her into the intimacy of that little group at the hearth, and protested warmly: "You mustn't go up without even a cup of coffee! And I know you want to hear all about Daddy's trip to London. After all, you're one of the family now."

Her joyous remark fell into a moment of acute silence. J.F. and Laura exchanged a significant look. Charles was scowling. Rose looked at Fliz and smiled.

"It's nice," she said, "to be made so welcome!"

Next morning Rose dressed with particular care. Not, she assured herself emphatically, to make an effort upon Charles, but rather like putting on armor! It added worlds to one's confidence to know that every detail of dress and grooming was perfect.

She had braced herself for the meeting with Charles at the breakfast-table—and it was rather flustering to find no one there but Flax, who had for once got up early and was sitting in solitary state in the dining-room, oppressively dark, even on such a morning of delicious spring sunshine.

Flax poured out a torrent of apology on behalf of her father. He and his secretary had already gone down to the mill. Work piled up while they were away, and he was expecting "someone important."

"Which puts me properly in my place!" thought Rose.

Flax explained earnestly: "One of the directors of Northern Dyes, a big combine that is interested in acquiring our dyeworks, is coming to look the place over. Daddy says the works is nothing but a millstone round his neck. It doesn't pay to run a small dyeing concern now that there are all these new processes and new fabrics. Ever since the accident his one idea has been to get rid of the place."

"The accident?"

"It happened about four years ago when I was quite young," said Flax, putting on her deliciously serious middle-aged air. "There were trying out some new stuff and there was an explosion. Several men got hurt and Daddy was terribly upset and unhappy about it. We didn't see him for days—he was either shut in his study or over at the cottage hospital in Whitebury. That was a black time for Clancy." Her small face was sober.

Rose found herself thinking of the fallen elm, and again it seemed symbolic. All did not go smoothly in Charles Grantley's world. She wanted to rejoice fiercely in the pleasure of knowing this, but, instead, she felt embarrassed and uncomfortable.

It was Mrs. Harper who put an end to Flax's confidences by thumping on the kitchen hatch as an indication that their breakfast was ready. Flax went to the hatch and came back with two shrivelled kippers on two very large white plates.

"Kippers again! And more bores than ever. Must be a perfect nuisance to them when they're swimming," she said gloomily. Rose couldn't help laughing. Flax's face instantly lit up, and she exclaimed: "I wish Daddy could see you now! You look so young and pretty when you laugh."

Rose didn't know whether to feel vexed or amused. "I'm thirty," she said bluntly. To Flax that must seem a vast age!

Flax put her head on one side and considered for a minute.

"That isn't really old, but—" she hesitated—"you've crowded so much into the time."

"Several lifetimes," Rose was forced to admit.

"You're so experienced, so elegant, so different from anyone we've met before. You've travelled and really done things." She finished in a rush: "If you knew how Laura and I envy you!"

Rose felt touched and started. She had sided herself against pity—but they envied her! Except she thought with a little quirk of amusement, the circumstance of being condemned to live at an hotel!

After breakfast there was some shopping to do in the village and they set off together briskly. Flax chattered the whole way. She wanted to show off the church with its Norman tower and dog-tooth ornamentation round

the porch. If there was time, they'd have a peep at the village hall, too.

"Everyone is so proud of it. Daddy gave the land—that was before the war, and the actual building had to wait ages, but it really is finished at last and put to such good use. There are concerts and a drama group, even square dancing on Saturdays." A shadow fell across her eager face.

"Only, of course, Daddy doesn't care for us to go to these village affairs."

Rose said indignantly: "But how absurd! Why shouldn't you join in all that's going on?"

Flax shook her head. She said a little forlornly: "He doesn't even really approve of our shopping with string-bags, instead of having everything sent up to the house!" Then the mischief peeped out. "The only excuse we have for going out at all is to exercise the dogs!"

At that moment they turned a bend in the road and came in sight of the village with its sturdy grey stone cottages and the woollen mill astride the river. All the activity of this quiet valley seemed to be concentrated there.

**T**HEY shopped at the post-office. It was a tight little shop smelling of onions, paraffin, and apples.

As they left the shop, Flax said: "We'll take a short cut home."

It seemed to Rose a very long short cut, for it took them past the mill and along the edge of the dam, a stretch of green water, mysteriously dark and deep, churned into steaming froth where it entered from the mill and bounded on one side by the high wall and on the other by a fringe of elderberry bushes just coming out into a flurry of blossom like bridal bouquets—a touch of incongruous beauty where all was so drab and workaday.

Rose looked down and saw golden carp swimming in the water. She had to cry out with surprise and pleasure: "Who would think of finding gold-fish in a mill dam!"

Flax laughed. "It's quite common, though I'm sure ours are the fattest and greediest!"

"But what use are they?" A hard-headed businessman didn't put gold-fish into his pond for fun, Rose was convinced.

"Here's someone who can tell us," said Flax sally.

The path had brought them to a garden wall; in the wall was a small white gate, and beyond it a neat lawn and borders of tulips standing very upright, like Guardsmen on parade; beyond again Rose saw a grey house which had a sort of quaint and elderly dignity—and a brass plate on the front door.

Flax called out and a grey-haired woman who was busy with a long weeding fork straightened up and came towards the gate. In a lined, apple-brown face was set a pair of twinkling eyes; she wore an old tweed jacket, a scarecrow of a hat and a gardening apron whose pockets bulged with secateurs, trowel, raffia and seed packets.

"Oh, Mrs. Manson," cried out Flax. "I have brought our visitor to see you. She wants to know why there are gold-fish in the mill dam!"

"To make work for Andrew," the woman replied promptly. "The children will go after the fish and fall in. But seriously, Felicity, my dear, I believe your father put them in just for their beauty; and the water is warm and so they thrive. In spite of any number of little boys trespassing with jam-jars and bent pins."

Rose was reflecting: "I suppose all Flax's short cuts lead to Andrew Manson!" Andrew's mother was pulling off her gardening gloves, opening the

gate, extending a welcoming hand and smile of greeting.

She said: "So you are Rose Wintert! I've heard about you from Andrew, of course, and little snippets from the postmistress and Will Jessop and the girls who work up at the Manor." She caught Rose's expression, and laughed and patted her hand. "You mustn't mind, my dear. We all live in one another's pockets here in Clancy. Come in and have coffee. It's bubbling away on the stove. I always make some for the doctor before he sets out on his calls. He'll need it this morning; it's been a heavy surgery."

Rose looked urgently at her young cousin. She didn't want to be cross-questioned by Mrs. Manson about her visit to Clancy; besides, Mrs. Harper was waiting for their shopping. But Flax, in a happy dream, was already going up the path to the house. The door stood open and the windows, too. It was a typical country doctor's house—gracious, welcoming, friendly.

The sitting-room looking out over the garden was an old-fashioned room—and shabby, too, if you examined too closely the chenille curtains, the faded pink carpet and wing-chairs, but Rose felt more at ease here than she had done since she came to Clancy.

When Mrs. Manson brought in the coffee, she was standing near the window, looking out at the trim walled garden.

"The Hlacs are just coming out," said Mrs. Manson cheerfully. "So spring is really here! We're well ahead of the Wearage Hlacs again, and if Mrs. Robins and I were not such good friends it would be a matter of dreadful heart-burning between us! As I told you, my dear, we all live in one another's pockets!"

She sent Flax along to the surgery with Andrew's cup of coffee, then settled Rose in one of the wing-chairs and herself in the other. Her hands—fine, capable, strong hands—moved busily over the coffee things on the small table beside her.

"You have no idea," she said, a spoonful of brown sugar hovering, "but no idea how delighted I was when I heard about you."

Rose looked astonished.

Mrs. Manson handed the cup and went on in a confidential tone: "I've been terribly worried about the way things are up at the Manor. It was my husband who brought Laura and Felicity into the world—Andrew took over his practice, you know—and we always seem to have been so close to the Manor, so much concerned with what went on there. It has been hard to sit by and do nothing to help, while troubles came upon Charles thick and fast."

Rose said in a cool voice: "Everyone has business worries these days."

"I wasn't thinking of business worries," Mrs. Manson went on absently, heaping brown sugar into her cup. "There are snags in the textile trade, I know, and if Charles is really going to sell the dyeworks, as one hears, so much the better. He'll still have the mill—and that's enough on any man's plate."

She gave Rose a quick, birdlike glance, head on one side: "But it's the way Charles' own life has fallen to pieces which grieves me so much. It promised so well: a sound family business to step into, a lovely home, a charming little wife. She died of one of those sudden, disastrous pneumonias when Flax was three years old, and it broke Charles up completely. You see, he made the great mistake of trying to stop the clock. Life went on, but all he cared about was that things should remain exactly as they were."

Rose said sharply, angrily: "But it's so unfair to the girls. Doesn't he see that?"

Mrs. Manson sighed. "He seems to

think Laura should be perfectly content to take her mother's place and that Flix should still play with her dolls! They have grown up haphazard. The war gave Charles a splendid excuse to give up any entertaining. Then Mrs. Harper is growing older—though, of course, they'll never part with her.

Rose made an angry movement. To keep on a faithful old servant out of loyalty was one thing; to put up with inefficient service and be tyrannised over by that malevolent old woman was another matter!

Mrs. Manson said with an anxious smile: "Felixity is a sunny little soul; she amuses herself after her own fashion. But Laura . . . To put it bluntly, she sees far too much of that young secretary. Not that I've anything against him; I'm sure he's a very charming young man, lively, clever, attentive, and there's probably not a word of truth in the rumors one heard about some sort of trouble being hushed up before he came here. After all," she added almost too emphatically, "Charles is a shrewd businessman."

Rose moved sharply—and would certainly not offer a confidential post without making the fullest inquiries. But . . . a young man always at the home, and thrown into Laura's company so much.

Rose moved forward abruptly. "What sort of trouble was he in?"

Mrs. Manson set down her cup with a little clatter. Her face showed embarrassed patches of red.

"Andrew would be cross with me . . . One has heard nothing definite at all, and I shouldn't have said a word. But I can't help worrying. Laura has met so few people, seen so little of the world. It's perfectly natural that the very first man who takes the trouble to be nice to her . . ."

She broke off stumbingly, and then fixed Rose with her bright eyes and said simply: "I think Laura has been restless and unhappy for a long time, but if she puts her faith in Jack Doyling there's worse unhappiness ahead. So you can imagine, my dear, how relieved and pleased I am that you have come to take charge."

Rose started. "But I haven't!" she said vehemently. "This is just a short visit. It . . . it's quite impossible for me to stay in Clancy more than a few days."

"Oh, my dear, that's bad news!" Mrs. Manson looked dismayed. "I did so hope you meant to settle here." She glanced into Rose's flushed, set face. "I must confess I was expecting someone different. Staid and middle-aged! You're still so young, so vital. Yes, I can see you would find Clancy dreadfully dull after London."

Rose said perversely: "I used to live in the country—and I enjoyed it. But . . ."

Oh, don't you see, what goes on at Clancy Manor is really no concern of mine."

Mrs. Manson leaned towards her and said slowly: "I wonder if you would still feel that way about it if I told you how terribly worried Andrew is about Charles. You see . . ."

She never finished it. For at that moment Andrew strode in and set down his empty cup on the lacquered tray with quite a clatter. Flix hovered glowingly in the background.

"Any chance of more coffee before I set out?" he asked. It seemed to Rose that he gave his mother a warning look.

Charles had some secret, then, Rose was thinking. It was no use pretending indifference; she was seized by the most burning curiosity. Why was Andrew "terribly worried" about him? And not just worried, she realised suddenly, but afraid.

When he finished his coffee, Andrew said very abruptly: "Can I run you to the lodge gates? It's on my way."

Flix had accepted eagerly before Rose could remind her that they had still not visited the church. As they were taking leave of Mrs. Manson the girl said impulsively: "Why don't you and Andrew have dinner with us to-night? You must come up while Rose is still with us."

"Well, my dear, that would be delightful," said Mrs. Manson, exchanging a quick, surprised look with Andrew. "But are you sure your father . . ."

Flix interrupted eagerly: "I know he'd be delighted. He was saying only last night that Rose must find Clancy awfully dull after London because there are so few distractions."

"In that case, I'll accept gladly," Mrs. Manson turned to Rose with a smile. "An evening invitation is quite an event, you know! I shall look forward to continuing our little chat."

"Not if Andrew can help it," thought Rose, seeing his expression. "But how stupid! What is there to be so secret about?"

Andrew was very silent as he drove the old blue tourer to the lodge gates, where Flix scrambled out from her accustomed seat beside him and thanked him prettily for the lift.

"Every yard you walk, the shopping bag grows heavier!"

"Look here," said Andrew awkwardly, "sure it's all right about this evening? It won't make trouble for you, or anything like that?"

"Of course not," said Flix, though clearly a little startled at her own daring in asking a couple of people to dinner on the spur of the moment. "That is if you don't mind taking pot luck—and if you really want to come."

Andrew's eyes rested for a moment on Rose, who stood a little apart, waiting. He said in a decided voice: "I'm looking forward to it," and drove off rapidly.

**R**OSE and Flix set off up the drive in silence. After a moment Flix said in a small, nervous voice: "After all, it is only Andrew and his mother. Two more people don't make such a difference."

Was it Mrs. Harper she was worrying about—or her father, Rose wondered. Or both?

The girl looked sideways at Rose and said in the same uncertain voice: "When you ask people to take pot luck with you, I suppose they do expect something a little special?"

Rose couldn't help smiling. She said reassuringly: "We'll contrive something, don't worry. Besides the main course, all we need to make it a party is a variety of hors-d'oeuvres—and it's such fun preparing those—and a cold sweet, perhaps a Charlotte russe or a pineapple cream. All that can be got ready in advance."

A few hours ago she had been determined never again to set foot in the kitchen of Clancy Manor; now here she was already, planning a dinner-party, and just as firmly resolved that it should be a success, no matter if Charles scowled and Mrs. Harper grumbled.

As she and Flix entered the house, they were earnestly discussing hors-d'oeuvres.

Flix said gaily: "And we'll get J.P. to mix his special cocktail. He calls it a Scorpion, because the sting is in the tail!" Then she made a little exclamation. The big black car was standing in the forecourt. "Why, Daddy is home already! That's for your sake, I know." She ran up the steps into the house, calling out gaily: "What do you think, Andrew and his

mother are coming to dine with us this evening! Isn't that marvellous? And Rose and I have the menu all planned out . . ."

Rose, following more slowly, bracing herself to meet Charles, her heart thudding a little, came into the hall and then stood suddenly still. For the door of the morning-room was open, and Charles, planted massively in the doorway, stood looking in. He turned slowly round, and though every movement was controlled, deliberate, Rose knew he was furiously angry. Flix, who had run eagerly towards him, halted half-way, white and dismayed.

Charles said in a deliberate voice: "Laura knew perfectly well that this room was never to be touched."

Flix faltered: "We thought it would save a lot of work to use the morning-room sometimes."

Charles made a violent movement. "As for the dinner-party, I believe this is the first I have heard of it. Is that intended to save work, too?"

Flix hung her head. Rose couldn't endure to see her so humiliated. In half a dozen quick steps she was beside her.

"It was intended to give me pleasure, Charles. As for any extra work it involves, I'll gladly help . . . By the way, it was my idea that the morning-room should be brought into use. Don't you think it's a little stupid to keep the most comfortable room in the house muffled in dustsheets? I'm sorry you don't approve."

His face was dark, tormented, frightening. Rose summoned all her courage and said, head high, her eyes challenging his: "You know, it has always seemed to me that the most sensible thing to do with a haunted room is to let the sun into it!"

Charles crossed the hall in long strides and slammed himself into the study.

This, thought Rose, was one of those days that fell to pieces in your hands, like eggshell china!

Charles didn't appear at lunch. Mrs. Harper, glowering with malevolent satisfaction in Rose's direction, announced that she had taken him a tray to the study. His outburst had cast a gloom over Flix's happy anticipation of the evening with Andrew and his mother, and though the secretary kept up light rapier thrusts of repartee with Laura across the table, they were all uneasily conscious of Charles' great carved chair standing empty.

If he was in the same black mood tonight, thought Rose, no occasion could possibly be less promising!

Supposing she were to sink her pride, put it to him frankly that Flix was old enough to invite a couple of friends without it being regarded as a crime—especially when she meant it to be in honor of a guest staying in the house. If that didn't shame him . . .

Crossing the hall after lunch, she hesitated outside the study door, and her heart began to thud uncomfortably. Surely she wasn't afraid of Charles! She was in the act of lifting her hand to knock at the door when with quite startling suddenness the secretary stepped out of a little door close by.

Rose jumped violently. He said in a tone of smooth concern: "I hope I didn't surprise you, Mrs. Winters?"

Rose said: "This house is always surprising me!"

"As a matter of fact, I was just looking for you. Laura wants your verdict on an old silver dish she has been hunting up. She thought it might be just the thing for the hors-d'oeuvres."

In the most natural manner in the world he had come between her and the study door; and as she went back with him to the dining-room—where Laura, kneeling in front of a vast carved side-

board, was bringing out and strewing round her a treasure in antique silver—the curious feeling occurred to Rose that J.F. wanted to prevent her from having any word alone with Charles. "The house," she thought, "is getting on my nerves!"

Perhaps it was as well that for the rest of the afternoon she was busy with entirely practical things: preparing hors-d'oeuvres and arranging them on the glorious old silver dish which Flax had industriously polished; dressing and stuffing a couple of fowls; folding whipped cream into crushed pineapple and a stiffening of gelatine, and pouring it into a mould lined with sponge fingers.

Laura, however, fiercely she hated the idea of a stranger stepping in, couldn't help looking forward with a thrill of excitement to so rare an occasion as a dinner-party, at which she could play hostess, wear her one and only evening frock, and read in Jack Dowling's eyes that she was beautiful.

As for Flax, she fetched and carried and polished in a happy dream, which was only clouded when she remembered her father's displeasure.

Charles stayed late at the mill—out of sheer perversity. Rose was certain—and came home, shrouded remotely in his own private thunder-cloud, with barely time to dress for dinner.

While Rose herself was dressing, Flax slipped into her room.

"Poor Daddy," she confided, "he has spent the whole day going into things with this man from Northern Dyers, and just when he thought the deal was settled some snag has turned up and J.F. thinks it may all fall through."

Rose had a prick of conscience. If the day had turned out so disappointingly, Charles had some excuse for coming home in a black mood. But it still wasn't fair that everyone else should suffer!

Flax said: "It would happen on the most important day of my life! If Daddy is rude to Andrew and his mother I shall die."

"Flax," Rose turned and impulsively took the girl's hand, "Flax, don't you think perhaps you're taking this too seriously?"

Flax stared at her. "You're trying to tell me that Andrew will never love me."

Rose said carefully: "One can't help seeing that his work comes first. And I think you could have a lot of fun with boys and girls your own age—friends you might make at those square-dancing parties or in the drama group. I'm sure if we set about it the right way."

Flax said in a hollow voice: "I thought you understood. I thought you were going to help me. I thought you liked Andrew."

"Oh, but I do! I'm sure he's a good friend and a very conscientious doctor. But... he isn't the only man in the world, after all."

"To me he is," blurted Flax, tears in her eyes. She rushed out of the room.

Rose's heart ached for her. At seventeen one felt every hurt so grievously, despair could be so black. She stood up quickly, her blue-black taffeta skirt trailing. "Thank goodness I've finished with all that!"

But as she stood at her window, seeking out in the glimmer of a spring dusk the little lake with its fringe of wild daffodils, all that she had shut out of her life seemed to come clamoring at her heart; the unfulfilment of those busy, empty years cried out in her.

She pulled herself together. "What I need is one of J.F.'s cocktails. What did Flax call them—Scorpions?"

There would have to be a terrific kick in the cocktails, Rose thought, if

they were to put any life into this party! But she was reckoning without Mrs. Manson. No party could possibly be a flop with a guest so determined on enjoying herself!

She arrived with Andrew in the old blue car, wearing a shawl of Indian silk over an astonishing grey dress trimmed with jet beads, and from the moment she set foot in the house she glowed with pleasure, which she had the rare art of communicating instantly to others.

She whispered to Rose, kissing her on both cheeks: "The flowers... There's magic in your fingers, my dear! What a world of difference you have made here already. Charles will be a fool if he lets you hurry back to London!" Her little compliments to Laura over the dinner-table, her witty crossing of swords with J.F., her determined refusal to notice that Charles was sulking—in all this she appeared to be enjoying herself hugely.

ROSE found it hard to believe that only this morning Mrs. Manson had seemed so afraid that Laura might lose her head over the young secretary, and had hunted at trouble, quite serious trouble, he had been in before Charles employed him; or that she had been on the point of confiding some secret about Charles himself.

Yet, looking round the candle-lit table, with its gleaming silver and glass, its charming centrepiece of flowers, Rose was more acutely conscious than ever of these undercurrents beneath all the lively talk and laughter.

Only Charles could be blind to the fact that Laura was having a secret love-affair with his secretary. "And even without Mrs. Manson's warning," thought Rose, "I wouldn't trust him a yard." Or that Flax was throwing away her dreams on a man who showed quite clearly that he considered her just an amusing child. And Charles himself, it seemed, was weighed down by some secret and crushing anxiety which had nothing to do with the fluctuations in wool prices or the reluctance of Northern Dyers to take a white elephant off his hands.

Rose had the disturbing feeling that nothing in this house was what it seemed.

She was glad when the time came to leave the table at Laura's signal. They gathered in the hall for their coffee, J.F. recklessly throwing legs on to the hearth, as though it were midwinter; Laura taking her eyes off him only to pour out the coffee.

Rose found she must have dropped her handkerchief under the dining-table, and went back to look for it. The room was lit only by candles in two ornate branched candelsticks on the table. The room, she thought, had had its moment of life and warmth and now was slipping back into sombre ghostliness. She couldn't help thinking of the bright little morning-room which Charles had locked up again. His heavy hand lay upon everything in this house!

She had found her handkerchief and was just tucking it into the waist of her taffeta skirt when Andrew Manson's voice said behind her: "You forgot your coffee. I'm afraid it has gone cold, so Laura poured out another cup." He offered the cup awkwardly and she took it with a murmur of thanks. She thought, amused and exasperated: "I can't be out of the room a minute without Flax sending someone running after me—to remind me that I'm one of the family!"

But Dr. Manson showed no haste to go back to the others. He began to talk about his practice, his rota of duty at the cottage hospital in Whinsbury.

the great flu epidemic at the tail-end of last winter. Rose was puzzled until she remembered that yesterday, just for Flax's sake, she had said she would be interested to hear about his work. She felt surprised and touched, for she guessed it was not often that Andrew Manson poured out his heart in this way.

Yet she was only half listening. She was remembering Mrs. Manson's hint that Andrew was "terribly worried" about Charles. If she could turn the conversation tactfully...

As though her thought had conjured him up, Charles was suddenly in the doorway, where he loomed, a thicker darkness. He glared suspiciously from one to the other of them.

"What's the idea? Isn't our company good enough for you?"

Rose burned with mortification. She wondered how Andrew could bring himself to answer quite good-humoredly: "I thought I saw a game of canasta in Flax's eyes, as a matter of fact, and I was trying to count myself out! And once I get talking shop..."

Charles cut in: "Is Rose interested in your shop talk? I thought it was a breach of etiquette, anyway, to pull your cases to pieces in public."

"My dear fellow!" Andrew's voice became resolutely brisk and cheerful. "I wasn't doing anything of the kind! I was on my old hobby-horse about the country G.P. keeping up with new developments in medicine in a practical way rather than by reading articles in the journals, or wading through the shoals of advertising matter that come in to every doctor on the register! Here in Whinsbury we're lucky," he went on, turning to Rose. "We all take our rota of duty at the cottage hospital and have the run of the laboratory. It's a pretty good little hospital, too. Charles was very generous to us there, and, in fact, he can tell you himself..."

He was interrupted by Charles violently denying that he would do so.

Rose's eyes leapt to challenge Charles.

"I think we'll continue our talk about the hospital some other time. Believe me, Dr. Manson, I am interested."

Andrew looked more worried than gratified. He went back to the hall, where Flax was setting up a card-table, while Jack Dowling took the canasta cards out of their box and shuffled them with an expert flick of the fingertips, and Mrs. Manson dragged out of her bag an indeterminate bunch of knitting that might be a yachting cap or a tea-cosy.

Rose, her eyes still sparkling with anger at Charles' rudeness to Andrew, was about to pass through the door when he stepped in her way. His manner was stiff and constrained.

"I think perhaps I owe you an apology."

"Owe me an apology?" Charles said doggedly: "Yes, for certain things I said earlier in the day. I'm afraid it hasn't given you a very welcoming impression. And then, of course, my being away when you arrived... The truth is, your visit came at a rather unfortunate time."

Rose pressed her lips tightly together. She knew that any time would have been unfortunate—with the thing Charles had on his conscience!

He passed a hand over his eyes in that irritable gesture of his.

"This has been a terrible day down at the mill and I can't expect you to understand what it meant to come home and find everything turned upside down here, too. The morning-room... though Laura had known for years... Then Flax inviting the Mansons."

And now . . . Manson scarcely in the house an hour before he comes blurt-  
ing out my private affairs to you."

"Why should you imagine we wanted  
to talk about your affairs?"

"Do you think me a fool?" Charles

almost shouted.  
"No, just blind," said Rose, in a  
low, shaking voice. "Because you throw  
away every chance of giving happiness  
because you don't even see what's hap-  
pening to Flix and Laura, because

Through the half-open door she  
suddenly caught sight of the secre-  
tary. He had no excuse to leave the  
card-table at which he and Laura,  
Andrew and Flix, had just made up  
their foursome for canasta, but he  
was straining every nerve to hear and  
see what went on in the dining-room.  
" . . . and because you trust the wrong  
people," finished Rose.

It seemed to her the secretary's  
smooth mask had slipped. He was  
flipping the cards nervously with his  
fingernail; his face betrayed a gnaw-  
ing anxiety.

Rose brushed quickly past Charles,  
and as she came out into the hall,  
the secretary sprang up and solicit-  
ously placed a chair for her beside  
Mrs. Manson. Charles stalked through  
and reached for his pipe on the great  
stone mantelpiece.

"I'm going out for a smoke."  
"But, Daddy . . ." Flix half stood up,  
pleadingly. She could see her happy  
evening once again in danger.

Charles didn't even look round.  
When he had gone, no one spoke for  
a moment. Then Mrs. Manson's knitt-  
ing needles began clicking again; the  
card game was taken up in a subdued  
fashion.

"Charles' rudeness is the limit. The  
absolute limit!" thought Rose. Guests  
or no guests, he imagined he could  
behave exactly as he pleased.

At least, she told herself, it was  
something if he took his black mood  
out of doors, instead of inflicting it  
on the company for the rest of the  
evening!

She leaned towards Mrs. Manson,  
cautiously admired her knitting pat-  
tern, and asked some question which  
set her off upon a sprightly account  
of the Christmas Bazaar. . . . But Rose  
couldn't help hearing the heavy foot-  
steps, pacing up and down, up and  
down, outside in the spring dusk.

At length, Mrs. Manson asked: "Isn't  
Charles coming back? Andrew, my  
dear, have we stayed too long?"

A flush of distress mounted to Flix's  
cheeks as she begged:

"Please, please don't go yet! It's not  
late. Daddy doesn't mean to seem  
unwelcoming; it's just that he's so  
restless."

By tacit consent the game of canasta  
was abandoned, and as J.P. made up  
the complicated score he intervened  
on Charles' behalf to point out that  
it had been a particularly worrying day  
at the mill.

"Then at home, of course, there  
have been—pin-pricks," he added in  
his cool, colorless voice. Then he mur-  
mured something about "seeing to a  
few papers" and disappeared into the  
study. A depressing silence fell upon  
the company.

"Pin-pricks!" thought Rose.  
But she didn't intend to be a mere  
pin-prick herself. She meant to be a sword  
that stabbed Charles' conscience broad  
awake. She had the rather bitter  
satisfaction of knowing that it was her  
presence, not anything to do with the  
Mansons, which had driven him out of  
doors.

Her eyes fell upon the two young  
girls sitting side by side, Laura fond-  
ling the puppy, Flix bending her fair  
head over a tangle of wool she was  
trying to unravel for Mrs. Manson.

They were both, Rose thought in  
sudden compassion, so eager for life  
and heading for such disillusionments!  
"I won't go," she decided in that in-  
stant. "Charles may drop hints as  
heavy as bricks on my toes; I shall  
just smile and ignore them."

The mood of exhilaration, like the  
candles on the dining-room table, went  
out with the departure of the guests.

A telephone message summoning Dr.  
Manson to a case he had already seen  
earlier in the day effectively put an  
end to the party. A move was made  
at once. Mrs. Manson reached around  
her in all directions, gathering up stray  
possessions—an odd needle, half a dozen  
balls of wool, her Indian shawl, and  
spectacle case.

Flix, running to fetch Andrew's coat,  
protested wistfully: "They don't give  
you one free evening! How inconsid-  
erate patients are!"

On parting, Mrs. Manson gave Rose  
a little peck on the cheek.

"Come and see me, my dear. Do  
come and see me! . . . We've scarcely  
had a chance to get acquainted this  
evening, what with Flix's game of can-  
asta, and Charles' sulks. . . . I shall  
be very disappointed indeed if you  
don't come and have a cup of tea with  
me one day soon."

"There'll scarcely be time," put in  
Laura spitefully, "as Rose has business  
which calls her back to London quite  
soon." Obscurely she blamed Rose be-  
cause the dinner-party had petered out  
so ingloriously.

It was an effort for Rose to smile  
and say evenly: "My business isn't per-  
haps as urgent as all that!"

"Your telephone call the other night,  
was reassuring," said the secretary's  
soft, toneless voice behind her.

Rose moved sharply.

"Very reassuring," she said decidedly.

They had all gathered outside the  
house to see the Mansons off.

Andrew had seen his mother into  
the car. He thanked Laura, gave Flix's  
shoulder a brotherly squeeze, and held  
Rose's hand for a moment.

"Sorry I've been called away like  
this. There were a number of things  
I'd hoped we could discuss. I hope  
it's not true that you can only be at  
Clancy a few days? Frankly, at first  
I wasn't sure how it would work out;  
but I begin to see how badly you are  
needed here."

"You mean, Flix needs me?"

ANDREW made no reply.  
Rose sensed a sudden change in his  
attitude. He was looking over her  
shoulder and suddenly stepped past her  
into the dusk with hand outstretched.

"Ah, there you are, Charles! I've  
been called to a case—rather a sudden  
ending to our evening! I'll drop in  
to see you when you have a spare  
moment."

Charles had suddenly loomed up out  
of the little walled garden to the side  
of the house. He gripped Andrew's  
hand and muttered: "I wouldn't blame  
you if you never came near the place  
again. Can't think what the devil got  
into me tonight."

He laid an arm across the young  
doctor's shoulders as they went down  
to the car together. Andrew made  
some remark which Rose couldn't quite  
catch; but she heard clearly enough  
Charles' reply, growled out in a voice  
that seemed to hold uneasiness as well  
as anger.

"Resent it? Hang it all, wouldn't  
any man resent it? The whole place  
turned upside down . . . appearing  
like this out of nowhere, and no know-  
ing what's on her mind!"

Yes, thought Rose, standing tense

and shadowy on the steps above the  
two men, there was the rub! But the  
last thing Charles was likely to con-  
fide to young Dr. Manson was the  
reason he had for believing that she  
had come to Clancy Manor with some-  
thing on her mind.

A very bleak mood had succeeded  
the moment of exhilaration. She  
couldn't face the prospect of another  
scene with Charles, or of sitting over  
the fire for an hour or so while J.P.  
and Laura "talked with their eyes"  
and Flix held forth glowingly about  
her hero. The simplest thing was to  
slip off to bed before they all came  
indoors.

As she entered her bedroom, she  
had the strangest feeling that some-  
one had been there before her. At a  
first glance, nothing was disturbed.  
Mrs. Harper had been in, of course,  
to turn down the bedclothes and lay  
out her nightdress and dressing-jacket.

But the feeling of an alien and hos-  
tile presence was so strong that she  
even peered inside the vast wardrobe.  
It was when she sat down at the dress-  
ing-table and reached for her hand-  
bag that suspicion became certainty.  
Someone had been in the room and  
had gone through all her things—the  
contents of the handbag had been  
emptied out and put back again; the  
pigeon case, too, had been searched.

She was furious, but mingled with  
her annoyance was a lively curiosity.  
Who could have had any reason to  
search her room?

It was not a question of theft. Her  
purse and note-case were intact. There  
remained, it seemed to her, only two  
other reasons for searching her room.  
It might have been done out of  
curiosity. Or the searcher might have  
been after something definite—a letter  
or document of some kind which they  
believed to be in her possession. For  
instance, that brutal letter to Denia,  
which she had actually destroyed long  
long ago.

Only one person could have any in-  
terest in securing that letter: Charles  
himself. Had his conscience driven  
him to this? Rose, through her anger,  
felt a strange, unaccountable impulse  
of shame and pity. And yet . . . to  
creep up and search the room of a  
guest was entirely out of character  
for Charles Grandley, so indisputably  
master in his own house. She tried  
to picture him at it, and failed.

But, if not Charles, then who had  
been here? She could find no answer.

For once Rose overslept. When she  
came down late and found Charles  
still at the breakfast-table, the un-  
comfortable certainty smote her that  
he meant to "have the thing out"  
here and now.

She braced herself, but it was hard  
to renounce last night's resolute mood,  
when she had been so determined to  
stay on at Clancy Manor for the sake  
of the girls, fighting for all the things  
Charles had denied them.

Charles' presence at the breakfast-  
table, she found, made quite a dif-  
ference: for instead of poking the  
plates through the hatch, Mrs. Harper  
came lumbering round all the way  
from the kitchen with a tray, to plonk  
down resolutely in front of the late-  
comer an unappetising portion of  
bacon and egg, with a square of soggy  
fried bread and the fat already con-  
gealing on the plate.

Rose couldn't be sure if it was the  
unappetising look of the food that put  
her off, or the expectation of an awk-  
ward moment with Charles, but she  
found that every mouthful took ages  
to swallow, and her mouth twisted  
over the bitter and lukewarm coffee  
which Laura had ungraciously poured  
out.

Charles said sharply: "The coffee is  
cold, Laura. Ring for more."

"Does anyone want any more?" asked Laura coolly from the other end of the table.

Rose said quickly: "Please don't bother if it's for me."

But Charles obstinately insisted, and they had to go through the tedious business of ringing for Mrs. Harper and then waiting a considerable time until she came back, with dark looks, to slam down the silver coffee-pot in front of Laura, having simply heated up its contents on the gas ring instead of making a fresh brew.

Charles tasted it and pushed his cup aside with an angry, baffled exclamation. He got up from the table and went heavily across the room to stand at the window, hands thrust deep into his pockets, staring out.

Even Charles, it seemed, and blunt and ruthless though Rose knew he could be, found it difficult to bring up the question which hovered uneasily in the air between them.

He looked haggard and tired, as though he had slept badly. He was ill at ease; his hands moved incessantly. It was the first time Rose had noticed them, and she saw unwillingly their strength and fineness.

He said abruptly: "There's rain threatening. It's not a day for walking over the moors."

Flix, like a little girl, slid out of her seat and went quickly across to him, her hand nuzzling down into his.

"Oh, Daddy, I wish we could! What wonderful walks we used to have—with bread and cheese and a packet of ginger biscuits in our pockets, and the larks singing and the dogs scenting hundreds of rabbits! Oh, nothing was ever more fun. I hate the mill for crowding it all out."

Charles made an impatient movement. Flix's hand fell; her shoulders drooped.

"Rose, at least, didn't come to Clancy intending to hike over the moors!" said Laura.

Her eyes were on the slender, beautifully made court shoes in which Rose had come down this morning, and under the malicious tone Rose heard the envy and longing.

Laura's remark gave Charles his cue. He turned round from the window and asked abruptly: "How long had you thought of staying?"

Rose's heart beat painfully, but she managed to bring out in an airy tone: "I left it indefinite. A little holiday has been owing to me for a long time."

He thrust at her: "You are in business?"

"I am." Her eyes challenged him to ask more, and stubbornly he would not.

They were both thinking of that startling encounter in the night as she came out of the phone booth at the lonely country cross-roads. He still didn't believe, of course, that she had not come out deliberately to phone from there so that no one in the house would overhear the call.

Laura pushed back her chair. "If it's really going to rain, I'll exercise the dogs now."

Rose wondered if this meant going in search of Jack Dowling. She hadn't seen him yet this morning, and Laura's eyes had been perpetually turning to the door. She hurried out.

Flix, still at the window, said a little wistfully: "Yes, it is beginning to rain already—the fine drizzle that goes on and on. I can see veils of rain across the hills, just where a cloud touches. Ever so often, up on the tops, we've walked through a cloud and come out drenched through! Then, in a sunny patch all our clothes, and our hands and faces, would begin steaming!"

How vividly that recalled for Rose the long, lonely walks of her Lake District days! She said, her voice thin:

"It doesn't sound in the least inviting!"

As though doggedly making for some point to which he was shaping the conversation, Charles said: "It isn't particularly inviting indoors, either. I'm afraid there's little to entertain you, cooped up in the house all day."

"That doesn't bother me!" Rose found courage to add pointedly: "And, after all, Flix and Laura must have had many such days."

She could see by Charles' sharp movement that he had gone home. It would do him good to realise just for once, she thought, what an empty day faced the two girls when he had gone down to the mill with all its bustle and activity.

Mrs. Harper at this moment rapped on the kitchen hatch to announce that the phone was ringing.

"And you'll have to answer it yourself, for Miss Laura is out of doors and I haven't got my spectacles."

**F**LIX whispered: "Mrs. Harper would no sooner answer the phone without her specs than go to the front door in curlers!"

Even Charles smiled. "I believe the spectacles ward off the evil eye! Mrs. Harper is of a country generation which suspects all innovations and sees black magic in the telephone and the vacuum cleaner."

It occurred to Rose that this was the first intimate thing, the first hint of a family joke, she had come across at Clancy Manor, and her heart warmed a little.

As Flix ran out to answer the phone Charles said without warning: "You ought to see something of the country while you're here. I thought we might take the car up into the Dales. Gilling Castle is worth seeing—wonderful old panelling, or we could run up to Cox-wold and look at Shandy Hall—take lunch at the Fauconberg Arms and see Byland Abbey on the way back. Not at its best in the rain, perhaps, but if I'm to take a day off from the mill, it had better be now, before Northern Dyers come on the scene again and work at the office gets out of hand."

"You . . . you mean today?" repeated Rose, taken completely by surprise.

"Of course, young Dowling will have to take time off to come with us."

"I don't quite see why," said Rose.

"I don't drive," Charles said briefly.

"And if Dowling is with us I suppose the girls will want to come along."

Rose's impulse was to say "No" emphatically, and on any excuse which came into her mind. But that would deprive the girls of a pleasure which she guessed came their way very rarely.

While she hesitated, Charles' impatience was growing.

"Well?" he thrust at her in his most surly tone.

Flix came flying in from the hall, calling out: "Oh, Rose, what do you think? That was Mrs. Manson. It's Andrew's day at the cottage hospital and he left word that if we care to go over during the morning he'll show us round." Her voice rose to a joyous squeak.

Rose's first thought was that to trail round a hospital of any kind didn't appeal to her in the least. She had had enough of sickness during Denis' long illness; she didn't want to be reminded of it now. Then it occurred to her that the suggestion had come very opportunely just when she was in a dilemma about Charles' proposal of a day's driving.

"It was very kind of Dr. Manson, Flix, my dear. It will be most interesting to see the hospital everyone is so proud of." She found it took an effort

to turn to Charles and add with a little laugh: "And I'm sure it's an enormous relief to you not to have to sacrifice a day at the mill! But thanks, all the same, for the thought."

The secretary was suddenly there, close beside her. He had such an uncanny way of appearing where you didn't expect him. And he had a way of gliding unobtrusively between Charles and herself which annoyed her.

His manner now was brisk.

"I've brought the car round, sir. The oil is o.k. for a longish run and I topped up the tank. How about rugs?"

Charles said shortly: "We're going down to the mill. I'll be with you in a couple of minutes, when I've picked up some papers from the study."

There was a pause. The young man looked chagrined; but his voice betrayed no feeling as he said: "Very well, sir. I'll let Laura know."

He went out and Charles prepared to follow him. His face was dark. The odd thought came to Rose that he was actually not relieved, but disappointed! Had the idea been his own, not his secretary's? Had he thought of the outing not as a sacrifice of his time, but as a day's freedom from all the harassing concerns of the mill?

She took a step towards him. "Charles, I'm sorry if you are disappointed."

Then she felt furious with herself for the moment's weakness, for Charles said coldly: "I assure you, Rose, I have plenty of demands on my time down at the mill."

Watching from the window, she saw him go out to the car—and extremely luxurious and black and glittering it looked, the very symbol of wealth, of power. But Charles stood gazing across the park and the misty valley towards the hills. He braced his shoulders as though taking upon them a too-heavy burden and got into the car beside his secretary.

As the big car went down the drive, Rose thought how odd it was that Charles didn't drive his own car. Come to think of it, it was odder still that a man of his stubborn, forceful personality could bear to be so dependent on a secretary.

Was it possible the secretary had some hold over him? But no, on the face of it, that was quite absurd. There was no doubting Charles' own strength of character. He would make short work of a blackmailer! Mrs. Manson had hinted at "trouble" before young Dowling came into Charles' employ; but she had offset this by pointing out that Charles would not offer a confidential post to a doubtful applicant.

Rose decided Jack Dowling must be Charles' blind spot. He had made up his mind to trust this young man, and would go on trusting him stubbornly; just as he stubbornly went on believing that two high-spirited girls could be trusted to sit twiddling their thumbs at Clancy Manor without heeding the call of adventure and romance in their own ardent young hearts.

Rose was so busy with these thoughts about Charles and his secretary that Flix made her jump by rushing into the room in her headlong fashion and crying out: "Oh, isn't it going to be a wonderful day? I've always wanted to see behind the scenes at the hospital. Denis' long illness! she didn't want to be serious—"It does interest me terribly for . . . for the future. But when I once dropped a hint, Andrew said I ought to be playing at dolls' hospitals. Could anything be more mortifying?" Mortifying, but salutary! thought Rose. Andrew certainly couldn't be accused of leading a girl on!

She said with a sympathetic smile:

"Don't you think he feels—as I do—that it is a pity to grow up too fast and miss so much?"

What Flix really needed was arduous sessions on a tennis court, or evenings spent hammering stage scenery or square dancing with a crowd of boys and girls her own age; and all these things lay within reach and could have been enjoyed to the full, but for Charles' stupid, out-of-date prejudice that forbade his daughters to "mix with the village."

The Whinsbury cottage hospital was a low grey building pleasantly set in the outskirts of the market town. Azaleas flamed in the shrubbery and beds of wallflowers bordered the drive. Indoors there was spring sunshine and a great deal of gleaming white paint-work.

Rose found herself wondering why she had so much dreaded entering this place; she wondered still more when Dr. Manson, who had been busy in the children's clinic, came striding to meet them white coat flying, stethoscope crammed into one pocket, delighted to do the honors.

He showed them the wards, the physiotherapy department where convalescent children were being put through their exercises, as chirpy as sparrows, and gave them a peep at the new X-ray set-up of which the hospital was so proud.

Here, on his own ground, Andrew Manson was impressive, and Flix, her eyes incandescent with hero-worship, hung upon every word he uttered; but Rose found her own thoughts straying from the technical matters he was taking such pains to make simple for them.

There was so much she wanted to ask him—but not about the X-ray plates of patchy lungs and fractured bones! She wanted to know just what those rumors were concerning Charles' secretary; just what Andrew had on his mind about Charles himself.

The nearest they came to exchanging a private word was in crossing the smooth sloping lawn to the staff quarters, where it seemed Matron was expecting them for a cup of coffee. Flix had fallen behind to peep inconspicuously through a ground-floor window at a roomful of lively babies in cots.

Andrew asked in an undertone: "How did the 'surprise' go down—lunch in the morning-room?"

"The dustsheets," Rose admitted, "are back again."

"I was afraid so," Andrew was frowning.

Rose blurted out: "Dr. Manson, why are you so worried about Charles?"

"Wouldn't any friend of his be worried?" Rose felt sure he was hedging; he had some much more urgent reason for anxiety than Charles' insistence on living in the past. He added wryly: "Though Charles may not have given you that impression last night, we have been close friends, you know. As close, at any rate, as he has let anyone get to him during the past few years."

"Except for the secretary," said Rose at a venture.

She instantly repented of it, for on the very point of telling her something important, Andrew seemed to shut up with a snap like an opera hat. And then Flix came running after them.

"What do you think? One of the babies stood on his head for me! The one with the curly hair. He looks such a little rascal and perfectly fit I can't think what he's doing in hospital!"

"Severe burns," said Andrew briefly. "We've done a pretty good job of skin-grafting there." He was back to technicalities again. Back on safe ground, in fact, thought Rose. What

had he been going to tell her about Charles?

They had a very pleasant half-hour in the Matron's room. They were just taking leave and Andrew was on the point of returning to his clinic when another visitor tapped at the door and put a round beaming face into the room.

"Not intruding, Matron, I hope?"

Rose found herself being introduced to Mrs. Robins, whose husband was the vicar of Clancy. It was the day of the week when she brought flowers to the hospital from the "sewing tea ladies" and saw any of her husband's parishioners who happened to be patients.

"I hoped to bring along some of the vicarage lilacs. But—too vexing!—it isn't quite out. Mrs. Manson is ahead of us again." She seemed just a little aggrieved, and looked at Andrew almost as though she suspected him of doctoring the lilacs so that they were in advance of her own every year.

Rose, it seemed, scarcely needed an introduction. "My dear, I've been wishing to meet you ever since I heard you had come to make your home at the Manor. Such a splendid thing all round, as I was only saying to the vicar last night."

Rose didn't know where to look for embarrassment. She was aware of Flix's delighted smile; of Andrew's surprised and searching look. It was annoying to have to repeat all over again that she had business in London and must not stretch out her visit too long.

"Then we must make the most of you while you're still here," said Mrs. Robins promptly. "Now, look, my dear, the Youth Club winds up the season tomorrow night with a square-dancing party. I'm sure you'd enjoy it. I wonder if we can persuade Laura and Felicity to come down and bring you with them?"

Rose had a sudden inspiration, too. Flix was looking at her beseechingly, yet not really daring to hope. "I'd love to come," Rose said. "That is if you'll let me make myself useful. How about helping you with the supper? I'm told square dancing gives people the most enormous appetites, and, as I've had quite a bit of experience in catering—"

She was not allowed to finish. Mrs. Robins, recognizing in her an ally, welcomed her offer effusively.

It was useless for Andrew to make warning gestures in the background. Rose had made up her mind that if they were firmly committed to helping Mrs. Robins, Charles couldn't very well refuse to let Flix and Laura go to the party.

**I**t was soon clear that not only Andrew, but Flix, too, had misgivings. She was very silent on the bus that took them back to Clancy for lunch; and silent still as they walked companionably up the drive together.

Rose said quietly: "I'm quite determined that you and Laura shall go to this party and enjoy yourselves. You can trust me, can't you, to put it up to your father most tactfully."

Flix's hand slid into hers. She looked very young at that moment—just a child, and a child so eager for life.

"Oh, I do hope things have gone well at the mill this morning! Then he'll be in a good mood, and you can ask him without—without—"

"Without having my head bitten off?" suggested Rose.

Flix quickly defended him: "He's really such a darling. We used to have such happy times. But . . . Well, it

all seems a long time ago now. He has such worries. The business isn't paying. It's like a leaky roof; you mend one bit, but the rain comes through somewhere else!"

"I promise no rain shall fall on our square-dancing party," said Rose, feeling more disquieted than she cared to admit by the girl's artless revelation of the crisis in Charles' business affairs.

He came home very late to lunch and the instant she saw him her spirits sank. She realized that her chances of getting his approval for the square-dancing party were remote indeed for he was in a furious ill humor. Had he then been really offended that she hadn't wanted to go driving? Or had something happened during the morning to put him into this mood?

The meal seemed to drag on and on. Charles was furiously silent, but as they left the table at last his imperious gesture detained Rose.

"Well?" he demanded curtly. "Don't you think I'm entitled to a little consideration in my own house? Don't you think I might have been consulted before you made these plans with Mrs. Robins?"

"Mrs. Robins?" faltered Rose in startled dismay.

"Yes, Mrs. Robins," Charles' voice grated. "She got off the Whinsbury bus just as I was leaving the mill and hastened to tell me that you have promised to take Laura and Felicity along to some rowdy village dance tomorrow night. . . I've done my best to keep the girls away from that sort of thing, but you choose to override my wishes. My permission isn't even asked. Oh, no! All that is out of date, I suppose. But how you could all sit through lunch and not say a word about it! A solid hour! . . ."

"And what an hour!" burst hotly from Rose. "Afraid to speak, afraid to breathe, and all because of your ill humor. I'm sorry, I know I have no right to say this, but . . . one must say it. As for the square-dancing party, I assure you we hadn't the least intention of keeping it dark. But for this bit of bad luck—your meeting Mrs. Robins off the bus just now—I should have found a chance before tonight to beg you if we might all go."

"To beg me!" repeated Charles with heavy sarcasm.

"Yes, to beg you," Rose drew a deep breath. "I thought—I hoped—that for once you might not deny Flix and Laura a little pleasure. To her mortification, her voice was shaking. "Charles, I still can't believe you're so blind to their happiness."

Charles sucked in his breath sharply.

"There's one thing I'm not blind to, Rose. You mean to have your own way in this house." He stared at her so strangely that her heart contracted. "And you go too far. Do you hear me? You go too far!"

"This is Black Saturday," thought Rose. "And it's supposed to be a day of leisure and pleasure!"

It started off with Charles going down to his office as usual, though the mill kept the "long week-end" and the machines were not running.

He said in an off-hand way at breakfast, as though he burred giving any explanation of his actions, but felt compelled to make this concession to the presence of a guest in the house: "I've a confounded amount of paper work to get through. Northern Dyers are still dithering; and until the accountants have been in and made up the books, to give them a full picture of how things stand, I don't suppose we shall know if the deal will come off."

The secretary was on his way out

to bring round the car. For a split second he halted in the doorway, then took a groping step forward. It was almost as if he had been given a physical blow. It might have been Rose's imagination, or the tree-filtered light that reigned in the gloomy dining-room, but it seemed to her that he looked absolutely green.

Charles pulled his pipe out of his jacket pocket and began fumbling to light it, irritably striking one match after another, until Flix sprang up with a little contrite exclamation, put a spill to the fire, and came hurrying round to offer it.

He even expected someone to light his pipe for him! thought Rose disdainfully. Of all the selfish, impossible men she had ever known! Yesterday, quixotically enough, he had been willing to stay away from work and propose a tour of the Dales; but today, when everyone looked forward to the square-dancing party, he must needs be the wet blanket and take himself off on the excuse of urgent concerns which she was positive could have waited till Monday.

The plain truth was that if Charles couldn't throw his weight about he sulked! He was sulking now, of course, and the entire household felt the weight of his moody displeasure.

It was hard even to address him civilly, but for the girls' sake she ventured: "We'd been hoping you might look in on the party this evening. Not to dance, of course, but just . . ."

He cut her short rudely. "If it's the car you're wanting, J.F. can run you down. I shan't be wanting him after lunch."

"That's thoughtful of you," said Rose with a brittle smile, under which her pride was seething.

At lunchtime J.F. drove home alone. Charles had decided to work right through the lunch hour and stay on all the afternoon.

At this, Laura flushed up. "But it's absurd!"

J.F. retorted with an irritable edge to his voice: "I did my best. You don't imagine I want him rummaging through a lot of papers when I'm not there to . . ." His eyes flickered towards Rose; he broke off sharply and uncomfortably. Rose knew she had been right. For some reason he was desperately uneasy.

She was not deceived by the casual air with which he added: "I'll go down for an hour or two after lunch. Don't worry about this evening, girls. I'll be back in plenty of time to run you there. Can you be ready for seven o'clock? Good show!"

With J.F. and Charles once out of the way, they scuttled through the housework. Mrs. Harper had asked the day off to visit her sister in Whitnashbury, who was ill; but it couldn't be just chance, Rose privately decided, that they were saddled with the housework on the one day when preparations for the party demanded so much time and thought.

The main problem was what to wear. Flix had raked dependently through her wardrobe and sadly announced that she hadn't a single garment which would do credit to the occasion. "You see, Rose, we just don't go to parties!" But Rose was not so easily defeated, and in a house which she regarded as a perfect treasure store for every sort of adventure, square-dancing costumes included.

She and Flix spent most of the afternoon running up a gay flared skirt from an old summer dress discovered in the attic, and then a blouse from a length of Swiss embroidered mullin. The result was so pretty, Flix prou-

etted before her wardrobe mirror and ecstatically flung her arms round Rose's neck.

"I'm so happy! So happy! You make the loveliest things come true . . ."

At that moment Laura half opened the bedroom door and looked in. Under the dark brows her eyes were resentful and hostile.

Rose, disentangling herself from Flix's embrace, said laughingly: "Your turn next! Or are you already flitted out from top to toe?"

Laura cried out in sudden bitter revolt: "How could I be? I don't own one decent frock. I've got my shanting skirt, but I haven't an evening blouse."

"How about mine? The pale pink chiffon. I'll lend it gladly," said Rose.

Laura, tempted, said uncertainly: "But what will you wear?"

"Oh, I'll fix up something! After all, I shan't be dancing. I'll be behind the meat-and-potato pie!"

"But that isn't fair!" Flix protested. "You ought to have the fun!"

"Believe me, lots of fun goes on in the cutting-up room! And who would I dance with, anyway? Charles is spending the whole day down at the mill so that he won't have to be my escort. Which leaves only the vicar . . ."

**F**LIX had to admit that Clancy would practically rock on its foundations if Charles were to turn up at a village dance. She added a little wistfully: "And Andrew always has the excuse of his evening surgery, so, of course, he won't be there, either."

Then, with that funny little old-fashioned look, head on one side: "You'll be busy in the kitchen like Cinderella—yes, if you want to, you could be a queen and outshine us all."

"Flix, how absurd!" chided Rose, flushing up.

"It's true," Flix persisted. "You're beautiful, and you have the most heavenly clothes and . . . and everything. Why, you could make anyone dance with you. Even Daddy." Her small face was alight with this discovery; but Laura made an inarticulate little sound and rushed out of the room.

Presently Flix went down to press her new outfit and to hunt for a ribbon from some old chocolate box to tie round her hair. Rose hesitated outside Laura's door with the pink chiffon blouse. She tapped at the door and looked in.

As her eyes travelled round the plain, austere little bedroom, revealing none of the pretty trifles which a girl of eighteen might be expected to strew around, her heart tightened with a sudden sharp pity. She knew that Laura longed to possess lovely things, that she rebelled passionately at her drab existence. But all her dreams were locked away; there was no trace of them in this room.

Rose left the chiffon blouse on the bed, and then she stood for a moment, very still, in the centre of the room. Laura so badly needed a friend.

"But she won't trust me," thought Rose. "Jack Dowling has made her believe I came here to make myself mistress of the house; that I have designs on Charles."

Her cheeks went hot at this hateful, preposterous thought. Why, if he were the last man in the world . . .

J.F. spent the afternoon down at the mill with Charles, but he was there in the forecourt, honking the car horn, at seven o'clock, as he had promised. When Rose saw that Laura was wear-

ing the borrowed chiffon blouse, she couldn't help wondering, with a rather wry little smile, what struggle of conscience had gone on. Laura hated to accept any favor from her; Rose felt sure she had wanted to throw the blouse on the floor and stamp on it! But even more compelling was her wish to appear beautiful in Jack Dowling's eyes. . . . And beautiful she was, indeed, in a wild, sippy way, wearing the delicate shell-pink blouse with her shanting skirt and a coral necklace.

Flix, her hair tied up with a satin ribbon, was starry-eyed with excitement. Laura sat beside J.F. in the front seat of the car; Flix and Rose were together in the back.

"Darling Rose," Flix whispered, "I keep pinching myself, but it is true—and we owe it all to you. How did you persuade Daddy to let us go?" Rose was spared a reply to this awkward question, for Flix had a dismaying thought. She and Laura didn't know the steps of any of the dances. "Laura will be all right; she's got J.F. But supposing no one asks me to dance?"

There wasn't the slightest danger of that, Rose thought privately; and if she had had any doubts they would have been dispelled when she saw Flix accepted without any awkwardness into a group of young people who were making the last-minute preparations for the dance by ranging chairs round the walls of the hall, stringing up colored lanterns, and enthusiastically sprinkling french chalk on the floor and sliding on it.

The vicar's wife had come bustling to the door to greet them. Rose perceived that on such an occasion Mrs. Robins was in her element, tremendously good-humored and practical, and enjoying herself so much in running this affair that it would have been shockingly ungrateful to think of it as a parochial duty.

"Everyone seems very busy already," said Rose, following Mrs. Robins to the kitchen.

"Working up an appetite! . . . I've been here myself since five o'clock, arranging these beautiful flowers Mr. Granley had the gardener bring down. Just like him! So generous and so modest in his generosity, too. I know he won't want even a word of thanks." She waved an enthusiastic hand towards the blossoming sprays and spring floods, with which the place was lavishly decorated.

"You know, of course, that he gave us the land on which to build this village hall? And, between you and me and the gate-post, I may say he contributed handsomely towards the building fund, though he insisted that my husband should treat it as an anonymous gift." She threw out her hands. "So much goodwill! And to live like a hermit, as he has done these last few years . . ."

As though catching herself up on the verge of an indiscretion, she dived into the kitchen and began to rummage in a large shopping basket for aprons.

Rose followed her slowly. She was always coming up against this strange contradiction. From the most unexpected quarters she heard of Charles' generosity, his thought for others.

She decided to her own satisfaction that the flowers were just his way of showing off. He couldn't resist playing the village squire! He hadn't wanted her to bring the girls to this affair—yet he sent masses of bloom, which he would never think of ordering the gardener to cut for the house! Mrs. Robins, enveloped in a large apron, was contemplating with dismay the leaves of bread set out ready upon the table.

"I specially asked for cut leaves! My dear, when I think of the task of making all those sandwiches!"

"Give me a good sharp knife and I'll start on them at once," said Rose, undaunted. She peeped into the various covered basins which contained the sandwich fillings, while Mrs. Robins rummaged again in her basket and had to confess she had mislaid the sharp bread knife and could Rose manage with an old one she had brought with her for "spreading?" Rose began sawing away with the blunt knife, but in a few moments she had to break off to cope with another problem—the problem of fitting a truly enormous meat-and-potato pie into the tiniest of gas ovens.

After a struggle it went in, though Rose had qualms at the thought of getting it out again whole.

"Never mind," said Mrs. Robins. "What the eye doesn't see, the heart doesn't grieve at." She peeped into the main hall. "They're off, bless them! And your two girls are enjoying themselves famously, as I knew they would if we could only get them to come down!"

Your two girls . . . How odd that sounded! As if she really had a stake in this family.

The colored lanterns and the magnificence of Charles' flowers transformed the plain little hall into a fairyland. On the platform at one end, embowered in blossoming branches, the fiddles were squeaking away gloriously, and the clapping of hands, the tap of dancing feet, the swirl of gay skirts, made a kaleidoscope of color and noise.

Flix—fair hair flying under the chocolate-box ribbon—was having the time of her life learning the Virginia reel, and Laura stood with Jack Dowling on the fringe of the crowd. The young secretary appeared to be watching the movement of the dancers in the reel, but all the time he was talking in a low voice to Laura; his hand brushed hers as he reached for his cigarette case, and Laura stood so still, under the spell of the music, the spell of his touch.

Was it any wonder old Mrs. Manson was uneasy? thought Rose. The girl was crazily infatuated, and Jack Dowling's way of making love to her seemed so furtive and underhand.

From another point of view, her evening was not carefree, either. Rose found herself tied to the kitchen, sawing away with a blunt knife at mountains of sandwiches. The air soon became stifling, with people bustling in and out, the pie heating up in the oven, huge jugs of coffee steaming . . .

Suddenly she rebelled. She had been pretending, as she had pretended for three years past, that she was done with all the light-hearted, impulsive things; a hard-working, ambitious woman whose career provided all that she asked of life.

But suddenly, tonight, it wasn't true. Her feet tingled to be dancing.

She went to the door . . . If she could have had just one dance . . .

The wish had scarcely flickered through her thoughts when Charles' massive form loomed up suddenly in front of her at the doorway. He seemed to take in everything: the big apron, the overheated face, the dishevelled sag of her shoulders. He growled out: "What's the idea? Why aren't you dancing?"

Rose hastily gathered her defences. "I haven't the least desire to dance. I'm here for one good reason only: to help Mrs. Robins with the supper!" "Hang the supper. And hang Mrs. Robins. The woman's a menace . . . When Laura and Felicity bring a guest along, she has no right to try on this press-gang business."

Mrs. Robins' voice bubbled joyously behind them: "Mr. Grantley! How sweet of you to look in on us! And just in time for supper, too. If dear

Mrs. Winters has finished making the sandwiches?"

"I'm on the last few rounds. I'll hurry."

Mrs. Robins galloped off in search of the vicar, so that he might announce the supper. As Rose hastened back to the cutting-up table, Charles took a long stride after her and grasped her by the arm.

"Rose, don't you care to dance? Don't you even want to look on? Why should you slave in here all night? I won't have it."

Rose's patience snapped. "Will you stop interfering?"

Charles released her arm. He thrust his hands deep into his pockets.

"If I stay away, it's churlish. If I look in for half an hour, it's interfering."

"Yes, it is," said Rose, tormented. "For I know you only came to throw your weight about, not to enjoy yourself or give pleasure to anyone else."

"Indeed!" said Charles grimly.

Rose was suddenly aghast at what she had said. "Oh, won't you please go away? Talk to the vicar . . . anything . . . while I finish the sandwiches."

She seized the knife to slice off the last few rounds from the last of the loaves—and then gave a cry. The knife slid through the loaf as if it were butter and gashed deep into the fleshy part of her left hand, between the thumb and forefinger. She grabbed her apron and bunched it round the hand. Then she saw Charles' face.

"Rose, you know I wouldn't have had this happen for the world."

Mrs. Robins was suddenly there, too, exclaiming in dismay and self-accusation: "I meant to tell you, but someone just called me . . . I came across the sharp knife a moment ago. Oh, my dear, what a dreadful thing to happen!"

"I'm all right. It's the supper I'm worried about."

"Never mind the supper," said Charles. "Manson ought to see that hand."

Mrs. Robins assented briskly. "Yes, indeed. It's stupid to attempt first-aid with the doctor's surgery only a hundred yards down the road."

And Flix, who was suddenly there, looking pale and distressed, offered: "I'll sprint down to the surgery. I'll be back here with him inside five minutes."

"Flix, no!" Rose raised her voice sharply. "If you think the sight of blood scares me . . ." she scoffed—and fainted.

A RUSH of cold air brought Rose back to consciousness. It took a few seconds to realise just what was happening to her. She was being carried in a man's arms under the soft spring darkness, Charles' arms.

"Put me down!" said Rose in a stifled voice. "Oh, it's too absurd!"

Her furious protest made not the slightest difference; he went striding on. His arms might have been oak, and she a featherweight in them. A pencil of light to the left suddenly broadened; Flix had run on ahead to the surgery. As Charles paused to kick open the small white gate, which had swung shut behind Flix, Rose gasped out: "Do you hear me, Charles? Put me down, or I . . . I'll never forgive you!"

She was wild with herself for the whole stupid accident; and with Charles for dealing with it in this melodramatic fashion.

His arms released her and she went waveringly up Dr. Manson's path. She felt absurdly weak and gloddy; pain

shot piercingly through her hand and the apron bunched round it was now sodden.

Mrs. Manson came out on to the step to meet her, angular and erect, the Indian shawl over her shoulders. And in the surgery Andrew, looking deadly tired after the long evening session with his patients, was laying out instruments and pouring antiseptic into a bowl.

"Spurting or oozing?" he asked tersely, motioning Rose to a chair.

Flix said in a voice of misery: "It's running in rivers."

They had all come into the surgery. Andrew gave his mother a look. "Fix Charles a drink. I need an assistant, Flix; how about it?"

Flix swallowed hard. "I'll help."

Mrs. Manson beckoned Charles out of the surgery and as they went Rose heard her say with the tartness of old acquaintance: "You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Charles Grantley! Bullying that poor girl!"

Charles said morosely: "I don't know what you mean. We had an argument. I didn't see why she should be stewing away in that kitchen. She seems to have no idea of sitting back and enjoying herself; she must run the show! It's just the same up at the house."

"Oh!" gasped Rose indignantly.

Mrs. Manson was still scolding. "That's downright ungrateful, Charles. She comes down here, sacrifices her holiday to do what she can for you and the girls, and one must admit it's time someone took the job in hand! But all she gets for it is . . ." Mercifully, the door closed.

Andrew looked thoroughly uncomfortable. As he began to cleanse the wound, he demanded: "Been trying to cut off your thumb?" Then, smiling at her with a sort of wry gentleness: "I'll have to put in a couple of stitches; and, as the schoolmasters say, this is going to hurt me more than it hurts you!"

Flix, holding a towel and a bowl for the swabs, had her eyes screwed up tight. She was rapidly reviving the prospect, remote as it was, of ever becoming a doctor's wife.

Andrew proceeded to give Rose a tough quarter of an hour, at the end of which she was thankful for the cup of tea Mrs. Manson had ready in the sitting-room.

She said to Flix: "I'm truly sorry I wrecked the party for you. But there's no reason why you shouldn't go back now, is there? Perhaps I could sit quietly with Mrs. Manson for a while."

"We're going home," said Charles. No one wanted to go back; the joy had gone out of it. She realised—smoulderingly—that Charles had seized upon her accident as an excuse for hustling everybody home, and she still couldn't imagine why he had bothered to turn up.

And yet . . . and yet . . . He helped her into the back of the big car, his hand briefly supporting her elbow, and her heart turned over for a moment. She was remembering his strength and his relentlessness, as he strode through the night, carrying her in his arms.

But Charles should never again have cause to accuse her of "running the show." Those words of his, overheard in Dr. Manson's surgery, had made it impossible for her to stay on at Clancy. Charles had won.

She made up her mind to ring up Henshaw at the hotel and tell him to expect her back on Monday; then she would be able to say quite truthfully that her return to London was fixed and could not be put off.

Andrew had done up her wounded hand in an enormous cocoon of padding and bandage.

"Thanks all the same, but I can

manage quite well," she said lightly, when Flix offered to help her undress.

But it was rather a difficult business undressing, after all; her hand throbed and burned, and she felt parched with thirst again. She lay on the bed in her dressing-gown, waiting for the house to fall silent; then she meant to slip down and phone the hotel, and afterwards, if the coast was still clear, venture into the kitchen and make herself that cup of tea which, at Simpson's, magically appeared when she needed it at any hour of day or night.

She stole out on to the gallery and then crouched back quickly again into the shadows of her recessed doorway. For over by the hearth, with no light but the embers of the fire, she could make out two figures standing close together, their arms entwined, and something so still and desperate in their attitude that she felt afraid.

She heard Laura's voice, just a sighing: "But, Jack, we must; we must! Oh, don't you see, it's the only way?"

"Laura, sweet, won't you trust me? Try to have patience just a little longer. The way I plan it things will all work out for us."

"Have patience! Have patience! Oh, how can I? I'm so afraid. And I know if you once leave me . . ." Her voice was lost in silent, desperate weeping.

Rose closed her door. She climbed into the four-poster bed and lay staring into the darkness for dragging hours. She was pursued by the sound of Laura's heartbroken weeping, and by Flix's peaked, wistful face.

How could she leave Clancy? How could she stay? It was not the pain in her hand that kept her awake, but the anguish of knowing herself unwanted in the place where she was needed most!

She dozed fitfully as the night passed, started awake again as a movement in sleep caused pain to shoot through her bandaged hand, or awoke to hear the cocks crowing from farm to farm across the valley in the misty dawn hours.

Down in the kitchen the Cairn puppy began whining and yelping as if in pain. She heard Laura patter along the gallery in her old slippers and go down, then return, carrying the puppy and its basket to her room.

An early church bell rang across the valley, and a little whining wind got up and tore the chimneys into ragged shreds of sound. It was seven o'clock by Rose's watch and the craving for a cup of tea had become an obsession.

She put on a dressing-gown and made her way very quietly down to the kitchen—and there at the table sat Mrs. Harper, similarly clad in a dressing-gown, the old grey shaggy one, and her head belling with curlers. Her head was in her hands, and her elbows propped on the table, and as she waited for the kettle to boil and a small struggling fire to warm the cold hearth, she looked the very picture of despondency.

Rose's sudden appearance made her jump.

"You fair gave me a turn, ma'am!" she said sullenly. "We always sleep in' of a Sunday, but I couldn't bide any longer without a cup of tea."

"That's just what brought me downstairs," Rose confessed, drawing up a chair, uninvited, to the opposite corner of the table. "You're not well. How about taking that cup of tea back to bed with you? The girls and I can perfectly well manage breakfast."

"Nay," said Mrs. Harper in a shocked tone. "I could never for shame to go back to bed. And you with your hand all bandaged up, too?" But Rose's sincere, impulsive made offer had touched her. And presently, as they sat over their tea all her secret worries came tumbling out.

She was "worried to death" about her sister, who was tied to her bed with a sharp attack of sciatica, and, as she lived alone, found herself dependent on the visits of the district nurse or some neighbor popping in for all the daily necessities.

She was getting older, slower, and Clancy Manor wasn't an easy house to run, even with plenty of help. She was scared of old age, worried about "the master."

Little by little, as the housekeeper talked, there was unfolded before Rose the pattern of life at Clancy Manor. She saw Charles growing up in this house and stepping, in early manhood, into his heritage. That was Charles Granley as Denia had known him, powerful, in physique and alert in mind, throwing himself with enormous enthusiasm into the business of the mill, and with energy to spare for long tramps over the moors and the upkeep of his estate.

Then had come his marriage and the happy, prosperous, gracious days before calamity overtook him: first in the loss of his young wife, which had turned him into a recluse and cast a darkness over the childhood of Laura and Flix; and now, in the last two or three years, the sinister change in his whole personality, his dependence on the secretary he had installed in the house, his moods of ferocious bitterness.

**R**OSE, staring into the fire now spitting briskly in the kitchen hearth, said slowly: "Everything seems to date from the time when Jack Dowling came to Clancy. I can understand the need for a secretary down at the mill, especially since business became complicated with permits and quotas and all that sort of thing. But why should he live at the house? How has he contrived to make himself so . . . so indispensable?"

She was thinking aloud—and indiscreetly, as Mrs. Harper's expression told her. For the woman had shut up like an oyster, and was clearly repenting already of her burst of confidence.

Still, Rose came downstairs again after dressing knowing that she would see Charles with very different eyes. It was somehow devastating to learn that he had already gone out. He had hung on an old coat and stalked off across the park without breakfast and without a word to anyone.

Flix anxiously asked after the injured hand, drew out a chair for Rose at the breakfast-table and insisted on cutting up her food. She received no such sympathetic attentions from Laura and Jack Dowling, whose only topic of conversation was the Cairn puppy. The little creature looked sick and fretted and Laura had him on her knee at the table, coaxing him vainly with titbits.

J.F. suggested getting out the car and running her to the vet's. The girl sprang up from the table at once, ran to find a blanket for the puppy, while J.F. went round to the garage.

Flix was obviously longing to go with them into Whinsbury, but didn't suggest it from reluctance to leave her guest. Rose solved this in her own way by declaring it was just the opportunity she wanted to go out and explore the countryside.

"The first chance—and the last," she was thinking to herself.

Flix ran upstairs for her jacket and helped to coax the cocoon of bandages through the sleeve.

"You really need a lady's maid, Rose! How would I do for the post? I'd adore to bring out your lovely, lovely hair, and I can darn beautifully and speak a little French—we had a French governess once upon a time, and though she cried with homesickness and loathed Mrs. Harper's cooking and

had no idea of keeping us in order, she did give us a real Parisian accent! You see, I have all the qualifications!"

"It's one way of seeing the world," agreed Rose, amused.

Laura had come back into the room. She turned round on them.

"But Flix doesn't want to see the world. She'd be quite willing to spend the rest of her life in this . . . this . . ." Words failed her. "This one-eyed place where nothing ever happens. Her world would fit into a medicine glass."

Flix's lips trembled.

"It's true I do love Clancy, and I don't ever want to leave it. And the most exciting things happen here—at least, they do when you are with us, Rose. Things like visiting the hospital and going to the square-dancing party."

But they are not Laura's kind of things, are they? And she doesn't like keeping house, either. If Daddy had let her, she would have taken a secretarial course when Mademoiselle Mayeux left us, and then tried for one of those wonderful posts in London or abroad . . . She did beg so hard."

Laura, standing with her puppy pathetically wrapped up in a piece of old blanket, gave her young sister a look of cold fury. But Flix guilelessly went on: "Daddy wouldn't hear of it. He said her place was at home, running the house. Then J.F. came, and that was awfully lucky for Laura, because he promised to teach her shorthand and things."

A mortifying flush covered Laura's cheeks, and there was no mistaking her relief when the honking of the car horn put an abrupt end to Flix's embarrassing revelations.

Lessons in shorthand, thought Rose. Or lessons in love? A little fatality, the thrill of secrecy, a flirtation to relieve the boredom of life at Clancy . . .

Was this the way it had gone? Until Laura made things awkward by falling seriously, passionately in love and building upon the future.

Yet it was possible that she misjudged him; that he truly loved Laura.

Rose turned over all these conflicting thoughts in her mind as she let the car pass her in the drive and went on at a brisk step, taking the Whinsbury road at the lodge gates until she came to the telephone box at the cross-roads.

One uncertainty could be settled straight away. She put through a call to London. It was a few moments before she got through to the hotel and heard the pleasant voice of Nancy Travis at the reception desk.

"Mrs. Winters! How very nice to hear you! I hope you are not worrying about us, though; Miss Frazer is coping splendidly."

"I'm sure she is."

"There's very little to report, really: I have some news of my own, but it will keep until you're back here."

"That will be quite soon," said Rose.

"Expect me tomorrow night. It may be latish; I'm not certain about the trains."

A moment of silence. The girl said in a puzzled voice: "But your holiday is only half over. I'm afraid you are worrying about things, Mrs. Winters, and I do assure you there's no need. You'll be surprised how beautifully we have got along."

That wasn't what Rose wanted to hear. She put down the receiver. She waited with a sudden, desperate urgency to be back in London; to be needed, to be indispensable, to have no room in her life for even a thought of Clancy.

She came out of the phone box and turned off by a little lane and a field, while to climb a tuff, steep hillside to the cairn of white stones at the summit.

It was a difficult climb, with boggy patches over which the plummy cotton

grass waved, then a scree of rough loose flints to be surmounted, and jutting rocks, clothed in the tender spring-green of the new heather. Rose's bandaged hand impeded her very much, but it was worth the supreme effort to reach the cairn at the top and sit on the ground with her back against the white stones, getting her breath and surveying the valley laid out beneath her.

The indigo clouds massing overhead threw their shadow over sloping fields sown with oats or mowing grass, and higher, hummocky stretches cropped smooth by the sheep, still in their bedraggled winter fleeces and some with young lambs.

She saw a bleak little farm—house and barn under one ancient roof—folded between the hills, with tollsomenly cleared and ploughed fields round it. And down in the valley she sought out and discovered, with a little leap of the heart, Clancy Manor half hidden in sycamores and elms; then the grove, village scrambling round the mill buildings. She sat very still, her heart drawn to this alien land.

Tomorrow, thought Rose, I shall leave this forever.

Then, with a sharp intake of breath, she leaned forward, staring fixedly at a figure which had just appeared, silhouetted against the stormy sky on a jutting ledge of rock some yards beneath her.

It was Charles, and he himself might have been hewn out of the rock, he stood so craggy and dark and still, larger than life.

He was looking down the valley—but not as the lord of it all, for the stoop of his shoulders, the way he held his head, suggested despair, the weight of some intolerable burden.

He moved at last, turning his back upon the valley and taking a grip on a higher ledge of rock in order to mount to the summit. As Rose saw him climbing towards her she braced herself. Why had he followed her here? Then she saw that he was not even aware of her presence; he was climbing simply in order to reach the cairn, as she herself had done. He was within a couple of yards of her when Rose scrambled to her feet, sending a shower of small stones leaping down.

"What a strange place to meet!" she called out. "Or did I . . . did I happen to choose your favorite spot?"

"Rose!" He strode the last few yards towards her. He was roused to find anyone there. "You managed this climb—with your bandaged hand?"

"It isn't much of a climb after the Cumberland mountains! I've been curious all week to see the valley from this cairn. It stands out for miles, doesn't it?"

"But your hand?"  
"I admit it's paining me a little now, and it's been a nuisance during the climb—but it's nothing to worry about, nothing really serious."

Charles gave a hollow sort of laugh. "Serious enough to keep me awake last night and to drive me out without breakfast this morning! . . . I feel I was very much to blame for the accident. I startled you. It needn't have happened. I regret it deeply. That"—he made a sharp movement—"and other things."

His face was so ravaged, so dark. His altered looks and the despair in his voice sent a savage pain through Rose's heart. Yet wasn't that why she had come to Clancy? To remind him of those "other things," which until now, it seemed, had not troubled his conscience at all?

He leaned his back against a rock and looked down past Rose into the valley.

"I've been thinking of this short visit

of yours—and of all the time that went before; wondering what you have been doing with yourself since you lost Denis, how you're placed, what the business is that you've mentioned in London. I should hate to think your circumstances were in any way . . . precarious." Dark red suffused his face. "I shan't blame you for thinking all this impertinence, Rose, but . . . I must know."

Rose drew herself together with a long, quivering breath and gripped one hand with the other, so that he should not see how they were shaking.

She had done what she had come to Clancy to do: dragged open his conscience like an old wound. He had not been able to sleep for thinking of her; he had been driven out here on to the hills. It was her triumph—but it was also the most humiliating moment of her life.

She forced herself to laugh. "Impertinence? No. Just . . . a little late in the day to be worrying about me. You see, I've made the sort of life I want. I'm on top of the world."

Charles made no answer for a moment, then said heavily: "In the night I was thinking about this visit and the sort of impression Clancy must have made on you. After London, I suppose, it seems a pretty dead sort of place: Plain country people, so little entertainment, and the mill astride all our lives, just as it sits astride the beck . . . And the house, a great rambling place, after all needing a lot of money spending on it, at a time when I can't see my way to afford even an extra gardener!" His hands closed up tightly.

He finished in a rough tone, looking away from her. "I suppose it would seem to you a piece of folly to throw up London—your friends, your business—to make your home at Clancy?"

Rose said in a low-pitched, bitter voice: "You've thought of all the disadvantages, haven't you? . . . But you were wrong about that from the start, you know. Charles: there was never the least fear that I should want to make my home at Clancy."

"No, of course not," said Charles. "But Flix and Laura have to go on living here," said Rose. "Don't you think it would be an idea to think out the disadvantages from their point of view? Some of them have nothing whatever to do with 'affording'."

CHARLES stiffened, but Rose went on, gathering courage: "There's one thing I've got to say: Why are you so set against Laura having a career?"

Charles said angrily, "Every girl gets these whims. Is it so unreasonable to expect my elder daughter to run the house for me?"

"Look," said Rose, her own anger mounting, "there are home-making girls, but Laura isn't one of them. Or, at least, she's the kind who must try her wings before she can settle down . . . If you'd met her half-way, let her take a little training, given her your own secretarial work . . . But no, you won't hear of it! You bring a secretary to the house, making him one of the family, rely on him more and more . . ."

She broke off, suddenly afraid. Charles raised his hands and gripped her shoulders so savagely that she could have cried out with the pain. He said in a tormented voice, "Be quiet, Rose! Do you hear? You're talking about something you don't understand. It's the one thing on which I won't have any interference from you—or Manson, or anyone else."

They stood facing each other like enemies. And the thought came to Rose: Last night my head was on his

shoulder. He carried me in his arms

. . . And it seemed to her that the same thought came to Charles also; for with a sort of groan he dropped his hands, turned away, and went stumbling over the sheep-track that wound over the shoulder of the hill and out of sight.

That encounter on the hilltop had left Rose trembling, emotionally keyed up, yet physically so exhausted that she felt her legs would give under her. She crouched down against the cairn of stones, nursing her bandaged hand, which had begun to smart and throb again.

And her pride smarted and throbbed, too; for Charles had gone striding off in anger without offering her any help in the steep descent, or, indeed, without troubling himself whether she was ever to get back at all!

A splash of rain made her start to her feet and look urgently for shelter. She made for the farm she had noticed during her climb—the only shelter for several miles, and reached the shelter of the little stone porch just as the clouds opened and hailstones came rattling down like a shower of arrows. She had actually raised her hand to rap urgently on the door when she suddenly saw Dr. Manson's old blue car with its canvas hood drawn up round the side of the farmhouse. In the same moment the door opened; the buxom, brown-faced farmer's wife exclaimed at the sight of her huddling there from the rain—and over the woman's shoulder she could see into a kitchen with flagged floor, potted geraniums on the window-ledge, and a cheerful fire winking upon an old-fashioned steel fender, on either side of which a handsome tabby cat and Andrew Manson were warming themselves.

Startled though she was to see him, Rose felt an immense relief, a lightening of the heart at his presence in this wild place.

She stammered out, using almost the same words as she had done to Charles half an hour ago: "Fancy meeting you here!"

Andrew said: "Not so surprising—there's no other house between here and Clancy; and if you were overtaken by the shower, it's the place you'd be bound to make for!"

"You're on a professional visit?" said Rose.

Humour glinted in her eyes; for she had caught him warming his back at the fire, and with a cup of tea and a huge slice of apple patty in his hand.

"This is the last call on my list. It's lucky I'm still here, for it means I can run you home. This heavy shower is just a warning: there's a real storm to come."

The farmer's wife said: "You'll not think of going without a cup of tea, ma'am?" She began fussing with the little brown teapot.

"You'll be Mr. Grantley's young lady, I shouldn't youder?" she went on, handing Rose a cup of tea. "We don't often see a stranger, and when I was down in Clancy doing my week-end shopping, Miss Liptrot at the post-office told me about you coming to make your home at the Manor."

Rose didn't know where to hide her burning face. She took a gulp of tea, before she could bring out incisively: "Then I'm afraid it will be a blow to Miss Liptrot to hear that I am going back to London tomorrow!"

A tapping on the ceiling sent the farmer's wife hurrying upstairs to her husband.

Andrew waited until she was out of hearing, and then said in a constrained voice: "I'm sorry to hear that. Not just on account of your hand, though I'd hoped to keep my eye on it for a few days, but because I feel you are just

exactly the right person to take Laura and Flix in hand. And most of all, for Charles' sake."

"For Charles' sake!" Rose hung at him. "Does the world have to revolve round Charles Grantley? That's what everyone here seems to think. Believe me, nothing would induce me to stay on at Clancy Manor. A week under the same roof has been more than enough!"

Andrew asked bluntly: "Does Charles know you're leaving tomorrow?"

"No, but he'll be enormously relieved when I do break the news!"

"I doubt it," Andrew's voice had become deeply earnest. "You don't know how very urgently Charles needs the things you could give him: love, comradeship, humor, a sense of proportion. He's facing up to a bad crisis and your coming just at this time is like an answer to prayer, if I may say so without irreverence."

Rose set down the tea-cup with a clatter. She was very pale. She said in a faint voice: "You don't understand. Charles once did me a very great wrong. I came here hating him. And if he were the last man on earth..."

Her words were interrupted by a terrifying crack of thunder immediately overhead. And the rain came teeming down. She could not keep back a cry.

"Charles— Charles is out there—in the storm."

Andrew made a sharp exclamation. "You saw him?"

"Yes, I was resting near the cairn. He took me by surprise. And we... quarrelled as usual. The words were dragged from her."

"He'd been out walking?"

Rose nodded. "He slept badly and left the house before I came down to breakfast. Before he got to the cairn he stood for some time on a ledge of rock looking down into the valley. Almost like someone taking farewell." She gave a quick look at Andrew's face.

"Dr. Manson, could it quite literally be that: a sort of farewell? I know that there are business troubles, and that he's hoping to get hold of some ready capital by selling the dye-works. Are things at the mill much worse than one has guessed? Is Charles facing bankruptcy? I know he has some terrible thing on his mind."

Andrew paced to and fro, then wheeled abruptly. "Unless Charles decides to tell you himself..."

He broke off, turning round swiftly. The door was open, the wind and the rain were beating in, and Charles stood on the threshold, bare-headed, in an old coat sodden with rain.

"Andrew? Are you there?"

Andrew strode towards him. "My dear fellow..."

"I spotted your old bus outside," jerked Charles. "Got caught in this infernal storm and I'm soaked to the skin. I'll be grateful if you'll run me home."

"Someone else had to dive for shelter, too," said Andrew.

Half-way to the fireplace, Charles halted dead.

"I'm wishing I'd taken Flix's warning seriously," said Rose, her heart thumping with a strange dread. "But I was luckier than you. I got here before the real downpour began."

Charles said ominously: "Perhaps you were making for the farm, in any case? Perhaps you knew Manson would pick you up here? You took the chance to discuss me."

Rose faltered: "We were speaking of you, it's true. I told Dr. Manson that I saw you standing out on the ledge of rock, that we'd exchanged a few words at the cairn, and..."

"And that my manner was strange, that I spoke wildly," gibed Charles savagely. "Whereupon Manson explained to you that under like cir-

cumstances it is not surprising if a man finds everything slipping—reason, self-control. He gave you the whole sorry picture, I've no doubt."

Andrew took an angry step forward.

"Look here, Charles, you know perfectly well that I have not betrayed your confidence. You are seeing this thing out of proportion. Under like circumstances, if I may say so, other men have not refused help and sympathy, insisted on all this secrecy, or—he glanced briefly towards Rose—"cheated themselves of an inestimable happiness. And if you take my advice, both professionally and as a friend..."

Down the steep stair that led straight into the kitchen, Mrs. Eastwood came bustling.

"Here I am, in and out like a dog at a fair. That man of mine will have the ceiling down, if he knocks much offener!— Bless be, it's Mr. Grantley, and well nigh drowned! Come to the fire, Mr. Grantley, sir, and whip off that wet coat. I'll have a fresh brew of tea made in no time at all."

Under her fluster she was conscious of a moment of drama and it gave her a feeling of importance, for such moments were rare in a hard, workaday life up in the hills.

But the fresh brew of tea was never made, for without a word Charles turned his back on the three of them and went off into the storm with long, angry strides.

While Mrs. Eastwood was at the door, looking after him and wringing her hands in very real disappointment and concern, Rose said to Andrew in a low voice: "Something is wrong, terribly wrong. And no one will tell me!... Why should Charles imagine we discuss him behind his back? What is there that can be driving him to such despair? Dr. Manson, I beg you tell me."

"I'm taking you home," said Andrew.

And that was all Rose could get out of him.

**D**INNER was half over at Clancy Manor before Charles appeared and in stubborn silence took his place at the head of the table in the great carved chair. He made only a pretence of eating, and it was with obvious relief that he got up from the table at last, telling Laura he would like his coffee served in the study.

He had fumblingly taken a cigarette from his case, and Jack Dowling sprang forward, with the zeal that always seemed to Rose both excessive and insincere, to light it for him.

And at long last Charles turned to Rose. It was the first time he had looked at her or addressed her directly since returning to the house.

"I'm afraid Dowling and I will be hard at work all afternoon going through some papers. There are various matters to be checked over and passed through the books, as the accountants will be coming in quite soon to make their audit."

He turned and in his abrupt way strode across the hall and followed his secretary into the study.

An uneasy quiet fell upon the house. The storm was over, but the air was pallid and sullen from that savage assault, and in the walled garden at the side of the house all the spring flowers lay broken.

Rose took a book up to her room and lay on her bed, but it was impossible to read—the lines ran together and eventually she gave it up.

She must have dozed off, for suddenly she started wide awake, trembling. Her whole being was possessed by an overwhelming sense of the presence of evil.

She scrambled off the high bed and passed a hand shakily over her disordered hair. The house was absolutely still.

She moved restlessly about her room, fussing with the silver things on the dressing-table, adjusting the mirror, smoothing the bedspread on the four-poster. The door of the wardrobe was ajar; she went to shut it—and, instead, stood rooted there, peering into the dim interior.

In actual fact the wardrobe was a small room, a "closet" where a serving maid might once have slept, close to her mistress' room. At this hour of day the sun's rays briefly penetrated there, revealing what Rose had not noticed before—a door papered in a sprigged pattern to match the walls of the closet. With a little stir of excitement, Rose stepped into the wardrobe, stooping to do so, and tried this mysterious little door.

It led to a short passage on either side of which stood old linen presses, now disused; and at the end Rose came unexpectedly upon a twisting staircase, narrow and dark, down which her feet tumbled.

It was quite dark at the foot of the little stair. Rose groped out and her hands encountered smooth panelling and then a projection, a knob or catch which she tried vainly to turn. She was on the point of giving it up and groping her way back when the panel slid open. She could hardly hold back a cry; for the wall-panel formed part of a set of bookshelves—Charles' bookshelves; and there sat Charles himself, busy with some papers on a littered writing-table. She was looking down into his study from a narrow opening in the wall, two feet or so above the level of the floor.

Charles' back was towards her. He was signing a sheet of papers, mechanically, one by one, pushing each aside as it received his signature. The secretary stood beside him, his thin body curved into an attitude of cringing deference which the expression on his face contradicted so startlingly.

It flashed upon Rose that the intruder who had once searched her room was Jack Dowling. She had seen him enter the study that evening and leave it again later; but, in the interval, while she imagined him occupied in the study, he had been visiting the four-poster room by the secret stair with which he was, of course, familiar—as were Flix and Laura. Flix had spoken of a "secret panel" when she first showed Rose the study.

All this passed through Rose's mind in an instant, as she stood petrified in the wall-cavity, uncertain whether to retreat or make her presence known.

The secretary was just in the act of handing Charles a foolscap sheet of paper covered with rows of figures.

"The expense of our London trip. I presumed you would want it to come out of the firm, sir?"

Charles drew the paper towards him and placed his pen upon it to initial the account.

And Rose, from her vantage point behind him in the wall, cried out in a dismayed voice: "Charles!... You've got the paper upside down!"

In the same instant the secretary had reached forward across the table to turn the sheet around. When Rose called out, he slid it in one dexterous movement into the pile of papers. His face wore an expression of such guilt and terror, before the mask dropped over it again, that she knew beyond any shadow of doubt how true her suspicions had been. This man was robbing Charles.

She wondered in a flash of contempt and loathing how long he had been manipulating the confidential accounts; how many such faked expense sheets had received Charles' signature: ex-

pense sheets which Charles had not even troubled to verify!

Charles had thrust back his chair. He turned to face Rose and demanded in a shaking voice: "Is there no place in my own house where I am free from interference?"

Rose stabbed hotly: "If you call it interference to try to save you from . . . from your own folly."

Then her throat grew dry. The secretary stood beside the writing-table, quite motionless. He was watching her with catlike fixity, his face a mask, betraying nothing, confessing nothing, now that the moment of panic was over. There was even the trace of a smile drawing back the thin, bloodless lips. And the smile told Rose that if she demanded to hunt through the sheaf of papers, she would not find the one she sought. By some sleight of hand he had already removed it, and the instant she took her eyes off him, he would find the chance to destroy it.

She could say nothing, do nothing, prove nothing—and he knew it. Just as long as Charles persisted in trusting him, he was safe.

Then she remembered what had been said yesterday about the accounts coming to the mill office to make their audit. In readiness for the transfer of the dyeworks property. She hoped, hoped passionately, that they would discover the betrayal that she herself was powerless to prove. But Jack Dowling, too, had been warned at the accountants' visit. Would he have time to cover up the deficiencies?

"Do you hear me, Rose?" Charles' voice was hoarse, the voice of a man at the very end of his tether. "I was prepared to make you welcome as my guest. But this . . . this interference in my private affairs is beyond enduring."

Not a muscle of Jack Dowling's face seemed to move, yet she could have sworn that the mocking smile deepened.

When she found her voice, it was to say stiffly: "I shall be leaving for London by the morning train."

It was late on Monday evening when Rose paid off her taxi in front of Simpson's Hotel. She pushed open the swing-doors with a little thrill of pride and possession and stepped into a timeless, tideless world. It might have been any season of the year, any hour of day or night, in this lounge with its soft, concealed lighting, its deep armchairs, its carpet patterned in green and amethyst.

She noticed that the big copper bowls of flowers in the lounge and on the mahogany reception desk had been beautifully arranged. The thought crossed her mind that Monday was the most difficult day for flowers: Nancy Travis had managed very cleverly!

Yet, perversely, she found herself wishing that the place had ever so slightly a neglected air, just for the sake of her own self-esteem. There was a curious little ache at her heart.

Henshaw, who took over the reception desk from Nancy Travis at eight o'clock, was sitting on his high stool presiding over the pigeonholes and rows of room-keys. He was copying out some details from the register in neat handwriting. Everything about him was neat and precise—clothes, voice, manner.

In the couple of moments it took Rose to cross from the swing-doors to the desk he finished the entry he was making on a sheet ruled neatly into columns, and looked up, keeping his finger at the place; then, seeing Rose, he dropped his pen and his face lit up with such sincere pleasure that she could have fallen on his neck.

"Mrs. Winters!" He hurried round to take the pigskin case from her.

"You've no idea," said Rose with a

ridiculous wobble in her voice, "how nice it is to be back!"

Consternation mingled with his pleasure.

"Nothing went wrong, I hope?"

"No, nothing went wrong. Except that I've had enough of the country to last me the rest of my life!"

She spoke so vehemently that he looked startled. Then his glance fell on her bandaged hand.

"You've had an accident? How unfortunate!"

"Not serious—just a nuisance! It was quite prosaic, too. I was cutting up sandwiches and the knife slipped. But tell me how things have been here."

They plunged into technicalities. Everything, Rose soon convinced herself, had gone like clockwork in her absence.

Her spirits drooped again. Had she actually deluded herself that she was indispensable to Simpson's? She suddenly realised how tired she was; the fatigue of the long journey lay like a leaden weight between her shoulder-blades, her injured hand pained her, and when Henshaw, noticing her sudden pallor, asked anxiously how long it was since she had eaten, she couldn't remember.

He rang down the lift for her. His look was respectful and concerned.

"I'll have a tray sent up immediately. Soup, perhaps? Then an omelet—and coffee?"

"It sounds heavenly. Say in a quarter of an hour? I need a hot bath even more than food!"

A HOT bath, Rose found, was more an ordeal than a pleasure when you had to be so careful to keep a surgical dressing dry. But at last she was seated in her favorite easy-chair before the gas-fire in her sitting-room, wearing her quilted housecoat and most comfortable slippers, and revelling in her own possessions.

The waiter, napkin over arm, had placed beside her a tray with covered dishes—creamed chicken soup, omelet, coffee—and it all melted heavenly.

It was a moment that purred with contentment; a moment when Clancy receded and became just a bad dream for exactly five minutes! Then she caught herself, glancing at the clock on the mantelpiece and wondering if Felix was fast asleep and dreaming of her hero; and if Laura was sitting up once again with the sick puppy; and Charles . . . Charles would be in the study, the table would be littered with papers, J.P. would be hovering beside him, smooth, watchful, false.

And at this thought all her sweet contentment flew out at the window! How many times today she had lived again through that moment when she found the secret stair and blundered upon Charles in his study, signing a paper that was upside down!

This morning, on their way to Whinsbury station, she had felt certain that he had something to say to her; something that had been weighing upon his mind during the days of her visit; something about Denis.

She had noticed, too, that the secretary was careful not to leave them for one moment alone together, either at the house before they set out or at the station later on.

Only at the very last instant, when the train was pounding and clanking to a stop, Rose found herself and Charles cut off from the others by some people wheeling bicycles and a porter with his barrow.

Charles said in a low, strained voice: "Rose, I was shockingly rude to you

yesterday. I wish you knew how I regret that you should leave us in this way."

She said with a pretence of lightness: "How else should I leave? Yesterday really made no difference."

"That isn't true. I've driven you away. Ever since you came to Clancy there has been something I've wanted to tell you, if the right mood the right moment, had come along."

Rose felt her heart tighten. This was her chance to fulfil the purpose that had brought her to Clancy. "I came here because I hated you; because you let Denis die." But when she looked into Charles' face she knew it never could be said. She turned her head. "If what you had to say to me was about the past, it's over and done with. You needn't worry, Charles; I shan't come troubling you again!"

She took her seat in the train, the whistle blew. Felix ran alongside waving and crying out that they hadn't her London address.

"You must write first. And soon!"

The train went round a curve and Felix was out of sight.

"I must forget Clancy," she told herself. But as she sat, rapt in the quiet of her room high above a London street, she had only to close her eyes and once again she was being carried in Charles' arms through the owl-light of a country lane.

On Friday the doctor took the stitches out of Rose's hand. It was something she had dreaded and she was glad that it was over.

The idea that everything had gone too, too beautifully during her absence was, as she was both concerned and comforted to discover, an illusion! There was trouble with the laundry and a deplorable staff crisis in the kitchen. But worst of all was the news that Nancy Travis, the receptionist, wanted to leave almost at once in order to get married.

"Must I think of training someone else for this job," sighed Rose, "just when you have got into the way of things so beautifully?"

"I'm sorry to let you down, Mrs. Winters," said Nancy, looking miserable, "but I'm sure you'll soon find someone else."

"You couldn't possibly reconsider it? Just till we're through with the Whinsbury visitors?"

Nancy shook her head decidedly. "We have the offer of a flat—that's what made us decide in a hurry."

Rose sighed. She turned her attention back to the work they were doing. "About this family from Gloucester who have written to book a double and a single room. The only double room left on the first floor is No. 53, it seems—and No. 51, next door to it, is a single. How soon will it be free?"

"I wish I knew," said Nancy. "No. 51 has got me worried! Ringing down every hour or so on the house phone to ask if there's a caller or a message. And there never is!"

"No. 51," said Rose absently. She began to run a finger down a page of the hotel register.

"The room was engaged for her by telephone—a long-distance call—on Thursday. I didn't see her arrive. Mr. Henshaw was at the desk. And as a matter of fact I still haven't seen her—she hasn't handed in her key or been out of the place once. She has trays sent up to the room, but the waiter tells me they come down untouched. And the phone . . . Honestly, Mrs. Winters, this Miss Smith has been driving us crazy!"

Rose's finger had stopped moving down the page. She slowly read aloud: "Miss Laura Smith, Leeds," Thursday's date. The line had been entered in a young, sprawling, agitated hand.

"Here since Thursday night," Rose said thoughtfully. "You say there has been no message of any kind for her? And she's still locked in her room on Saturday afternoon . . . I think I'll go up to No. 51, Nancy. We can't have Miss Laura Smith starving to death!"

A few moments later she was tapping on a white door at the end of a softly lighted corridor, down which the river of green and amethyst carpet flowed so luxuriously.

"May I come in? This is the manageress."

A silence. She tapped again. She heard feet laggingly cross the floor, and after another delay the door was unlocked. She stood face to face with Laura. And a Laura so changed, so ravaged with fear and suspense, that she had to exclaim in sharp distress and pity: "Oh, Laura, my dear! If only I'd known!"

Laura said stupidly: "You here?"

"You didn't know?" exclaimed Rose in unbelief.

But the girl's dismay was genuine. Rose was the last person she expected or wanted to see at this moment. And yet, thought Rose, the coincidence was too fantastic. Out of all the hotels in London to pick upon this one! She had been so determined not to keep up any link with Clancy that she had left them no address and was certain she had not mentioned the hotel by name.

But someone had known! The someone who phoned on long-distance to make a booking under the name of "Laura Smith," the someone who had once searched the four-poster room at Clancy Manor and discovered from the contents of Rose's handbag her connection with Simpson's Hotel.

Laura was gathering herself together, making a supreme effort to hide her panic.

"The receptionist tells me you've been expecting a message?" Rose prompted, watching the girl narrowly.

Laura snatched at that. "Yes, I . . . I'm going to visit friends in London."

"And there's been some misunderstanding? Shall we phone them?" Rose moved towards the bedside telephone.

Her face white, Laura blurted out: "I can't give you the number. They . . . they are friends of Jack's . . . of Mr. Dowling's. I was to wait till I . . . till I heard from him."

Rose could hardly suppress a start, but she said in a matter-of-fact voice: "I must say that seems rather a silly arrangement! He must have forgotten. We'll put a call through to Clancy Manor."

"No!" In one sharp movement Laura had leapt between Rose and the telephone. There she stood at bay defiantly, and then suddenly seemed to sway and crumple up, letting herself drop on to the edge of the bed, her face in her hands. She said in a muffled voice, through her fingers: "I suppose you'll have to know. I've run away from home."

On Tuesday, it seemed, in spite of all she could do, the Cairn puppy had died. She had loved the little creature passionately, and in the reaction life just wasn't worth living. And on top of that Charles was in the blackest of black moods. Flax—always ready to make excuses for him—thought there was trouble at the mill.

"But Jack felt sure it was something you said to him before you went away. He said all along that you had come to Clancy intending to make trouble."

She had at least the grace to avert her eyes as she said this, and then finished in a rush: "And suddenly I knew that I just couldn't endure to be at Clancy a day longer. We had often planned . . ." She broke off, biting her lip. Already she had revealed far more than she had intended.

"What had you planned?" demanded

Rose relentlessly. "To run away together? But, in that case . . ."

"Jack thought it would be better for us to travel separately. He booked a room for me by phone. When he arrived we were going to Highgate until . . . until we could be married."

Laura sat on the very edge of the bed, head bowed, her pride defeated by hunger and suspense, and answered Rose's questions mechanically.

"He has friends in Highgate?"

"Friends, relatives—I'm not sure. He worked here in London before he came to Daddy."

"Your father knows his people? A private secretary is the sort of person one engages on personal recommendation."

A pause. Laura said fumblingly: "I believe he was recommended to Daddy by a business acquaintance he sometimes met when he had to come up to London."

"A relative of Jack's?"

"His uncle," Laura lifted a haggard face. "The job in London had no prospects. His uncle wanted him to . . . to widen his experience, to better himself. He was to come to Clancy for six months; but he stayed on."

**A**N odd little smile played over Rose's lips. She murmured: "I see. He needed to widen his experience—and the farther from London, the better. I always felt that he hadn't buckled himself in the country from choice!" Then her voice went hard. "But even in the country he couldn't go straight."

Rose had seen him as a man walking on the edge of a precipice, and now she realised that had been doubly so; on the one hand, things might "blow up" at the mill any day, now that the accountants were coming in to audit the books; and on the other hand Laura, fearless in the belief that he truly loved her, had been urging an elopement.

Laura said in a trembling voice: "Where is Jack? What can have happened to him? I . . . I can't eat or sleep for wondering if his message has gone astray, or if . . . if things at the mill . . ." She dare not finish it.

Rose was furiously wondering, too! Jack Dowling would never have booked a room for Laura at Simpson's if he had meant to join her in London; he obviously intended to rid himself of her by sending her to Rose. And if he was expecting Rose to send her back to Clancy, then he must intend to be far enough away himself when she returned. It was an enigma she couldn't solve until she had spoken to Charles.

At that thought her heart hammered and her limbs felt weak. To hear his voice again! And even though it was harsh with anger, with the fearful suspense he had lived through this week.

Laura's eyes were fixed on her. She said jerkily: "I can never go back to Clancy. Never!" Her voice rose hysterically. "You must promise not to telephone my father, or I . . . I shall throw myself out of the window."

Rose said sharply: "You have wanted to be free—haven't it time you grew up? You make me so cross! Someone in Clancy will have to be told, of course; but you can't be forced to go back there against your will."

"Promise you won't ring my father!"

The girl's pallor and agitation were so alarming that Rose hesitantly gave her promise.

"Very well. We can talk it all over presently. I'm going to take you up to my room and give you a cup of tea; then, while you have a sleep, I'll see about a man."

On the threshold of Rose's sitting-room Laura paused, her glance travelling slowly over its contents—the rose-colored carpet, the elegant walnut furniture, the bookshelves.

"This is your own room?"

"Yes, and the bedroom and bath open off it. Up here I can really fancy myself queen of the castle. Downstairs, of course, I'm merely a servant of the public!"

Laura said with a shamed, struggling smile. "And so think how Flax pined you for having to live in an hotel!"

Rose moved deftly and quietly round, plugging in the electric gadget, as she did on wakeful nights, for a cup of tea and hot buttered toast. The girl ate and drank ravenously and then allowed herself to be tucked up under Rose's eiderdown. Her eyes reached out in dark entreaty—and Rose understood.

"If any message comes, you shall have it at once."

The girl was almost instantly asleep. Rose went downstairs; she had a word with Nancy Travis, then shut herself into her tiny neat office. She had promised not to phone Charles; but someone had to know that Laura was here with her, and safe.

After some thought she dialled the exchange and asked them to find Dr. Andrew Manson's number for her. As she waited, she was thinking—hoping—that Andrew would still be out on his afternoon ralls and only Mrs. Manson would be at home.

It was indeed old Mrs. Manson's voice which came to her at long last over the wires. A brisk, pleasant, dependable voice it sounded, too, and in her rush of thankfulness Rose realised for the first time just what a relief it was to share her responsibility with somebody older.

"Mrs. Manson," she said rapidly, "three minutes doesn't give me time for much explanation. Laura is here, at Simpson's Hotel in London, where I live. As a matter of fact, I am the manageress of the hotel, and I can assure you Laura is being well looked after. Can you get word to Charles?"

Mrs. Manson made an exclamation.

"Indeed we can. So that's what she's done with herself! Well, of course, she's a naughty, impulsive girl and she needs a good scolding, causing all this upset at the Manor. But one good thing has come out of it: we have found you! I just couldn't believe it when Andrew told me last Monday that you had gone back to London, without even leaving us your address—or calling in to say good-bye! . . . Here's Andrew himself; he has just this minute come home."

There was a murmur of talk, then Andrew was speaking.

"Hello! This is wonderful news. I'll nip up to the Manor right away and tell Charles. I may say I wouldn't care to live through this week again! First, off you go. Then the girls break their hearts over the puppy. Then Laura disappears. Young Dowling offers to go in quest of her and . . ."

"And doesn't come back?" Rose suggested. "And I imagine for business reasons it's very important that he should come back?"

"I could put it more plainly," said Andrew, his voice hard. "The police think he can help them in certain enquiries they are making."

"Oh!" exclaimed Rose, winingly. And then: "If he has a passport, it might be an idea to start looking for him at the other side of the Channel. He may be taking . . . a little holiday. One thing is quite definite: he hasn't turned up here, though Laura has been waiting hour by hour for a message. I dread to think how she will take it when she learns the truth."

"Right at this moment," said Andrew savagely, "I couldn't care less what

happens to Laura. My headache is what is happening to Charles."

Rose said in a low voice that only just carried over the wires: "Has he taken it very badly?"

There was such a long pause that she thought they had been cut off. Then Andrew said in a queer, dry voice: "I think I must warn you. Before he left, J.P. dropped a pretty plain hint that you had something to do with Laura's disappearance. That you had come to Clancy with the idea of getting your own back for some . . . some fancied wrong. That you had, in fact, persuaded Laura to run away from home."

Rose let the receiver fall with a clatter. She dropped her head on her hands again with a little cry of anguish.

That J.P. could have come so near the truth about her visit to Clancy . . . that he could then so cruelly have distorted the truth and hidden his own guilt by letting Charles believe this thing!

The bitter irony of it writhed her. If she had wanted to break Charles' heart, she could have found no better means than by enticing Laura away from home. But instead . . . instead, it was her own heart that was breaking!

Rose tipped very softly into her room, but Laura was already awake. She was lying with her arms behind her head staring at the ceiling.

The sleep had done her good; her color was more normal and she no longer twitched with nervous strain, but her eyes were tragic. As Rose came in, she half sat up and searched her face with painful eagerness.

"No message yet?"

Rose sat down on the edge of the bed.

"Laura, dear . . ."

Laura made a sharp, brushing-off movement.

"I know. Nothing could have kept Jack away from me, if he'd wanted to come. And if something delayed him—that horrid business with the accountants poking into everything down at the mill—he could have phoned, wired, written." She made a shabby attempt at a laugh. "I needn't have waited so long to know that . . . that I've had it!"

"Laura!" Rose said again.

Compassion smothered all other feelings. She put out a hand and gently touched the girl's arm. And at that touch Laura bent her head down upon her knees and her tears flowed silently.

Presently she lifted a tear-ravaged face and demanded: "What am I to do?"

"That's something your father will have to decide."

Laura turned on her, bitterly accusing. "You promised me you wouldn't ring him."

"And I kept my word! But someone had to be told. Have you given a single thought to the anxiety they must have been through? I telephoned to Mrs. Manson, and Andrew promised to let Charles know that you were safely here with me. And . . . well, that's all!"

"But I can never go back to Clancy. Never, never! You know that, don't you?"

There was a moment's pause. Rose said slowly: "I think it would be a great pity if nothing came of all this, if things just went on as before."

Laura drew a faltering breath. "If I could believe that you are really my friend!"

"It's what I've always wanted to be. But you didn't give me much chance, did you?"

"I couldn't believe you had come to Clancy as a friend."

Rose winced at that and stood up quickly.

"We can talk of those things later."

The urgent question now is dinner! As Laura opened her mouth to protest she added firmly: "I know you are ravenous; and you needn't worry about people seeing you, either, because we shall be tucked away at my special table in a corner of the restaurant, where we can see everything without being seen. Saturday is a night when a lot of people dine out and the place soon fills up; and besides, I always take dinner early, so that I can relieve Nancy Travis at the reception desk for an hour until the night clerk takes over. Saturday is Nancy's evening off."

Laura stared at her own blotched face and disordered hair in the dressing-table mirror.

"Must we go into the restaurant?"

"We must," said Rose. She gave the girl a straight look. "From now on, morale is going to be high . . . Bathing the eyes with cold water will do wonders for you. And the lighting in our restaurant is very discreet."

As she talked she was leading Laura to the door. She waited with her in the corridor until the lift came, gave the lift boy rapid instructions and gently pushed Laura in.

"He'll take you down to your room. Can you be ready in twenty minutes? I'm going to have a quick shower and change, and I'll tap at the door of No. 31 as soon as I'm ready."

Whether it was the cold-water bathing and general sprucing up or just the resilience of youth, at any rate Laura made a gallant attempt to look her best. As Rose tapped at No. 31 and Laura limply came out, she gave the girl a little smile of approval and slipped a hand through her arm.

"I hope you're hungry! We're going to have soup, chicken, and a cheese soufflé—my special favorite."

ROSE could only hope that Laura was ravenous enough not to notice her own lack of appetite. Right up to this moment she had been almost too busy to think in what an awkward situation Laura and J.P. had placed her; but now that she was able to sit back and relax, it came home to her with full force that whatever Charles decided things were going to be difficult.

It was several hours since she had phoned, but not a word had come from Clancy, though Andrew had promised to give Charles at once the news of Laura's whereabouts.

She had been keyed up for a furious call from Charles or for some message from Andrew and his mother. To hear nothing at all was alarming.

Surely Andrew had made it quite clear to Charles that she herself had nothing to do with Laura's flight from Clancy—the idea J. P. had planted in his mind, and that it had been a bombshell to her to find the girl here in the hotel.

She glanced across the table. Humiliated pride had not been proof against a delicious and well-served meal; Laura had eaten like someone just rescued from a desert island. Now she was leaning back, studying the guests at neighboring tables and fascinated by the details of the entrancing new world in which she found herself.

She had dreamt of such things—oh, many and many a time. But the nearest she had ever come to reality was the sombre dining-room at Clancy Manor and J. P. shaking up a "Scorpion" cocktail!

Conscious of Rose's glance, she looked across, flushing.

"How dreadful Clancy must have seemed after all this!" she blurted out. And then, in a low voice: "I hate my-

self for the way we received you. But

She broke off, her brow drawn into difficult, puzzled lines. She had been so certain that Rose had come to Clancy in no friendly spirit. And Rose hadn't played fair! She had let Flax go on thinking that she was forced to live in some dreary hotel room, when the reality was a wonderful job in this splendid, exciting world.

"But at least I know now what a fool I was to think you actually wanted to come and live at Clancy Manor, when you had all this that I envy you so deeply!"

Rose said slowly: "I love the job. I put everything I had into it. And I just couldn't afford not to succeed!"

"There's that about you, too," said Laura. "You wouldn't waste time regretting things. You'd always look forward. And I . . . I can't even face tomorrow!" Her voice faltered off.

But already, with something of Flax's quicksilver changes of mood, she had forgotten to be sorry for herself. Through the fluted glass door-panels she could see the reception desk with people coming and going, making some enquiry, asking for door-keys or mail. Nancy Travis had just come out from behind her desk to welcome a couple of distinguished-looking French visitors, showing them the room-plan and fluently discussing some problem about their luggage.

"That girl has a marvellous job," said Laura enviously, having been engrossed for some minutes in watching Nancy. "It's like being in a box at the theatre. She sees everything that goes on. There can't be a dull minute!"

"And not many peaceful ones, either," said Rose rather shortly. "I'm afraid you're mistaken if you think Nancy Travis just sits there handing out room-keys, or practising a bit of school French on the guests, poor dears!" She caught Laura's abashed look and laughed.

"Sorry! I didn't mean to hit your head off! But it is such a responsible job and I'm in a flap right now at the thought of finding someone to take Nancy's place when she leaves to get married. She has to be so tactful—and yet so firm! She's a skilled bookkeeper and has a truly amazing memory for faces, train schedules . . . and unpaid bills! And her French is almost perfect . . ."

Laura said in a small, urgent voice: "Mademoiselle used to say my accent was good; and I did keep it up after she went back to Paris, because she sent me books and magazines; and sometimes Daddy would bring home a French or Belgian client from the mill . . ."

Rose looked up, startled. Laura's eyes were fixed on her face in a look of urgent entreaty.

"Rose, don't you think I could . . ."

"No, my dear," Rose cut her short decisively. "The job calls for months of training. Besides, you might not take to hotel life. You have to be terrifically interested in people—really determined to make their stay pleasant and really sorry when they leave!"

She scraped back her chair hastily. "We'll have our coffee at the reception desk, then Nancy will be free for the rest of the evening."

As they came into the little foyer, Nancy Travis looked up with a delightful smile.

"Oh, good evening, Miss Smith! I do hope you're feeling rested? Mrs. Winters tells me you had a very upsetting journey yesterday; I'm so sorry."

Painful color flooded up into Laura's face; not at the humiliation of being addressed in Rose's presence by that foolish assumed name, but because a

telegraph boy was just nipping jauntily down the steps to the street and Nancy Travis had in her hand an ominous yellow envelope.

Laura held out her hand, then saw that the wire was addressed to Rose. She turned aside, feeling foolish and shaken. Just for a moment she had hoped that it was from Jack, that all this dreadful waiting and disillusionment was a bad dream.

Rose's hands shook a little as she tore open the envelope. The message was so curt and brief that it was like a physical blow.

"Travelling night train. Prepare Laura immediate return home. Charles."

A spot of color burned in Rose's cheeks. Could anything be more abrupt, more peremptory, more ungrateful?

All at once her mind was made up. She wasn't going to stand meekly by and see Laura dragged off to Clancy, humiliated and in disgrace!

Rose wasn't by any means so confident next morning when Charles stood glowering in her office, almost filling the tiny room with his big travelling coat and broad shoulders and dark, stubborn, crazy head.

His voice was grim. "I won't beat about the bush. Laura has made a great nuisance of herself, and I'm taking her home by the next train. Where is she? Is she ready?" And then, with a groan: "Oh, the scatter-brained little fool, to put her trust in that fellow!"

"You trusted him," said Rose, her voice hard. "You brought him to live at the Manor so that they were constantly thrown together."

Charles made a little blundering winning movement, and it seemed to Rose that she saw straight into the tortured heart of the man as he cried out: "I needed him. I depended on him at home even more than down at the mill. But that Laura could be so blindly infatuated; that she should have been willing to throw up everything that mattered for the precarious sort of life he could offer her."

"Here we go," thought Rose. She drew a deep breath.

"Have you ever tried to find out what are the things that really matter to Laura. Friends of her own, a job that would demand all the grit and all the talent she's got; exciting company, clever clothes."

"Oh, won't you see that if it hadn't been young Dowling it would have been someone else? Clancy has become a sort of prison from which she was so desperate to escape."

Charles said heavily: "So that's what you think of Clancy?"

"No," said Rose in a quick, low voice. "Why should you believe that? In those few days I came to love the place—I think I only realised how much when I got back to the hotel. The tide comes in and out here, sweeping away yesterday and making a new pattern for tomorrow, and always it's a pattern of strangers meeting and parting. . . . But Clancy has the enduring things. It must once have been so beautiful and could be beautiful again."

She tried to laugh. "That's how I saw it—but not, mind you, with the eyes of Laura at eighteen!"

Charles made a sudden movement towards her.

"Yet, since you left, it's been a sort of prison to me, too. I've reproached myself so bitterly for certain things that happened; for refusing to listen

to you about Dowling; for letting you go as I did."

Rose's heart stood still and then went racing and pounding on.

"You . . . you've missed me?"

His hands groped out. "No one knows how badly, Rose. . . . Then his hands clenched up slowly as though he were torn by some fierce inner struggle. The dark, shut look that she dreaded came upon his face.

He said harshly: "I'm sorry, I didn't come here intending to say this. . . . Will you let me see Laura? We haven't much time if we're to catch the through train, and on Sundays there isn't another. . . . Manson looked up all the details and ran me into Leeds last night—thirty miles. And, at that we only just made the express."

Rose's hands gripped the edge of the writing-table.

"Charles, please. . . . If there's some barrier between us, something out of the past, I . . . I want you to know that though I shall never understand just how it happened, it makes no difference to . . . to how I feel about you now."

CHARLES turned sharply away, his hands thrust deep into the pockets of his big travelling coat.

"I don't want your pity, your sympathy, whatever it is you have to offer. Haven't I made that plain enough? . . . Wash your hands of us, Rose, and be thankful. Even Laura has become a burden to you."

"No," said Rose, and even to herself her voice sounded hollow and strange. "Not a burden. I'd like her to stay on at the hotel for a while and get an idea of the administrative side. If she takes to hotel life I can find work for her. Our reception clerk is leaving soon to get married, and there's no reason why Laura shouldn't train for the job. She could go on living here, where I can keep an eye on her well-being, while she takes a secretarial course."

The door had opened and Laura stood on the threshold. She had overheard and said tremulously: "Oh, please, please let me stay!"

"They argued it to and fro, Rose reasonably, Laura with passionate eagerness. Charles sticking stubbornly to his determination not to let the girl be a burden to Rose. It ended in rebellious tears."

Rose's arm came round the girl's shoulders.

"Never mind. Another chance will come, Laura, if you have faith in yourself."

Laura said imploringly through her tears: "But this is my chance, my big chance. . . . Oh, Daddy, please, please!"

"Why should Rose's life be cluttered up with us and our affairs?" Charles demanded. "I won't hear of her being saddled with training you for a job, and I still think your place is at home. The older Mrs. Harper gets, the more we shall need you there. But, if it won't be an infernal nuisance to Rose to have you with her a few days longer. . . ."

Laura flung herself upon him.

"Oh, I'd love that. And I'll work for my keep: carry trays, scrub the baths, answer the phone, anything. Oh, Daddy, try to forgive me for . . . for being unbelievably happy to stay!"

His arms drew her close. "I can't forgive myself, child. Somewhere along the line I've failed you. . . . failed everybody."

"If only I could have talked to you sometimes! I used to feel so desperate. But . . . her tears fell again—"Daddy, how could I hurt you as I did?"

At that moment, and for all the difference in their coloring, she looked just like Fliz—a little girl, swiftly repentant yet eager, grasping at a dream. Perhaps Charles felt that, too, for he held her very tightly. Rose stole away.

The time for his train was approaching so swiftly. She had a taxi waiting when he came out of the office with Laura.

"Rose?" His voice was a question. She came quickly from behind the reception desk. His hands reached out and grasped both hers. "Laura doesn't deserve this, and if it doesn't work out, you must send her home."

Rose said, very low: "But how are things going to work out for you?"

"That's simple," said Charles, and she was startled at the deep bitterness in his voice. "I shall go back to Clancy, where, as you know, I am monarch of all I survey. And I shall grow a thorn hedge and put up No Trespassers signs to keep out all well-meaning people who presume to think my own company isn't good enough for me."

"And that goes for me, too?" said Rose.

"For you, above all," said Charles.

He dropped her hands, turned almost violently and strode across the foyer to the revolving doors. Rose stared after him with a wordless cry that did not get beyond her throat.

And then she stood turned to stone. For as Charles reached the door, his hands groped out uncertainly. She saw him bump clumsily into the side of the door, then push his way through, hands outstretched, one foot groping before the other. He felt his way down the steps.

And in one lightning flash the truth came home to her. He was going blind!

All that had been so puzzling, so contradictory, fell suddenly into place. At home she had seen him move always among familiar objects; he had taken the most fantastic precautions so that no one should guess at the darkness closing in relentlessly upon him. In any moment of uncertainty, the secretary sprang to help him. He had ceased to drive the car, he relied upon his secretary in the smallest details of daily life. And had been incensed to find the furniture in the morning-room disarranged, because he dreaded not being able to find his way about in his own house.

That scene upon the hillside, his torture and despair as he gazed over the beloved valley and found its landmarks merging into one greyness—oh, how well she understood now his fear that Andrew might betray the secret which his stubborn pride had turned into an obsession!

There were two people who had known all along, of course—the doctor and Jack Dowling. Most vividly there sprang to memory that glimpse of the study, Charles hunched over the lettered desk with the secretary beside him; the paper he had been about to sign upside down.

And something more came to her now. She thought of his sprawling signature on the letter to Denis—that callous refusal of help by which she had so bitterly judged him. Suddenly she knew that he had never seen that letter. J. F. had slipped it among his papers for signature, for he had other uses for Charles' money than to see it frittered away on needy relatives!

No wonder her sudden appearance at Clancy had filled Jack Dowling with uneasiness and precipitated a crisis.

Tears were running down her cheeks; tears for the past, for the dreadful waste of those years she had spent hating Charles, tears for the thorn hedge and the No Trespassers signs

behind which Charles hid his loneliness and despair.

She rushed across the foyer, pushed frantically at the revolving doors and ran down the steps into the street to catch Charles.

His taxi was just disappearing round the corner.

Rose came down Dr. Manson's path, turned to wave to someone at the window, and closed the small white gate carefully behind her. Then she stood hesitating.

To the right the street wound up through the village and towards Clancy Manor; on the left, over a stile, was the little overgrown path which followed the edge of the mill dam. And that, on impulse, was the way Rose took.

The mill had "loosed" half an hour ago, with a shrill blast on the buzzer and men and girls streaming out homewards through the big gates; but Charles, Mrs. Manson said, was staying on late every evening, closed with the auditors in the mill office. They were straightening out the accounts and preparing for the transfer of the dye-works which, in spite of all setbacks, looked like going through at last.

The accountant came over from Whinsbury daily with a young clerk, and at night they ran Charles back to the Manor on their way home.

How deep and mysterious the water looked now, with the fat golden carp swimming lazily in it and the elder bushes overhanging it in a froth of creamy blossom. Rose's footsteps echoed eerily back from the high mill wall.

Then suddenly she heard other footsteps above the echo of her own, and saw Charles coming slowly along the narrow bank from the mill.

He took a few steps and then stood still, staring down, lost in thought, into the green water. His shoulders were bowed with weariness. Once she had seen him stand on a jutting rock, in just this attitude, looking down from the misty hilltops over his valley. She had been afraid, and now again fear drew a tight knot round her heart.

Just one false movement . . .

She called out his name in a soft, urgent breath, so as not to startle him into that perilous step towards the green water. "Charles!"

Charles looked up swiftly; she saw his face transfigured.

"Rose? . . . No, it can't be!" He muttered it, his face darkening again.

Rose came quickly along the path towards him. He looked so dour, so massive, so forbidding, so altogether unwelcoming.

It took her all her courage to say with an attempt at brightness: "Well, here I am doing what always annoys you; interfering in the affairs of the Crumleys! I want your permission to enrol Laura for a first-class secretarial course. It won't be exactly cheap, at the place I have in mind, but I assure you it will be a good investment. She is taking to hotel life like a duck to water, and I believe she really is going to put her heart into this job. While I'm away, by the way, our housekeeper, Miss Fraser, will keep an eye on her, just to make sure she isn't homesick."

"Homesick?" said Charles wryly. "When the girl has moved heaven and earth to get away from Clancy? Then, frowningly: 'You've come all this way to see me about Laura?'"

Rose said calmly: "No, I really came to finish my holiday. I still have a whole precious week due to me!"

"Out of the blue, like this? No luggage?"

"Heaps of luggage! Will Jessop has dropped my things at Mrs. Manson's. I'm sure he and Miss Liptrot have got their heads together over this right at this minute! . . . You see, I wasn't sure just how things were at the Manor."

"There's a dead sort of feeling about the place. We went through a hectic few days, you understand . . . Mrs. Harper is short of help, and grumbles outrageously; but Flix does her best. I've no doubt, and between them they struggle through. Most days I take the accountant and his clerk home to lunch—not that the mill canteen couldn't fix us up perfectly well, but it gives Flix a little company."

"That's a good idea."

"Flix seems to think so; Mrs. Harper doesn't! And Manson has got into the way of dropping in during the evening."

"That's a good idea, too."

"So you see," Charles thrust at her brusquely, "things are going splendidly, and if you came down from London with some noble notion of helping us out of a fix, you've had a wasted journey." He challenged her. "That was why you came?"

"I had a fancy to sleep in the four-poster again."

"Yet you had your things taken to Dr. Manson's!"

"There was something I had to know; something I felt sure Mrs. Manson could tell me. . . . Don't get angry, Charles! Andrew hasn't said a word, in fact I chase a time to arrive when I knew he would be out seeing his patients. But his mother . . . Eyes and hands steady, she faced Charles. "She told me what I wanted to know—about that explosion at the dye-works four years ago; about the injury to your eyes; and about the specialist in London who held out a chance . . ."

**B**ITTERLY Charles cut Rose short. "A chance in a hundred. And if he failed, I'd lose the little sight that I have left."

"But that is going . . . going fast. Charles, I was blind myself—until I saw you leaving the hotel away from all your familiar landmarks, and then I knew." Her eyes blazed at him from a white face.

"I hoped—I believed—there might be a chance: a chance you've been afraid to take; because when I thought it over, it seemed to me that was why you tried so hard to prevent Dr. Manson having any private word with me. I was right; there is a chance—and you must take it. For your own sake, for all the things that matter to you—your books, your pictures, sun on the valley, goldfish in your mill dam! And for my sake." Her voice sank to a whisper. "Because I've discovered that the light of the whole world would go out for me, too, if . . . if . . ."

Her voice broke and failed altogether.

Charles' hand came out and clumsily touched her wet cheek.

"All those things—I've schooled myself to live without them. But . . . never to see you again . . . And yet, the surgeon might fail. Heaven knows how often I was tempted to beg you to come back; the house was empty and ghost-ridden after you went away. But it's the poorest bargain a man could offer a woman. To throw up London, your career, your friends; to bury yourself at Clancy and play this infernal game of blind man's buff . . . No, Rose. This is a private little agony of my own and no one can share it."

Rose stood for a long moment, then she said slowly: "I've sunk my pride, I've practically thrown myself at your head. And if you won't have me, for appearance sake I shall have to spend the rest of my holiday with the Manson's and . . . and go driving with Andrew on his round just to fill the time. And no four-poster bed!"

"Rose!" His arms came round her. "Don't you know I'm infernally jealous of this fellow? And of any man who can look on your beauty, while I . . ."

She stopped the words with her finger-tips against his mouth.

She laughed shakily: "Andrew couldn't even tell you the color of my hair! And, believe me, lots of men have passed me in a crowd without swooning away. But I'll be beautiful for you—always."

Charles whispered against her finger-tips: "Beautiful as heart's desire."

He kissed her fingers and then drew her hand away and found her lips.

A sighing breath went rippling over the mysterious green water and shook down from the elder bushes a shower of bridal blossoms upon these two.

"Oh," panted Flix. "We can't possibly be ready in time!"

"But after all," Rose pointed out, pausing a moment on the kitchen step to get her breath, "it's only five o'clock and they won't be here for another hour, even if the train is prompt."

She and Flix had tolled up from Miss Liptrot's with two heavy baskets: provisions for dinner tonight. On their way up to the house, they had stopped to gather wallflowers and tulips and narcissi for the flower-vases.

They burst into the kitchen, flushed and laden. Flix dumped the baskets on the table and demanded anxiously: "There's been no horrid telegram from London, I hope? And Daddy hasn't rung up from the mill?"

Mrs. Harper closed the oven door and straightened up wheezingly.

"Bless you, Miss Flix, love. Dr. Manson will be meeting Miss Laura off that London train, never you fear. As for the master, he won't work late at the mill tonight, seeing it's a special celebration."

"He did promise to be home early. If he remembers!"

"He'll remember!" Mrs. Harper chuckled comfortably and looked at Rose with a certain heavy archness which made her flush up and begin fumbling in a drawer of the dresser for the kitchen scissors.

As they were fixing the flowers, Flix said suddenly: "I wonder if Laura will look . . . different."

"Different?"

"Well, you know, so much has happened to her. And London does things to people. You've got it; that marvelous elegance and poise. A sort of look as though you did all your thinking in French."

Rose sat back on her heels and laughed with a light-heartedness she had not known for years.

"You precious idiot! Laura has been in London exactly a week! And, I may say, I do my thinking in good plain English! . . . What I'm thinking about now, by the way, is Laura's secretarial course. I'm hoping we can discuss all that with your father and have our plans cut and dried before I take Laura back to London with me on Sunday."

Flix fired off a volley of questions about the secretarial course. How long would it take, what were the subjects, would there be an examination at the end of it.

"Yes and a pretty stiff one, too!" Rose assured her.

"Not half as stiff as the accountancy exams," said Flix in her most serious tone. "It's unbelievable what they are expected to know! It costs a fearful lot to be articleed, too. And all that time, do you know, they only get pocket-money and are as poor as church mice. And their exams get stiffer and stiffer, until in the final only about half the candidates pass."

"Indeed!" said Rose, somewhat taken aback.

Flix said earnestly: "And on top of all that, they have to be young men of such high business ethics and integrity of character."

Rose gave her a droll look.

She asked casually: "What is the name of this young accountant who has been coming to lunch?"

"Cyril," said Flix, in a very casual voice. "Cyril Bird." Then, still casually: "He's articleed to Mr. Chiswell in Whitnashbury. His own home is in Leeds. I believe, so he has to live in digs. And that landlady of his simply starves him. Fancy coming home from a terrific day's work, totting up millions of figures and getting out percentages and things, and sitting down to three lettuce leaves and polony!"

Rose agreed that this was a shocking evening meal to set before any hard-working young man.

Flix's solemn expression gave place to a merry one.

"He even makes a little joke about it. He says his landlady seems to expect him to eat like a bird! She sat up, hugging her knees, her face full of devilishness and pleasure."

"He sings like a bird, too! He has a very nice baritone voice and belongs to the Whitnashbury Amateur Light Opera Company. They're going to do *Ruddigore* next winter, and when rehearsals start in the autumn, Cyril wants me to go along and try for a part in the chorus; or at the very least I might get something to do behind the scenes, painting scenery and things." The brightness fell away. "Only, of course, it's something Daddy would never permit."

A soft, warm smile played about Rose's lips.

"We'll meet that fence when we come to it! And I shouldn't wonder if you do quite a lot of square dancing next winter, Flix, my dear. We'd make a start there didn't we?"

"And met with a disaster, too," said Flix, her face clouding. "As if I could forget it, your poor hand all done up in plaster!"

"Perhaps it wasn't altogether a disaster," said Rose.

Before she could be asked to explain this cryptic utterance, the spangles ran to the door, winning eagerly, and there was a sound of steps on the flagstones of the forecourt. When Flix saw that it was Charles, and Charles all by himself, she seemed to droop a little.

"It couldn't be Andrew yet, you know!" teased Rose gently.

Flix brisked up, took her father's coat from him, then hurried back to gather up the paper with the debris from the flowers.

Rose good-willed, with heightened color, until Flix had run off to the kitchen with her bundle of paper, and Charles came towards her—tired and harassed still, but with a certain new strength and quietness in his manner.

He held out his hands.

"Ah, Rose, if you knew what it means to come home from the clamor and bedlam of that mill, and find you waiting! How am I going to endure to let you go back to London again even for the few short weeks until you have

handed over your job to someone else and we can think of getting married?"

"Some waiting is sweet," said Rose. "This will be!" Her eyes were very bright and tender, but she drew back from his arms. "No, Charles! Flix will be dashing in at any moment."

"Let her dash! Don't you think it's time she got used to seeing us together?"

Still Rose laughingly said back: "What do you think of my flowers? The wallflowers in the lustre bowl are for the dining-room, and the others are for this side table here in the hall."

Charles came close. "It's breath-taking." He took Rose's hands and pressed them to his cheek. "As long as I still have sight, I want to see this beauty—and yours."

Rose's eyes filled with tears. "Charles, we must hope we must believe."

The foot of a motor horn outside seemed to throw the whole house into commotion. Flix came running, the door was flung wide open, and in a moment Laura stepped over the threshold with Andrew behind her.

And Flix was right, Rose thought: London had changed her already. She stood quietly almost timidly, but with a certain new grace and assurance. Gone was the sullen awkwardness, the frustration and resentment that had once spoken in every tone and gesture. They were all remembering, too—Laura not least—the way she had left this house and the disillusionment that had waited at the end of her journey. Flix hugged her so tightly, not speaking a word, and scarcely had time even to smile at Andrew.

CHARLES, with his arm round Laura's shoulders, said in a gruff, moved voice: "I suppose the outcome of this little trip home is in no doubt—even before we discuss it! Rose is set on your taking a secretarial course which sounds to me as if it will cost the earth. And on top of that she tells me you'll need an entire new outfit. Though why a few lessons in shorthand and bookkeeping should call for all this, I can't imagine!"

"It's beyond any mere man's imagination, I'm sure!" said Rose. "You see, it's a question of morale. When we've been through Laura's wardrobe, we'll have a better idea what to look for on our shopping expedition to one of the big London stores next week."

"You don't mean to go rooting about upstairs now?" objected Charles, with something of the old, brusque manner. "What better time could there be? Flix and I are going up to help Laura unpack, anyway."

Flix had picked up Laura's suitcase and was already leading the way upstairs. Rose hesitated.

"Aren't you going to offer Andrew a drink, Charles? And then there's something you promised me you'd discuss with him." She gave him a long, steady look and then quickly followed the girls upstairs, a little prayer in her heart.

For the next half-hour they went through Laura's entire wardrobe, pathetically makeshift as many of the things seemed to Rose, and earnestly discussed what she would need. Rose was both relieved and pleased that Laura's ideas were so modest. She had felt instinctively, all along, that given the opportunity the girl would develop a clever dress sense—and here it was already!

Revering in her plans to make such a happy dream come true, Rose was suddenly perturbed to see that Flix, who had entered whole-heartedly into it all at first, was standing dejectedly at the window staring out into the

gathering dusk and taking no part in their talk.

Poor child, it did seem unfair that all these exciting things should be in prospect for Laura—the rebel, the erring one thought Rose. She went and linked her arm through the younger girl's, suggesting that it was high time they went down.

"Mrs. Harper will be dreadfully mortified if we let her dinner spoil! Something tells me she has a Yorkshire pudding up her sleeve, as her special offering for this celebration!"

Still Flix's steps lagged. Only when they were half-way down the stairs she suddenly remembered something, and tugged at Rose's arm in sudden, happy animation.

"Do hurry! Do come down! There's a surprise."

This surprise met Rose's eyes as she reached the foot of the staircase. The door of the little morning-room stood open, a bright fire leapt in the hearth, the curtains were cosily drawn and the round table was set for an intimate little dinner-party—lustre bowl of wall-flowers and all.

By the table Charles was waiting. He held out his hand and Rose slipped hers into it.

"You see," said Charles, "no more ghosts!" He pressed her hand. "A memory of happiness, yes. We both have that. But it isn't any longer a barrier to the happiness still to come."

Rose faltered: "And Dr. Manson?"

"I'm going to put my fate to the test. Manson will fix up an appointment with the specialist, and I shall travel up to London with you and Laura on Sunday."

Rose drew a deep breath.

"You know, don't you, that whatever the verdict it will make no difference? Not the least difference! Here I am, digging myself in, as Miss Liptrot darkly hinted that very first day, and I'm afraid you'll never get rid of me again!"

They both turned round. Laura and Dr. Manson were looking in at the door of the morning-room, smiling. But Flix wasn't with them. She was kneeling on the window-seat in the hall, drooping like a flower, staring out sadly. Rose's heart smote her. What was to happen to Flix? Their happiness couldn't be complete if she were left out!

Just at that moment, Flix started up with a little cry.

"There he is! Oh, there he is! Daddy said I might invite him this evening and I was so horribly disappointed when they didn't come home together. I suppose he had to stay behind and finish some wretched accounts, but really I thought he had forgotten and gone home to eat polony and lettuce leaves! . . . Now we can have dinner!"

Plodding up the drive was a stockily built young man with red hair and a briefcase. Flix ran past Andrew, flung open the door, and sped out like the spirit of this spring evening—her eyes sparkling with shy delight, her soft hair flying.

A deep and happy sigh came from Rose's heart.

"Yes," she said, "now we can have dinner!"

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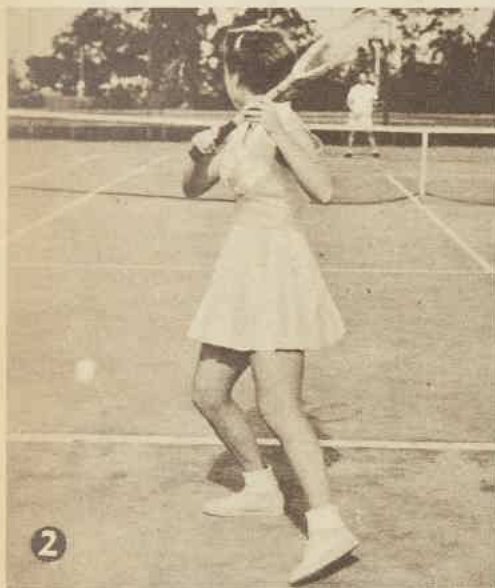
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# HOW TO PLAY TENNIS



1 Back Slice. Note shoulder at right angles to the net.



2 Back Swing (rear view).



3 Hitting.

## My favorite stroke is BACKHAND

The backhand is by far my favorite stroke, and I believe it is with most of the top-notch players. The reason is that the backhand is really a far more natural stroke than the forehand, and you always have to be set to hit this shot properly.

ON the forehand you can take liberties and frankly "get away with murder" on a lot of shots, but not so on the backhand.

This stroke is the hardest of the lot to learn, but once acquired it will always operate properly when you need it most and will rarely "go off" like so many other strokes. Regarding the correct grip, the only one I have ever seen in action is the Eastern, and it is obtained in the same way as for the forehand.

There is only one slight variation: **PLACE YOUR THUMB ON THE BACK OF THE RACQUET HANDLE.**

I believe this to be most important because the thumb will give you a much firmer grip, help to guide the ball correctly, and later will help you to hit with much more pace.

As you start the back swing (Figures 1 and 2), your right shoulder should be turned so that it is at right-angles to the net. Your action is directly opposite to that of the forehand; your right foot is placed out in front and you rotate from left to right instead of from right to left.

As the ball comes towards you, the racquet-head goes back and you watch the on-coming ball over the right shoulder.

At the point of impact (Figures 3 and 4), the ball is out in front and slightly to

the left. The follow-through is much higher than that of the forehand and winds up to the right (Figures 5, 6, and 7).

You must be careful to stroke the ball evenly with the arm.

A strong temptation with this shot is to jump as you hit and to try to lift the ball over the net with your body. Hit smoothly and fluently — no jerking motions should be present in this shot.

Beginners will generally slice a backhand, but should, instead, try to apply top spin. This particular spin is obtained by coming under the ball, hitting up and rolling the racquet-head over the top as the follow-through begins.

Much practice will be needed to develop a free-moving backhand stroke and to build your confidence in it.

This drive always seems awkward at first because it is such a delicately timed shot and needs perfect co-ordination.

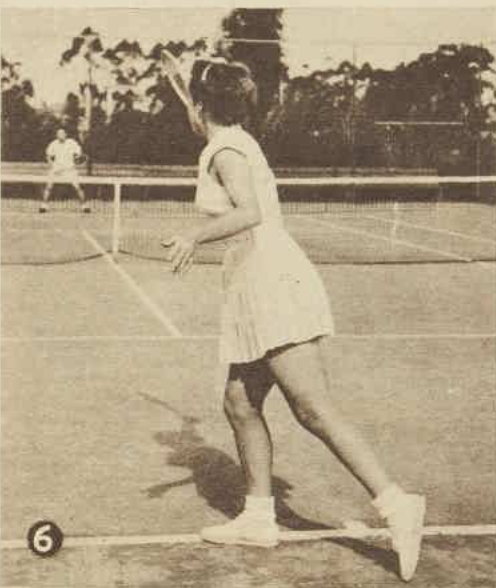
Don't become discouraged if it does not progress as quickly as the forehand. Just remember that once you learn the swing, balance, and rhythm it becomes your best friend.

Never in any circumstances start "running around" the backhand (that is, taking the ball on your forehand when it should have been a backhand stroke).

This leaves the court wide open for your opponent, and with this bad habit you would never learn the shot.



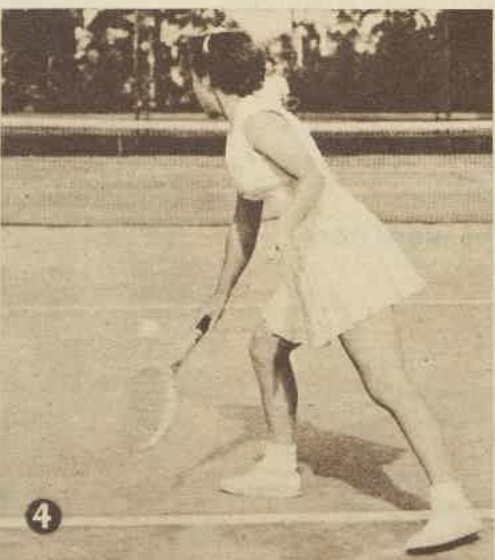
7 Follow-through. Note higher ending than on forehand.



6 Follow-through (rear view).



5 Start of follow-through



4 Hitting (rear view).

## A Mid-Summer Day's Dream

Divine Continental designs combine with beguiling *Sutex* styling to make you seashore-able...

... so chic  
and so  
adorable!

Zing!



① **Mariner Shirt.** One of the outstanding garments in the wide Sutex range of matching beach accessories which include gay shorts and coats, shirred-top skirts, banded sports skirts and caps — all in bright, colourful and original printed designs. Illustrated is a practical high fashion number with knitted collar and cuffs. Matches with the Sutex "Ocean Liner" Swimsuit.

② **"As You Like It".** Due to the design and colour-handling of the poplin print each garment is different. No two are alike. The ultra-smart, draped bra-line has a flattering uplift effect giving very feminine appeal. This Sutex swimsuit comes in a wide range of fashionable colours.

③ **Men's and Boy's.** Sutex has looked after the menfolk with a full range of trunks in many styles and many colours.

④ **"Limelight".** Joytex Laton Taffeta — the latest overseas fabric proven ideal for swimwear. It is elasticated to mould the figure into a sculptured outline. The one-side gathering is really chic... the lightly gathered bra is attractively form-fitting. This garment can be worn strapless and is tailored in six super shades.

⑤ **"Sure Thing".** Richly embroidered poplin in nine scintillating colour-ways. Beautiful "volant" bra-line creates and accentuates soft curves. Sulphur/Black (illus.), Black/White, Cherry/White, White/Black. Lovely self-colours include Cherry, Peacock Green, Forget-me-not, Sulphur, Black.

GAY color-ways of Paris in the Spring... stunning Riviera designs... and the newest of new fabrics from leading fashion centres of the world.

Sutex — Australia's swimsuit style-leader again presents the year's most gorgeous collection of figure flattering beachwear. Ask at your store to see it!

Summer in

# Sutex



Everyone  
looks better in a  
**FAULTLESS**  
SHIRT

\*Tailored from Wonder **WEMCO** fabric

THESE HANDS GO INTO  
WASHING-UP WATER 3 TIMES A DAY



You can have beautiful, soft hands—even if they do wash the family dishes three times a day! It's as simple as this. Always keep a jar of "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly in the kitchen—near the sink. Smooth it onto your hands before each washing-up—it guards your hands against the hardening, wrinkling effect of hot water... and hygienically protects them as well. "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly is available everywhere. Keep it in the house for 101 daily uses such as:—Cuts, bruises, burns, nappy rash, tired feet.



Trade **VASELINE** Mark  
Brand  
**PETROLEUM JELLY**

For quality beef, breed  
**ABERDEEN—ANGUS**

# Worth Reporting

THE most unusual morning, we've spent for a long time was at "Jade Gate," the Pennant Hills (N.S.W.) home of Mrs. Stanley Gregory, who offered us green tea in handleless cups, and handed round a plate of pink-and-white sugar cakes moulded into the shape of leaves and lotus buds.

"I think I've created a little Japanese atmosphere for you this morning," said Mrs. Gregory, who was Australia's delegate to the recent World Pacific Congress in Tokio. "I've even lit a twig of incense. Smells rather nice, doesn't it?"

"Now," she added, "don't drink that tea if you don't like it. But do try a crumb of that cake. It was made in a Buddhist temple, and is a mixture of rice, flour, and sugar. Each temple has its own special mould."

Mrs. Gregory, a serene, grey-haired woman, is a Quaker, and is English by birth and Australian by domicile.

Before the conference opened she and seven other delegates spent a week touring the historic Nara-Kyoto district of Japan, and stayed overnight in the ancient Horyuji Temple.

"We attended a special ceremonial tea in the Buddhist tradition," said Mrs. Gregory. "This ceremony is always held in a small room, which one enters through a low door, symbolising humility."

"We sat on the floor and were served by the most beautifully dressed Japanese girl. She prepared separate bowls of powdered green tea, which was whipped to a froth by a bamboo stick after the water was added."

"Of course, we did not wear shoes, but replaced them with special heelless slippers, in which we slithered along the highly polished corridors to



"Better get used to it—you're going to smell it all night."

the tea-room. There, the floor was made of woven rush mats, known as tatami, which are stretched tautly over frames. In Japan the size of a room is said to be a five mat or a ten mat room."

Among Mrs. Gregory's memorable experiences of her visit was rising at dawn and walking through the frosty cold from hilltop to hilltop with hundreds of Japanese factory workers, who each carried a drum which was beaten with a cherrywood stick.

"These drums were being beaten to call the people of Japan towards peace and non-violence," she said.

A FRIEND of ours had been promising her three-year-old all sorts of outings "when the summer comes."

"We'll go to the beach 'when the summer comes,'" or "you can wear your new cotton frock 'when the summer comes'."

Running happily to play with a friend next door one day, the small one astonished her mother by calling out to her: "Mummie, call me if the summer comes!"

## BOOK NEWS By HELEN FRIZELL

AFTER the battles end, and the soldiers go home, there is generally a lapse before the war books are written.

With the appearance of "The Edge of the Sword," by Captain Anthony Farrar-Hockley, comes an outstanding contribution to the story of the Korean campaign, only a little more than a year after the shooting war ended.

The quality of the book matches the quality of the Glorious Gloucesters, in particular the First Battalion, which had the author as its adjutant.

With the end of the battle at the Imjin River, the men who still survived were taken into captivity in North Korea. Among them was an unforgettable Drum-Major—who, to confuse the onrushing Chinese and their buglers, climbed from the cover of his trench, raised the bugle to his lips, and rendered Reveille, Officers Dress for

Dinner, Defaulters, and Cook-house.

Captain Farrar-Hockley, who like the rest of the battalion was captured despite the Drum-Major's valiant efforts, never gave up attempting to escape.

Without any heroics, he recounts his many heart-breaking failures. Once he spent seven hours swimming, crawling, and floating down a river.

On other occasions, he bent his tall frame double, covered his back with a rice sack to look like a Korean peasant, invented gibberish which he hoped sounded like Russian, cut his way out of cells, and endured pain, hunger, and sickness with fortitude.

Sometimes his companions in escape were Australians or Americans but those he writes most about are his comrades of the Gloucesters—brave men who make this a brave book to read.

Published by Shakespeare Head. Our copy from the publishers.

## Busy year for Sister Jacob

OUR mothercraft nurse, Sister Mary Jacob, often assists expectant mothers who live in isolated places by advising them on their shopping problems. Sometimes she shops for them.

For one mother—the wife of a missionary living in the Solomon Islands—she bought a complete layette and a set of scales for the baby.

In her annual report, Sister Jacob said that she received many letters from overseas and also from outback areas in Australia from mothers to whom our Mothercraft Service Bureau gives advice.

Recently, a mother living on a remote station in the north of Western Australia wrote to ask where she could obtain play material for her two small toddlers.

She was referred to a firm where she could buy the material and also constructive toys.

Sister Jacob corresponds with mothers in widely scattered parts of the world, including India, Japan, Indonesia, and Fiji, and sends them leaflets and other advice on the care of their babies.

In Sydney in the year ended last June she gave personal interviews to 1150 expectant mothers and a series of lectures and demonstrations.

The mothers learn pre-natal care and are taught relaxing exercises.

In addition, they are given practical demonstrations in bathing a baby.

THE girl behind the counter was indulging in some flirtatious badinage with the young male customer. "Do you like my complexion?" she asked with a giggle. "Oh, yes," he said. "It's just like apples... Granny Smith's."

Try, try, try again

A SYDNEY artist, who subscribes to the modern school of art, applies psychology to jobs commissioned by his more conservative patrons.

After years of having his preliminary sketches rebuffed, he has worked out a scheme, which he says is infallible.

He prepares three sample designs—the first as he thinks the job should be, the second rather more extreme, and the third very extreme indeed.

He shows his patrons the third one first. They are always horrified and quickly return the design. Then he presents them with sample two, which is looked on more kindly, but still a little dubiously.

With an anything-to-oblige air, he then comes up with sample one. Invariably, the buyers are delighted. So is the artist, knowing that but for his little ruse the design he considered right would have been rejected as being too advanced.

## Why Vitamin C is good for you

Vitamin C, found in fresh fruit and vegetables, is essential to the formation of strong bones and teeth in early life. Adults need it to build resistance to colds, flu, rheumatism and virus infections.

Tests overseas showed that children given a daily dose of 50 mgm. of Vitamin C were absent from school because of illness only half as often as children not receiving the Vitamin. This quantity is less than the Vitamin C content of one packet of Vit-O-Fruits.

For your children to receive this same quantity of Vitamin C from fruit and vegetables, it would be necessary for them to eat nearly 34 lb. of fresh peas, beans, potatoes or tomatoes daily—remember that Vitamin C is destroyed by cooking or storing.

Get your essential daily intake of health-giving Vitamin C from delicious, lime-flavoured, Vit-O-Fruits—the most healthful sweet you can eat. In addition to 70 mgm. of Vitamin C, Vit-O-Fruits contain cane sugar for energy and glucose to steady the nerves.



Rows of jars & bottles...  
**WHAT NONSENSE!**

Day creams, night creams, creams for this-and-that, what makes you think you need them all?

There's everything your skin needs to keep its natural beauty in Meroilized Wax—the non-greasy beautifying cream which nourishes and cleanses—deep, deep down, gently dissolving the impermeable particles of dried skin that clog the pores and give the complexion a dull, muddy look. Overnight, after using Meroilized Wax, your skin becomes fresh and clear and glowing with life without the use of ridiculously outdated greasy skin foods. Overnight this astonishing cream works hard to achieve this miracle—the miracle of a flawlessly lovely complexion. Price, 4/6.

**GOING GREY?** Tammalite restores the natural colour to grey hair. Use it regularly. Begin to-night! Most chemists sell Tammalite, but, if you have any difficulty in securing it, simply enclose 10/6 and a brief note to Dearborn Pty. Ltd., c/o Box 3725, G.P.O., Sydney.

HAS YOUR CHILD  
**GOT WORMS?**  
Symptoms: Itchy nose, furred tongue, loss of appetite, disagreeable breath, grinding teeth, irritability, bowel disorders, disturbed sleep. Destroy worms by taking—  
**COMSTOCK'S WORM TABLETS**

# Continuing . . False Face

TIME IS THE ART OF THE SWISS

in Las Vegas. Wasn't he mixed up with the Coolley crowd?"

"Where've you been all your life? Don't you read your own paper?" asked Cullen of the young reporter who had made the last statement. "Coolley's cowboys rode Nick Braza right out of the golden west. He's back in this State, address Westfield Penitentiary."

"On some phoney charge," added Stoneycroft. "Petty larceny or a parking violation. Do you know what the deal was?"

Cullen said, "He might have been seeking a bullet-proof safety deposit vault for his car-cast. Coolley's cowboys aren't the only mobsters who might aim their weapons in his direction. Nick never got along too well with the big boys."

Nina was not displeased when her guests said good-night. Stoneycroft lingered to ask a few more questions of Flo.

"That man's going to work on you, and if you tell him anything about me, we're no longer friends," warned Nina when they were alone.

"Darling, you know I'm loyal."

"Yes, I do. But you're so easily flattered by men."

"Who isn't?" Nina dropped the subject. She knew that Flo would never knowingly betray her. "Be an angel and go home. I'm dying to get to bed."

"Are you sure you want to stay alone? Why don't you come back with me?"

"Thanks, but I'm not nervous."

"You're wonderful!"

"Why? What have I to be afraid of? The only person who could possibly have anything against me is Bushie and he's locked up, thank goodness."

"I wish I had your sense," said Flo, pulling a three-dollar plastic raincoat over a three-thousand dollar mink.

Nina switched off the lights and went to her bedroom. Rain surrounded and shut off the house like a wall. Except for its dull beat the night ached with silence. No dog barked, no fieldmouse scratched the walls. The darkness was equally undisturbed.

While Nina slept the rain stopped. Clouds lifted and watery light broke through. A patch entered Nina's window like an angular ghost. The wind with wild shrieks announced its triumph over the clouds, tossed branches, tore ageing leaves from weary boughs.

Waking slowly, hearing these sighs and groans, Nina tried to ignore the clatter and, when she failed to deafen herself, sought to identify each sound so that she could assure herself that floorboards, hinges, locks, and loose window-panes were merely these. At last she forced herself out of bed, shuffled through the house in slippers, switched on lights, slammed doors, fastened bolts, locked windows.

"Now I'll sleep," she said, crawling back to bed.

Something tapped at her window.

Had she heard it earlier and forced herself not to heed? There had been other, more definite noises. Now there remained no other she could not name nor place. The tapping was not consistent. A series of knocks, light but deliberate, was followed by silence, silence interrupted by scraping. Like fingernails against glass. Over and over. Tap, silence, scratch. Tap, silence, scratch.

Sensible, accustomed to loneliness, she had never before been afraid of night sounds. Who, she asked herself, would tap at her window? The wind. What fingers would scrape the pane? The laurel bush. She turned in the bed, trying to relax, refusing to listen.

The delicate, ominous signals continued. Tap, silence, scratch. She became paralysed, unable

from page 10

to move her legs, to stretch out her hand to command light. Five thousand pieces of silver. He was an enemy, that Bushie! It had been her duty to report him. He had killed one man, wounded another. What if he denied firing the shots?

Five thousand pieces of silver. The informer betrays the victim less than himself. Out of hate, acrimony, bitterness, stale emotions which ought years before to have been buried in the ash heap, she had betrayed Nina Redfield.

What had been her motive? Under old resentments and memories, beneath the envy of an evil man enjoying luxury that was denied virtue, there had worked in her, as Cullen had suggested, the greedy hope. Five thousand pieces of silver. Tap, silence, scratch. Tap, silence, scratch, endlessly, at her window.

In spite of the growth of the suburban town, Nina's house was still isolated in its own dead-end road. Once the suburb had been a proud town whose residents looked down upon the dwellers in the nearby city, but the metropolis, sending out railroad lines and highways, factories, and foreigners, had conquered its neighbor.

The suburb still boasted of its cultural superiority but depended upon the city for its luxuries, entertainments, and newspapers.

Flo Allan had all of them under her arm when she arrived at Nina's house the next morning.

"Look, you're on every front page. Did you see what that Cullen wrote? Anyone'd think that you and Nick Braza . . ."

"I'd rather not talk about it." "You needn't snap at me. Why are you so nervous? Didn't you sleep?"

"Perfectly," lied Nina. "I'm sorry if I was cross. How about a cup of coffee?"

"Isn't it all exciting? Nothing so thrilling's happened since my second divorce." The telephone rang. "Let me. I'll be your secretary." In a voice that imitated her maid's, Flo said, "Miss Redfield's residence. One moment, please."

Grimacing, she brought the telephone on its long cord into the living-room. "You'll have to speak to Griffin."

"Dear child, this is unpleasant, isn't it?" An old man of overwhelming dignity, Dr. Griffin addressed his teachers as if they belonged to an earlier century.

"Yes, Dr. Griffin, I'm ever so sorry."

"I must congratulate you on having performed a public duty with promptness and resolution." The principal's voice was chill with distaste. "My wife admires your courage tremendously. She is afraid you have placed yourself in a position of danger."

"Do tell her not to worry about me."

"I am less disconsolate. This person, the Neal boy . . . how unfortunate that he was once one of our pupils, although he was delinquent in his studies and never did graduate . . . is safely behind lock and key. That is not what worries me, however."

"There's nothing to worry about. I'm quite safe."

"Your health, my dear. This shock to your nerves."

"I'm quite all right, thank you."

"There will be a reaction. You've suffered a nervous shock. I should advise rest until Monday. If you need an extra few days' sick leave later in the

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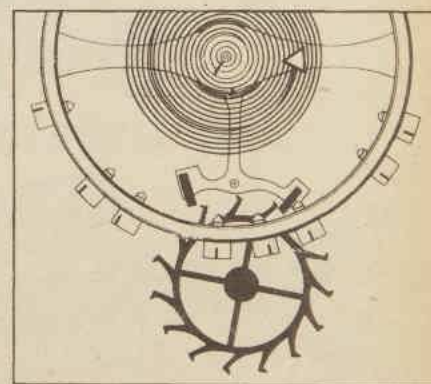
"How long will it keep good time?"

A qualified jeweller answers questions like that expertly and honestly. He's a trained specialist with a reputation to guard.

He'll explain that a good Swiss jewelled-lever watch will keep exact time for many, many years. For with a jewelled-lever, made by craftsmen as superb as the Swiss, lasting accuracy is certain.

But he'll probably ask you to come back for a check-up after you've worn your watch a few weeks. For no two people use a watch alike. Yours may need a bit of adjustment to the life you lead.

Remember, a qualified jeweller isn't simply a salesman. His care for the watch he sells you will last as long as you own it.



THIS IS THE JEWELLED LEVER

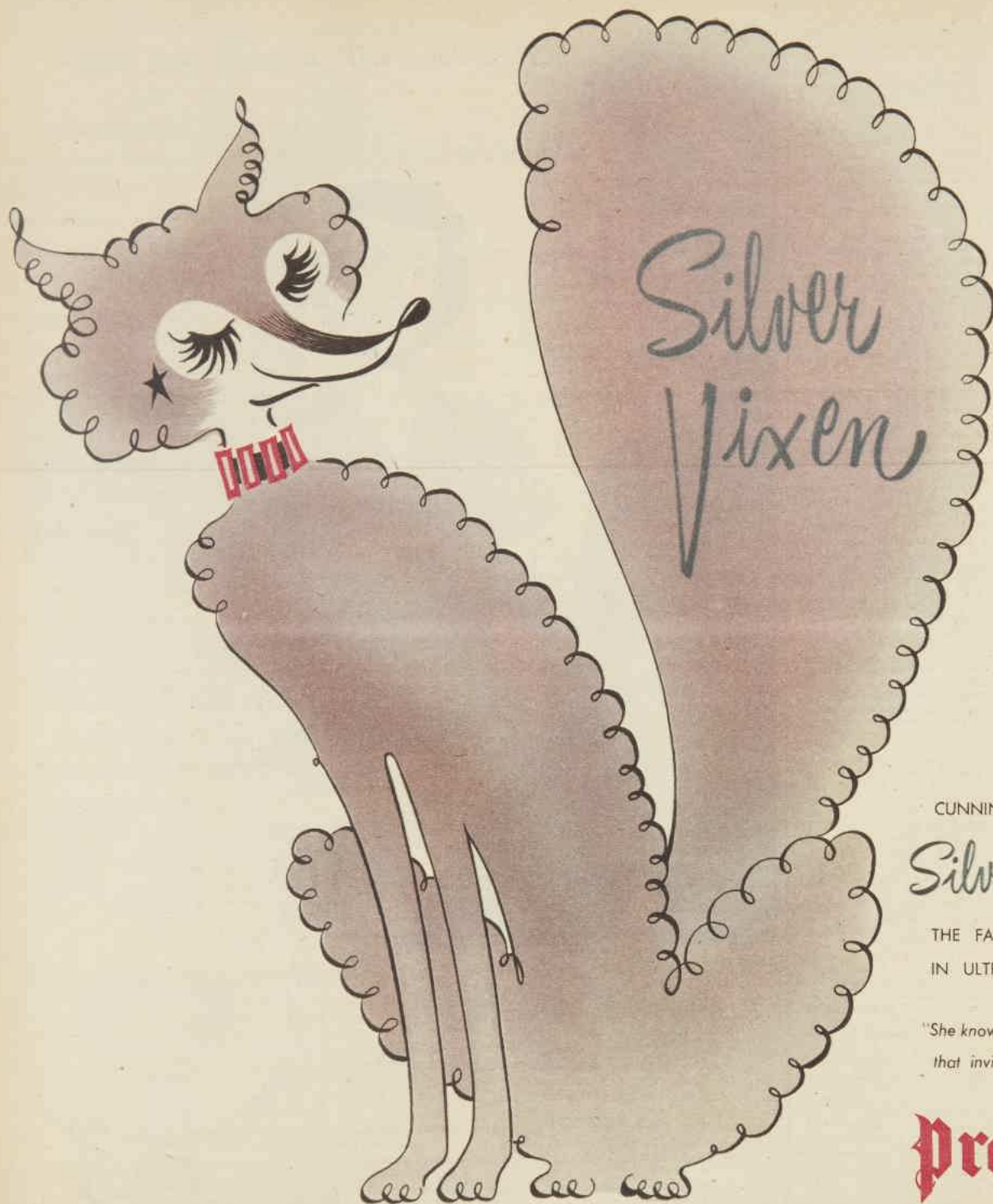
432,000 times a day these two lever-hammers strike the escape-wheel teeth. Only if there's a jewel on the head of each can the hammers resist wear many years on end. For lasting accuracy, jewels elsewhere are useful, two jewels here are essential.

Your jeweller's knowledge is your safeguard

THE WATCHMAKERS



OF SWITZERLAND



CUNNING

*Silver Vixen*

THE FASHION COLOUR  
IN ULTRA SHEER NYLONS

"She knows the tricks of fashion  
that invite sly glances . . ."

**Prestige**

The Australian woman is pretty smart. Her good taste makes her recognise a revolutionary new colour — as fascinating as a cloud. Her courage makes her try it. Her good judgment makes her love it — or loathe it. She's only sold if the fashion is basically sound. That's what happens with Silver Vixen.

You will see Silver Vixen in SPUN MIST, 15 denier ultra sheer nylons 14/9, in SOLE SECRET, 15 denier ultra sheer nylons with the nylas comfy sole 15/6, and TWELVES, the finest stockings made, 12 denier ultra sheer nylons at 21/-.



MAKERS OF EXCLUSIVE HOSIERY, LINGERIE AND FABRICS.

ALL GENUINE **Prestige** PRODUCTS ARE BRANDED **Prestige**

winter, I'll see that this absence is not counted against your record."

As when they had been schoolgirls Nina and Flo laughed at Dr. Griffin's clumsy evasions. Flo was contemptuous. "The old pig, afraid to give the kids a thrill. No wonder school's such a bore."

"I can see his side of it. Imagine trying to keep discipline today." Nina saw herself as the children would, a newspaper heroine. "I'm grateful for the day off. Now I can catch up with things."

The doorbell rang. Two men from the District Attorney's office had come to question Nina. She told them exactly what she had told the reporters.

"What about Nick Brazza? What do you know of him?" Perched so close to the edge of her chair that she seemed in danger of falling off, Flo flickered ash from her cigarette with a motion calculated to warn Nina against speaking impulsively.

Disregarding these signals Nina said, "I have nothing to hide. The reporters asked why I hated Bushie and I told them it was because he'd been such a foul influence on Nick."

"You must have known Brazza quite well."

"Just in school," Flo put in. "Was it in school you worried about Bushie's corrupting Nick?" the younger detective asked, sceptically, of Nina.

"No, it was later . . ."

"In a town like this you meet people in the street," Flo interrupted. "You can't go out to buy a paper without meeting people you once knew. You're always bumping into people. You can't help it."

"Was it only in the street?" asked the detective.

The ash dropped from Flo's cigarette. One eyelid was lowered in warning. Nina turned her back on such caution.

"Not only in the street," she said firmly. "I've seen Nick in other places."

"Lately."

"Not lately." This reply could be interpreted in many ways, to mean years or days. Flo knew nothing of the later developments. There was no reason for her to add with such emphasis, "But it was

years ago. Years. Nina hasn't seen Nick for ages. She knew about Bushie because it was in the papers. What else is she supposed to tell you?"

The detectives exchanged glances. To Nina they looked like Flo and herself playing a game of signal and evasion. The telephone rang. Flo hurried to it.

"Somebody named Guttman has an important message. He says he's a good friend of yours."

This friend had served with Nina on the Parks and Playgrounds Improvements Committee. He had telephoned, he said, to congratulate her on her heroism and tell her about a dandy little convertible, just in, newest model.

"The papers said you'd been having trouble with your old car, so I thought here's a chance for you to get something really first-class. When can I come and demonstrate?"

When she had convinced Joe Guttman that she wasn't interested in a new car, the detectives told her they were leaving. Apparently she did not possess the information they sought.

"What did they want anyway? Can you figure it out?" she asked Flo.

"It's possible that Nick was mixed up in those slot-machine hold-ups that Bushie was involved in when he shot those men. Ned Stoneycroft was telling me last night while I was making sandwiches. I was so excited that I almost sliced my thumb instead of the cheese. Don't you think he's dreamy?"

"Bushie or the cheese?" "Ned Stoneycroft. You'd never think of a newspaper man being so well tailored. The reporters were glad you brought Nick's name in because nobody had reason to connect him with those particular crimes."

"He couldn't have had anything to do with them. He was in jail."

"I told him you didn't know anything. How could Nina know about those things. I said, she hasn't seen Nick for three years at least."

Nina jumped up. "Is that what you said? Three years?"

"It's the truth, isn't it? Three years, I remember perfectly.

## Continuing . . False Face

from page 45

You were almost engaged to Sonny Vance and we all went to Oakheart, and there was Nick, and every other man in the world ceased to exist for you."

"I hope," said Nina coldly, "that you didn't tell Mr. Stoneycroft all that."

"I only said that you hadn't seen Nick in three years. Why should that upset you? I don't talk half as much as you do."

"What have I said?" demanded Nina. "Nothing this whole town doesn't know. As a matter of fact, it struck me those two didn't work very hard at detecting. I can think of a lot of questions they could have asked me."

"Stop thinking or you'll get yourself into more trouble," Flo said, and looked at her watch. "Darling, the dentist! Imagine having to sit with a drill in your mouth on a day like this. If it has to be pulled I'll die."

THE telephone rang again. Joe Guttman's offer had been a mere beginning. Every car dealer telephoned, every non-dealer with a used car to sell, agents for television sets, electric washers, life insurance policies, and a woman who was willing to part, at half its retail price, with a silver-blue mink worn only three times.

Did Miss Redfield wish to paper her house, replant her lawn, become a member of an exclusive group receiving first editions of the "New Comprehensive International Encyclopedia"? Had she thought of a winter cruise, a practical trailer, a garbage disposal?

Between solicitations Nina had barely time to pull on a pair of corduroy slacks and her gardening shoes. The telephone rang again and a man introduced himself as Mr. Samson, of Mutual Industrial and Firemen's Insurance.

"No, thanks, Mr. Samson," Nina said firmly. "I'm not interested. I have no close dependents, and, anyway, I expect to live . . ."

"But, Miss Redfield, this is not the usual . . ."

"Sorry, I'm not interested." She hung up and hurried to the garden.

The sun had scattered the last of the clouds and shone with such fury that moistness rose from the earth. Nina raked sodden leaves into a pile and carted them off in the wheelbarrow. The musky odors of earth delighted her, and in the new-born sunshine autumn colorings were so rich that she was able to forget terror and to enjoy the rhythm of physical effort.

She pruned the laurel as though she had none but a gardener's reason for cutting boughs away.

A car had stopped before the front door, but she did not bother to see who had arrived, nor hurry when the bell rang. In leisurely fashion she cut withered heads from the chrysanthemums and staked up plants beaten down by the rain. Someone had come into the garden. Nina saw the reflection in a still puddle.

"It's me, Nina. Don't pretend you don't know me."

Nina started. Her visitor's colors and silhouette were so much the same that she thought Flo had returned. The hair had certainly not been dyed by a hand so masterful nor expensive, but it was of a similar cake-dough tint, and the coat whose furs were assembled in the same capacious fashion was not of mink but of muskrat.

"Oh, Gracie! It's such a long time since I've seen you." She was about to add that Gracie Malloy looked well, but decided that this was not an occasion for polite banalities.

"It was cute of you, Nina, to send the cops to my house yesterday. I mean it was really cute."

"He was wanted for murder," Nina said.

Gracie lifted eyebrows that looked like embroidery on the face of a rag doll.

"It was cute," she repeated in her toneless voice. "How do you suppose my husband liked it?"

## Beauty in brief:

### Make-up for florid skin

By CAROLYN EARLE

Where the skin is inclined to be florid, a very little rouge may be applied fairly high and blended out toward the temple. The idea here is to "lift" the natural spot of color on the cheek.

TO soften this color, a beige-toned face-powder is suggested. Where it is necessary, powder in yet a darker shade may be used on the nose, to make it less conspicuous.

The texture of face-powder is important, too. One that is too absorbent may cake on the skin, or even deepen in color as it absorbs moisture.

On the other hand, an oily skin, or one which tends to perspire, needs a blotted type of powder to cope with this condition, without, of course, clogging or streaking on the skin.

As a test, roll a pinch of powder between the finger and thumb. If it cakes, it may do so on your face.

For the older woman especially, lipstick colors need to be close to nature. In application a little lipstick is probably better than too much, but not as effective as enough.

Emphasise the upper lip, for a heavily made-up under lip tends to give a look of heaviness to the face.

"That's not my business," Nina said, tight-lipped. "I'm sorry if it got you into trouble."

"Suppose I was to tell some of the things I know about you, Nina," Gracie spoke in imitation of Bushie Neal, or of the movie-gangsters Bushie had taken as his models. A case of life imitating art, thought Nina, and laughed aloud.

"What's so funny? Listen, if I wanted to sell what I know to the papers, I could make a few bucks. Why should other people have all the money?"

"What do you know, Gracie, that they'd pay you so much for?"

"Are you kidding? It wouldn't be so good for you if I'd tell what I know."

"Oh, pooh," Nina said. "Come into the house. I'll make a cup of tea and we can sit down comfortably to our black-mail."

Gracie stood firm. "Don't try to get out of it. What'd your

swell friends say if they knew about The Cushion?"

Nina was tempted to cover her blushes, but felt it better to pretend not to be aware of flaming cheeks and neck. "I doubt that they'd ostracise me. It might be slightly embarrassing, but it would make no real difference."

"You think Dr. Griffin'd care for it? And the Board of Education? If it was all in the papers, with pictures?"

With an air of nonchalance Nina gathered up a load of wet leaves. "Publish anything you like, Gracie."

"Ha, ha," laughed Gracie, who was not bound by phrases from books. "You know you're kidding yourself. I won't do a thing against you, Nina, I'll never tell a living soul if you give me a share of the reward." Dead leaves fluttered out of Nina's hands.

"That five grand. I deserve

To page 55

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If you haven't yet discovered the magic of Pond's Angel Face . . . if you've been frightened off by troubles with ordinary make-ups . . . or thought you just weren't the "make-up type" — do get yourself Angel Face in its handsome new "Mirror Case". You'll love it!



Compare it to greasy foundations. Angel Face never streaks, never shines.



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Compare it to ordinary compacts. The Angel Face Mirror Case is complete — smooth on a heavenly face anywhere!

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Everything for a glamorous, mat-  
smooth complexion — a mirror, puff  
and Angel Face — it's a complete  
compact. Wonderful value.

12/6



New! Carry Pond's powder and foundation in-one everywhere in its charming new "Mirror Case." Complete with soft, velour puff . . . full-view mirror . . . and your choice of 5 heavenly Angel Face shades — the Angel Face "Mirror Case" is only 12/6. Pond's Angel Face also comes in the pocket-size ivory and gold case at 4/11 . . . and in the blue-and-gold box for your dressing table at 9/6.

# James Stewart

★ Amiable James Stewart, the actor with the drawling voice and the whimsical smile, has the lucky knack of combining a successful career with a happy home life.

ONE of Hollywood's top freelance players, his popularity with audiences after 19 years of movie-making and 50-odd films still sets records at the box-office.

Off-screen he is a devoted husband and the father of twin girls named Judy and Kelly.

Jimmy Stewart's marriage in 1949 to handsome divorcee Gloria Hatrick McLean threw Hollywood into a dither of excitement. At the time it was said that more than one celluloid beauty took a dim view of his choice of a non-professional bride.

Then, too, it must have been rather a blow to the locals to see Hollywood's most elusive bachelor moving out of circulation.

The Misses Judy and Kelly Stewart were born in Hollywood in 1951. With their parents and step-brothers Ronald and Michael (sons of Mrs. Stewart by an earlier marriage), they live the healthy life in a rambling English-style house in the hills fringing exclusive Beverly Hills.

It's a big house because . . . "I reckon I'm still a country boy at heart and hate to be fenced in," its owner says.

His own boyhood in the country around Indiana, Pennsylvania, where his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Alex Stewart, still run a thriving hardware business, is thought to have given James Stewart the wholesome appeal that is popular with film audiences.

It's a folksy charm—part humorous, part serious, and wholly engaging. According to Americans, Stewart is a typical small-town boy.

Now, with greying hair, 45-year-old Stewart isn't exactly a boy any more. But he's an accomplished actor with a perennially boyish look to his shy grin, blue eyes, and lanky 6 feet 3 inch frame.

As a lad, James Stewart almost broke his neck trying to fly an aeroplane that he built in the backyard.

He's been mad about flying ever since, pilots his own plane to this day, and dotes on pictures which take him into the sky.

Stewart was an established stage and screen actor with 27 films to his credit as well as the 1940 Academy Award for "The Philadelphia Story" when he enlisted as a private in the U.S. Army Air Force in 1941.

He had a distinguished war career and rose to the rank of Lieut.-Colonel. He was awarded the Air Medal and Oak Leaf Cluster and the Distinguished Flying Cross.

Discharged during 1945, Stewart, unlike some less fortunate actors, found no lull in his post-war career. In quick succession he stepped into films like "Rope," "Broken Arrow," "Harvey," and "The Greatest Show on Earth."

Later still, as a freelance actor working under lucrative, share-in-profit deals, he starred in "Bend of the River," "The Naked Spur," and the recent "Glenn Miller Story."

Although he is a man who is easy to get along with, Jimmy Stewart has definite ideas about the kind of film roles he should play, and sees that he gets the right scripts.

"I don't mind where I work as long as I can do one outdoor picture every year and an occasional comedy," he says.

Neither of his two new pictures for Paramount comes into this category. One—"The Rear Window"—is an Alfred Hitchcock murder thriller. The other is a story of the U.S. Air Force, "Strategic Air Command."

This last is filmed in technicolor and in the studio's new, wide-screen technique, VistaVision.



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#### BACKACHE swiftly checked

Are you afraid to bend or stoop? Do nagging backaches, aching joints make life a misery? These pains could be due to listless kidneys not carrying out their vital job of removing harmful wastes from the blood. These wastes can cause backache, rheumatic pains, loss of energy, disturbed nights, leg pains, etc. At first sign of kidney upset, follow the lead of sufferers all over the world—get Doan's Backache-Kidney Pills. Doan's should bring swift, comforting relief and get those lazy kidneys to work again.



**1. RAIDING** a backroom poker game, Det.-Sgt. Chris Kelvaney (Robert Taylor), right, and his policeman brother Eddie (Steve Forrest), in mackintosh, arrest small-time crook Fallon (Peter Brocco), a murder suspect. Eddie worries about Chris' methods.

## ROGUE COP

★ A drama of the underworld and the people who live on its fringes, Metro's "Rogue Cop" tells the story of a dishonest police officer who doesn't mind taking from people who are willing to pay until his young brother becomes a victim of the gang system.

Then he turns on his racketeer friends and brings the culprits to justice. In doing so he learns that it is not possible to operate on both sides of the law.

For romantic star Robert Taylor, the role of the smart cop is a change of pace. Handsome and impeccably tailored, with an uptown apartment and an expensive car, he is a smooth, but not exactly an attractive, type of man.

With him in the film are Janet Leigh, playing a young night-club entertainer who is forced by circumstances to associate with the underworld, and veteran "baddie" George Raft.

Raft, who recently returned to Hollywood from a European film-making trip, is, of course, the gang leader in "Rogue Cop."

Newcomer Steve Forrest rounds off the main cast.



**2. RACKETEER** Dan Beaumonte (George Raft) offers Chris a bribe to persuade Eddie to forget the murder charge. The pay-off is considerable, and Chris promises the gangster to make Eddie see the light.



**3. FURIOUS** when Chris suggests that he should accept the bribe, Eddie knocks him down. Chris does not strike back, but later on he presses Eddie's girl, Karen, to whom he is also attracted, to persuade Eddie.



**4. STALLING** for time, Chris runs foul of the gang. He realises now that his usefulness to them is over. That night Eddie is murdered.



**5. KAREN** (Janet Leigh), left, agrees to hide Nancy (Anne Francis), Beaumonte's ex-girl. An eyewitness to shooting down of Eddie, Karen describes the gunman to Chris.



**6. STOOL-PIGEON** Selma (Olive Carey) names the gunman to Chris, who sets out to break the case with Nancy as key witness against Beaumonte.



**7. DEMAND** for his resignation from the Force interrupts Chris. His activities have been discovered, but he is granted time to conclude the case. Then Nancy is murdered by the gang.



**8. SEVERELY** wounded, Chris regains consciousness in hospital to learn that Beaumonte and his boys lost their lives in the gun battle fought by himself and a fellow detective, who had orders to arrest Chris. Chris also learns that Karen will be waiting for him when he has paid his debt to society.

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## Talking of Films

By M. J. McMAHON

### ★★ Prince Valiant

CHIVALRIC adventure runs wild and free in "Prince Valiant," Fox's technicolor CinemaScope picturisation of an American comic strip which features the exploits of King Arthur's gallant Knights of the Round Table.

Audiences may be forgiven if they gaze in wide-eyed amazement at some of the knightly characters in this medieval spectacle.

Their anachronistic dialogue and behaviour, as well as a hang-the-period atmosphere which pervades the picture, leaves you wondering whether the whole thing isn't a take-off.

But "Valiant" is good fun for all that. The action moves along at a spanking pace with jousts, tournaments, and combats to hold attention.

There are also picturesque scenes of pomp and pageantry, and a fiery finale in which a

### OUR FILM GRADINGS

★★★ Excellent  
★★ Above average  
★ Average  
No stars—below average or not yet reviewed.

Viking stronghold in Scandia is put to the torch.

Robert Wagner is an athletic, odd-looking Prince Valiant (called "Val" for short). Son of a deposed Viking king of Scandia, Val is made the squire of Sir Gawain (Sterling Hayden) at the court of Christian King Arthur.

There he unmasks Sir Brack (James Mason), a treacherous knight who is up to his neck in nasty plots to liquidate Val and his family, and depose King Arthur (played by Brian Aherne).

As Aleta, the heroine, Janet Leigh is cute, curvaceous, and utterly 20th century. In Sydney—Plaza.

### CITY FILM GUIDE

#### Films reviewed

CENTURY.—★★ "The Moon Is Blue," comedy, starring William Holden, Maggie McNamara, David Niven. Plus featurettes.

CAPITOL.—★ "Desperate Moment," post-war action drama, starring Dirk Bogarde, Mai Zetterling, Philip Friend. Plus "Little Big Shot," comedy, starring Ronald Shiner.

EMBASSY.—★★★ "Hobson's Choice," comedy, starring Charles Laughton, Brenda de Banzie, John Mills. Plus featurettes.

ESQUIRE.—★ "Heidi," juvenile drama, starring Elsbeth Sigmund, Heinrich Gredler. Plus "Sabaka," technicolor adventure, starring Boris Karloff, Victor Jory.

LIBERTY.—★ "Rose Marie," technicolor musical, starring Ann Blyth, Howard Keel, Fernando Lamas. Plus featurettes.

LYRIC.—★ "Ma and Pa Kettle Back on the Farm," comedy, starring Marjorie Main, Percy Kilbride. Plus ★ "Abbott and Costello Meet the Invisible Man," comedy, starring Lou Abbott, Bud Costello. (Both re-releases.)

LYCEUM.—★★★ "Johnny Dark," technicolor thriller, starring Tony Curtis, Piper Laurie, Don Taylor. Plus ★★ "Fireman, Save My Child," slapstick comedy, starring Spike Jones and His City Slickers.

MAYFAIR.—★ "Beat the Devil," mystery satire, starring Jennifer Jones, Humphrey Bogart, Robert Morley. Plus featurettes.

PLAZA.—★★★ "Prince Valiant," technicolor CinemaScope adventure, starring James Mason, Robert Wagner, Janet Leigh (see review this page). Plus ★★ "Homeward Bound with the Queen," technicolor CinemaScope documentary of the Royal journey from Fremantle to London.

PRINCE EDWARD.—★★★ "Knock on Wood," comedy, starring Danny Kaye, Mai Zetterling. Plus featurettes.

PALACE.—★★★ "Princess and the Pirate," technicolor comedy, starring Bob Hope, Virginia Mayo. Plus "Road Agent," Tim Holt, Western.

REGENT.—★ "Lucky Me," WarnerColor CinemaScope musical, starring Doris Day, Robert Cummings, Phil Silvers. Plus featurettes.

STATE.—★★★ "The Red Beret," World War II technicolor drama, starring Alan Ladd, Susan Stephens, Leo Genn. Plus ★★ "Cruisin' Down the River," technicolor musical, starring Dick Haymes, Billy Daniels.

ST. JAMES.—★★★ "The Student Prince," technicolor CinemaScope romantic musical, starring Ann Blyth, Edmund Purdom. Plus featurettes.

VARIETY.—★★★ "Infidelity," Italian-language omnibus film, starring Gina Lollobrigida, Vittorio De Sica, Aldo Fabrizi. Plus featurettes.

#### Films not yet reviewed

PARK.—"Racing Blood," Supercinecolor turf drama, starring Bill Williams, Jimmy Boyd, Jean Porter. Plus "Guilty Bystander," mystery melodrama, starring Zachary Scott, Fay Emerson.

SAVOY.—"Jour de Fete," French-language comedy, starring Jacques Tati. Plus "Big Top," special circus film in color. (Re-release.)

VICTORY.—"King of the Coral Sea," pearling adventure, starring Chips Rafferty, Charles Tingwell, Ilma Adey. Plus "Always a Bride," British comedy, starring Peggy Cummins, Terence Morgan.

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# NEW COMEDY TEAM

England has high hopes for a new top comedy screen team—Rex Harrison and Kay Kendall.

**REX HARRISON** is celebrating his return to British studios with another "rakish" role, this time as a man who is arrested and tried at the Old Bailey for a series of grave moral lapses of which he has absolutely no recollection, because he suffers from amnesia.

The film is "The Constant Husband," specially written with Harrison in mind, and with the idea of starring the delightful Kay Kendall opposite him. Since the fabulous successes of the comedies "Genevieve" and "A Doctor in the House," Kay Kendall is first in demand among the British feminine stars as a glamor-comedienne.

Shooting on "The Constant Husband" is in full swing down at Shepperton Studios, by the River Thames, with the ace comedy director Sidney Gilliat in charge.

On the day I visited the set Rex Harrison lounged in a bathrobe in a set depicting a clinic where Cecil Parker, as an eccentric Welsh brain specialist, fired question after question at him in an attempt to stir in him some memory of his rightful past, in which he had been married to six different women. It was all in vain. Harrison remembered nothing.

The film deals with his search to find his past wives, so that his memory, suddenly jogged, will restore him to normal.

Gilliat yelled "Cut!" and Rex got up to his six-feet-two and came over, stretching his arms and yawning. He has left Hollywood indefinitely, and is busily engaged in doing precisely as he wishes.

"As soon as I've finished 'The Constant Husband' I'm getting down to plans to produce Van Druten's 'Bell, Book and Candle' on the London stage in the autumn," he said. "Lilli" (Lilli Palmer, his wife) "and I will be together in it. She's over in Munich now, making a German film, and we have to communicate by trunkline or an occasional week-end plane.

"I must say I'm getting pretty excited about the play, as well as this film. It may lead to my doing one or two plays more I've been toying with. And then perhaps to directing films. But that's a

## IF BACK ACHES TRY A KIDNEY HOUSECLEANING

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REX HARRISON and his lovely co-star Kay Kendall in a scene from the new comedy, "The Constant Husband." Studios believe the Harrison-Kendall comedy partnership to be the best found in Britain in years.

different story. That's far more technical. It's a fence I'll take much later, and only after I have learned a lot.

"I'm getting the most superb legal advice in this film. My defence counsel is Margaret Leighton." He smiled. "Now can you imagine a nicer defence than that?"

Apart from which, Rex Harrison's real life brother-in-law is the Right Honorable Sir David Maxwell-Fyfe, one of

motion opposite her first internationally big co-star.

"He's an angel, Rex!" said Kay. "An absolute delight to work with."

The contrast is even more striking for Kay, since she has just come back from Egypt where an international cast assembled under director Gregory Ratoff to make "My Kingdom for a Woman." Scarcely anybody knew anyone else's language, and sometimes they worked a 24-hour day amidst incredible chaos.

Diplomatically, Kay would not say anything about this. All she did was to roll her eyes at the sky and say: "It might be a wacky picture we're making now. But it's heaven to come back to a sort of sanity."—Bill Strutton.

## Film Fan Fare

the most brilliant figures of the English Bar before he took up politics and rose to his present place in the British Cabinet as Home Secretary.

But there are drawbacks even to the most cherished ambitions. "For instance," said Rex, wrapping his somewhat tattered bathrobe closer, "I haven't seen our villa in Portofino (Italy) for ages. We'll probably get a couple of weeks there in July, when my son has his school holidays, but even then I shall probably be working on ideas for the play."

Cecil Parker, that stalwart of so many British comedies, is now roaming the studio in his new garb of a doctor. Off the set he is incredibly like his screen self. He hums, haws, cracks dry jokes.

Said he, "It's what you call returning good for evil—my playing a doctor, I mean. Owe my life to doctors, old fellow. Got a broken neck in the First World War—Tank Corps, y'know. An M.O. saved me—rigged up an impromptu operating table, walled my neck up in plaster. I tell you, in those days I was the talk of the whole ruddy medical profession. Still got a bit of a stiff neck, though."

As for Kay Kendall, the darling of the studio, she is ecstatic over this new pro-



CECIL PARKER, smooth member of Britain's mumble-and-fidget school of comedians, has the role of an eccentric brain specialist in "The Constant Husband."

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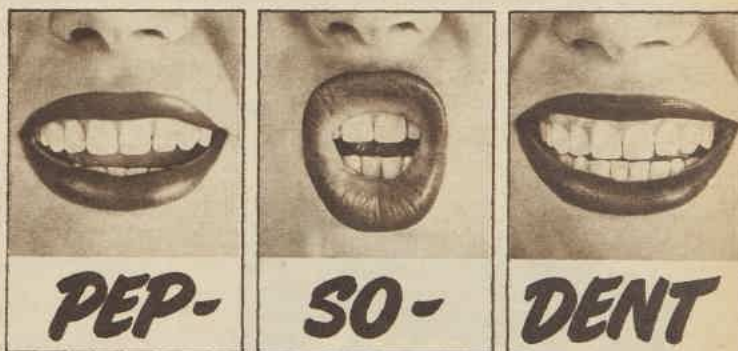
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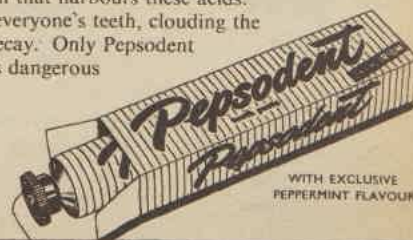
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it as much as you. I was try-  
ing to get away from Bushie to  
the phone when the cops busted  
in."

"I bet," said Nina. "Didn't  
I read in this morning's paper  
that the cops tore him from  
your reluctant arms?"

"That doesn't prove what I  
was thinking and planning."

"What a fine loyal little soul  
yours is."

"You can't make fun of me,  
Nina Redfield."

"And you can't blackmail me,  
Gracie Malloy."

"Don't be too sure of your  
luck, squalor. There were a  
couple of dicks around this  
morning, wanted to know about  
you and Nick. I could prob-  
ably tell them more than any-  
body else that's living." It was  
Gracie's turn to laugh. She  
knew she had won.

"Well, honey, I'll be seeing  
you. When I come around to  
pick up my share of the five  
thousand. Bye now."

"Don't be too sure," said  
Nina, but her voice was un-  
steady, and she was glad to be  
called away by the telephone.

A man said, "Hello, Miss  
Redfield. Now is the time for  
you to buy your lot in Green-  
acres, the Happy Memorial  
Park."

"I'm not giving up quite yet,  
thank you."

When she returned to the  
garden, she was accosted by  
another visitor. He had evi-  
dently arrived by the unusual  
method of walking, for no car  
was parked on the driveway nor  
the road.

"Halloo, Miss Redfield."  
Nina could do no less than  
accept the proffered hand. Her  
visitor was about forty, had a  
tanned face, a stocky frame, a  
bright tweed coat with leather  
patches at the elbows, a pipe,  
and blackthorn stick.

With it he attacked Nina's  
rock plants. "You don't know  
me but I know Nina. Who  
doesn't? You must be in every  
paper from here to Ecuador.  
I'm a neighbor."

"How do you do?"

"Name's Rubble, William  
Halstead Rubble, but everyone  
calls me Bill. I've bought the  
old Tenny cottage."

"Nice little place," Nina said.  
The Tenny place had twenty  
rooms, a pool, stables, and ten-  
nis courts. Calling it a cottage  
was more of an affection than  
walking with a blackthorn.

"You don't look like a school-  
teacher."

"Are we cut to a pattern?"

"You talk well, too. Splendid  
voice, good diction. A natural  
for TV."

"Television? Me!"

"You have nothing to be  
afraid of." The blackthorn re-  
newed its attack on the rock  
garden. "We'll write the script  
for you. All you have to do is  
look it over and say things your  
own way. It's better when you  
sound spontaneous."

"I suppose so, but who ever  
said I wanted to be on tele-  
vision?"

"Let's not be pretentious.  
You'll love it. Millions of people  
would give their right arms to  
be on the Alison Bright show."

"What's that?"

Mr. Rubble dropped the  
blackthorn.

"Look here, Nina, that's not  
funny." Having recovered his  
stick, he looked up at her roof.

"No TV? I'll see that you get  
one. Without cost." He held  
up his hand to stay her protest.

"A courtesy for appearing on  
our show. We go on at six,  
but I'll want you at the studio  
at four-thirty for a run-through.  
That's next Wednesday. I'll send  
a car to take you into the city  
to our studio."

"I'm not trying to be funny,  
but this is all very strange to  
me. I swear to you, I've never  
heard of the Alison Bright  
show."

He spoke as to an imbecile  
four-year-old. "As of last month  
Alison Bright has the highest  
rating of early evening TV. We  
have definite proof that Alison  
Bright has a minimum audi-  
ence of three and two-thirds

## Continuing . . False Face

[from page 47]

million. Minimum." Again he  
raised his hand against interrup-  
tion. "We go on at six when  
Mrs. Average Housewife is get-  
ting ready to serve supper. Ties  
up with our advertising. We  
keep the show lively so that in-  
stead of bothering with a lot of  
cooking she uses Dix's soups  
and canned meats. Neat, isn't  
it?"

"I'd rather have a well-  
cooked meal. And I think most  
people would instead of seeing  
me on television."

"Don't underestimate your-  
self. Modesty has little value in  
the World of Communication.  
You're news this week. Nina,  
big news, spot news, headline  
stuff. Here's our angle. A  
schoolteacher, decent, respect-  
able girl, gets mixed up with  
big-time gangsters. Is Nina in  
danger? Will Nick Brazza's  
gunmen seek revenge?"

"Oh, dear, you make me feel  
like one of those awful radio  
serials."

"You're better than that,  
Nina. You're alive. Real live  
woman." His strong hand  
closed on her shoulder, not with  
lust or affection, but apprecia-  
tion of her value in the World  
of Communication. "And what's  
more, you've just won a five  
thousand dollar jackpot. How  
many million women do you  
think are envying you today?  
Maybe we'll show you accept-  
ing the money. How'd you like  
that?"

Nina blinked. "If you want to  
put someone on television,  
someone who knows a lot about  
gangsters, I know just the per-  
son. Gracie Malloy, you must  
have seen her picture in the  
paper."

"Cheap stuff. You're our  
dish, Nina."

"Dish of canned soup?"

**M**R. RUBBLE wag-  
ged a finger. "None of that in  
the show, please. Humor's great  
in a comedy programme, but on  
a high-level show it tends to  
cheapen the atmosphere. At the  
expense of the product. By the  
way, when Alison asks what  
you're going to buy yourself  
with that five thousand, don't  
forget to mention that you're  
putting a few cases of Dix's  
canned soups and meats in your  
pantry so you won't have to  
worry in case of emergencies."

"With all those big-time gan-  
gsters on my trail, that isn't the  
sort of emergency I'm likely to  
worry about." She was glad  
when the telephone rang, for it  
gave her an excuse to get away.

As she hurried towards the  
house she called back: "Please  
don't send the car around for  
me, Mr. Rubble. I don't want  
that free television nor any  
canned soup for emergencies.  
And I'm not going to be on your  
show, but thanks for asking  
me."

Just as she reached it the tele-  
phone stopped ringing. Nina did  
not care. Too many people had  
bothered her that morning.  
Still, she hurried to answer  
when it rang again.

"Hello, hello, hello."

There was no voice in the in-  
strument. Nina tried a final  
explosive hello. Again the black  
silence.

"What's the difference? Prob-  
ably somebody trying to sell  
me the latest plastic coffin with  
a two-way stretch and ear-  
phones." In the empty house  
this did not seem funny. Nor  
could she laugh when the rou-  
tine was repeated. It happened  
three more times before she de-  
cided to leave the telephone off  
the hook.

Thus Philip Everclyde, who  
had been trying repeatedly to  
make an appointment with her,  
was again thwarted.

As in repentance for the rain,  
the weather turned warm. It  
was like summer's resurrection  
but without promise of endur-  
ance, and, for this reason, the  
heat became more precious than  
in summer. Waking after a

splendid two-hour nap, Nina  
bathed and dressed.

The sudden turn in the  
weather gave her the opportu-  
nity of wearing a summer dress  
so becoming that she had hesi-  
tated about putting it away  
until spring. It was green and  
of a fabric whose subdued lustre  
gave pretty contrast to the gold-  
spattered whiteness of her arms.

She knew that she looked well  
and was not displeased when a  
pleasant-looking stranger parked  
his car before her door.

He had driven from the city  
with the top down, his coat and  
tie off, but before he rang her  
bell he put them on again,  
watching himself in the rear-  
view mirror. He did not bother  
to comb his hair because no  
wind ever ruffled that tidy head.  
He was tall, lean, sandy-colored,  
had regular features, and wore  
a suit so well-cut that its cut was  
not noticeable.

Nina waited for him to ring  
before she opened the door.

"Miss Redfield?"

"Yes."

"I tried to make an appoint-  
ment but your phone seemed  
busy all morning, and later no  
one answered."

"I had it off the hook."

"You're not supposed to do  
that," he said. "The telephone  
company will give you a me-  
chanical cut-off if you ask  
for it."

"Are you from the phone  
company?"

He smiled. "Why do you ask  
that?"

"You seem concerned over  
their interests."

"The interests of their sub-  
scribers."

"What are you selling?"

He threw her a glance of  
faint amusement. "I haven't  
introduced myself, have I?  
Philip Everclyde."

"The name's familiar."

He offered less of a smile  
than the shadow of a grimace.

"Philip Everclyde was twice  
governor of this State."

"Oh, of course."

"Don't try to remember  
Grandfather. I didn't expect  
you to."

"I'm frightfully sorry. Oh!  
Philip Everclyde, of course. We  
have a letter, that is my father  
had one from him, it's pasted  
in the book of letters from  
famous people."

"I wondered if you were  
Claude Redfield's daughter."

"You know who he is!"

"We have several letters and  
all of his books. He once bought  
a Canaletto for my uncle."

"Oh, I do remember. The  
first time we went to Italy."

"Aren't you going to ask me  
in?"

"Excuse me for being so rude.  
There've been so many odd  
visitors." She danced in ahead.

The sun, almost at earth's  
level this autumn afternoon,  
entered at an angle that gave  
highlights to damask and  
mahogany, enriched brocade,  
showed paintings at their bright  
best. Nina watched Philip  
Everclyde's face. He would  
not consider her a fool for  
keeping beautiful things, nor  
wonder why she had failed to  
trade her joys and memories  
for a better car.

They settled in the comfort-  
able chairs, talked like people  
who have met at a dinner party,  
about the weather, her father's  
books, modern painting, last  
year's plays, actors, attitudes,  
interpretations.

The mood was social and  
right until Philip remarked,  
"What I don't understand is  
how a girl like you ever got  
mixed up with a character like  
Nick Brazza."

Because she had softened to-  
wards him, Nina forgave him  
less than she would have for-  
given an impudent salesman or  
reporter. "So that's why you're

To page 58



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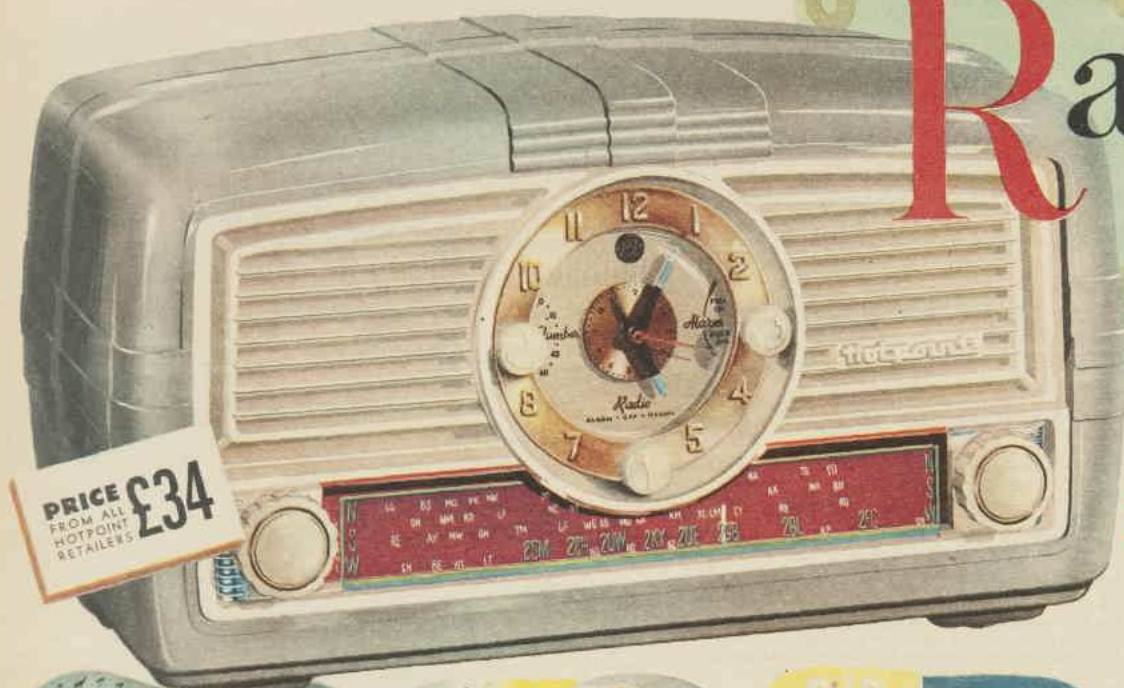
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**WINDOW-SILL OF HERBS.** An ample supply of herbs can be obtained for a small family by a window-box garden. Pictured here are parsley, sage, thyme, mint, chives, and marjoram, which will add flavor to many dishes for the housewife.

## Fragrant herbs

Herbs are fascinating to grow. One of their greatest merits is that they can be grown in flowerpots, window-boxes, borders, or in the open garden.

**HERBS** like unimpeded sunshine with protection from wind in really blowy-areas.

Some of them, notably the mints, like a damp place, but most prefer well-drained light soil, not too rich.

**ANISE** grows to about 2 feet, and the seeds, which are used for flavoring, are carried in seed heads resembling those of carrots. Seed is sown thickly in rows 2 feet apart. Seedlings are thinned to 4 inches apart. Harvest when seed turns brown in autumn. Seeds are used in biscuits; fresh leaves in salads.

**SWEET BASIL** has a pleasant spicy odor and taste. There are large and dwarf types, with green, purple, and variegated leaves. Sow seed 1 inch apart in rows 3 feet apart, covering to half an inch.

At flowering, cut stems 6 to 8 inches above ground for drying. The stems in small bundles and hang in a well-ventilated dark room to dry.

It is used very sparingly in soups and stuffings. The fresh leaves can be used in salads.

**CHERVIL** looks a bit like parsley with its lacy leaves, but its odor and flavor resemble tarragon.

Seed should be sown thickly in rows 2 feet apart and seedlings thinned to 4 inches. Young seedlings are delicate and need to be kept weeded and watered. Plants grow to about 2 feet.

In summer tender green leaves can be cut and dried rapidly in the shade. Fresh leaves are pleasant in salads; dried ones in dressings, omelets, soups, and stews.

**CORIANDER** is an attractive plant, with fan-shaped divided leaves, the upper ones feathery. Flowers are pale mauve. Large round seed is used for flavoring liqueurs and confectionery and is an ingredient of spice.

Seed is sown thickly in rows 3 feet apart, covering with  $\frac{1}{2}$  inch of soil. Seedlings should be thinned to 3 inches. Plants grow to about 2 feet.

Cut the seed heads when fruit has turned brown.

**DILL** has aromatic seeds and leaves. It grows 2 to 3 feet and has strong upright stems with leathery leaves and yellow flowers. Seed should be sown thickly in rows, thinning to 4 inches apart. Harvest when the fruit is fully developed, but before it is brown, drying seed heads on a screen in the shade. Flavor resembles caraway.

Fresh leaves are used in dill butter for roast or fried meats or fish, in sandwiches, soups, stews. Seed flavors pickles.

**SUMMER SAVORY** belongs to the mint family. Seed should be sown thickly in rows 3 feet apart, thinning seedlings subsequently to 4 inches. Germination is slow, but once it gets going the plant grows quickly to 1 foot. Fresh leaves

divided leaves. Flowers are bright yellow, seeds are large and take a little longer to dry than caraway and dill.

Though a perennial, it is propagated by seed.

Leaves give flavor to fish, fish sauces, and salads; young tender stems can be eaten like celery; seeds are used in breads, pastries, and drinks.

**GARLIC** is propagated from cloves obtained by separating the bulbs. Set them out 6 inches apart in rows 18 inches apart, with the top of the clove just above the ground. Garlic is ready to harvest when top growth falls over. Pull bulbs and place in a cool place to dry.

**SWEET MARJORAM** likes sunshine and a fairly dry soil. It is grown from seed, cuttings, layering or root divisions taken in spring. Plants grow to 2 feet and should be spaced 6 inches apart.

When flowering begins cut back and dry pieces rapidly. Chief use is flavoring seasonings.

**ROSEMARY** is propagated from cuttings taken in spring.

Fresh or dried leaves used sparingly give flavor to spaghetti when added to the cooking water, stews, and thick soups. Blended with chopped parsley in butter, it may be spread under the skin of breasts and thighs of roasting chickens.

**SAGE** is a shrubby herb growing to 2 feet and flowering the second season. It is propagated by cuttings or crown divisions. Leaves should be harvested before flowering and dried in the shade.

**TARRAGON** is grown from root or crown divisions set out in spring in rows 3 feet apart and 1 foot apart in the rows. The large crown which develops should be subdivided every 4 years.

Uses are in in salads, salad dressing, tartare sauce, and some egg dishes.

**THYME** is grown from seed or cuttings. Plants should be set out 1 foot apart in rows 3 feet apart, replanting every 3 years, as old plants tend to get woody. Thyme can be harvested at any time, dried in a cool airy place, and then the leaves are stripped from the stems.

## GARDENING

and stems may be used any time, but for drying 6 to 8 inches should be cut from the top at flowering.

This herb is used in cooking legumes, and in soups, stuffings, sauces for veal and poultry, egg dishes, and salads.

**CARAWAY** is an old favorite, having been used in Egypt in 2500 B.C. Seed is sown thickly in rows 1 to 2 feet apart and seedlings later thinned to 2 inches apart.

Add a few seeds when boiling cabbage or potatoes, or to potato salad, cream, cheese, bread. For use with roast pork crush seeds and mix with lemon juice, oil, and onions; rub on.

**CHIVES** are a member of the onion family. They are propagated by dividing clumps of bulbs. These must be divided every three years. Young, tender leaves are excellent in salads and omelets, soups, savory dishes, and on vegetables, being less oniony than onions.

**SWEET FENNEL** is a tall, graceful plant with light green shiny stems and very finely



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## Continuing . . False Face

from page 55

here. Like all the others. What profit can you make out of me?"

"Why are you so indignant?" "Since this news came out yesterday, I haven't had a minute's peace. I've been questioned and pushed around by all kinds of strangers. What's your line, gravestones or radio?" She measured him scornfully. "You don't look like a salesman. What is it, life insurance?"

"Who'd want to sell you insurance now? You're a bad risk."

"Am I? Why?" "Mixed up with Brazza's friends."

"Who are Brazza's friends? I don't know them."

"Please try to be a bit calmer. I don't wish to insult you, nor push you around, nor sell anything. But the fact is that you know Bushie Neal and the Malloy woman and apparently at one time you knew Brazza very well."

In his serenity she found patronage. "I did know Nick, but years ago. Bushie, too. Until yesterday I hadn't seen Bushie for ages."

"How did you come to know them at all?"

She raised her eyes defiantly. "Didn't any of the kids who went to school with you ever come to bad ends?"

"Several, I believe. Others are on the way. But no St. George's boy ever became a gangster."

"At a public school you meet a different class of people."

"I'm no snob," Philip said. "It wasn't my fault my parents sent me to St. George's. In many ways I consider my education deficient."

"Here, nearly everyone went to a public school; the richest kids, those whose fathers owned the factories, went to the same school as the children of people who worked in them. And delicatessen keepers' sons and ditch-diggers' daughters and boys like Nick Brazza, whose family was on relief."

"Your sympathy for him was born early."

Nina had been looking towards the west windows. The light of the setting sun struck her face. Was it a dream, a memory, or a mere contraction of muscle that gave her this child-like tenderness? "At school, after we got back from Italy, I'd been with adults all the time, civilised adults, and all the boys and girls here seemed so unfinished."

"Not Nick Brazza?"

"He wore youth well. There was a sort of swagger about him, distinction. He'd walk up the school stairs as if he owned the building. Other boys crowded and bumped into each other, but he just moved through

with a kind of swashbuckling grace."

"On relief?"

"That made it all the more exciting. He was exciting! I didn't know him well at first, I'd watch him for hours in class or in the schoolyard or on the pond, skating. He skated like an angel. I never dared speak to him."

"But you palpitated with girlish love."

How readily these white-skinned, red-headed people blush. Philip thought it sweet to see her hands fly up before the color had spread to her cheeks.

"Was it quite love?" she asked with a shy laugh. "I was so young then and intense."

"Also precocious."

"Some females fall in love early. Look at Juliet."

"You were still under the Italian influence."

She showed with a quick nod and bright eyes that she appreciated understanding. "Weaned on Browning and Keats, taught to use my eyes in Florence. Do you know what Nick looked like at that age? Head of a Young Man, prince or angel, by Correggio. You know those ripe peach flesh tints and the velvet eyes."

**P**HILIP smiled.

"Are you quoting a poem by Nina Redfield?"

She raised her arms in a pretty gesture, pushing up her back hair as she must have done with her curls when she was at school. "You were never a girl."

"Boys write poetry, too."

She laughed. "I was a fool. Couldn't look at other boys. All the other girls were mad about one, he had a natural marcel and was captain of the basketball team, but I could only watch Nick. He played with such style and audacity. And

"And looked like a prince with a golden skin and velvet eyes."

"I really see no reason why I should tell you all this."

"You love to talk about it. And I'm enjoying myself. Go on."

They laughed again. She moved about the room, restless, her white bare feet in russet sandals following the pattern of the carpet.

"Public schools aren't as democratic as you'd think. I belonged to the right set and in my way was arrogant, too. Or scared. Nick and I didn't speak to each other for ages. But I knew he was watching me. In

summer he had a job but on Sundays he came to our river beach."

"And the slim golden body diving from the highest board inspired another lyric."

"If you're going to make fun of me, I shan't say another word."

"Proceed, Juliet. I promise to be grim."

"I took the first step. I gave a party and invited him."

She skipped to the window and, standing there, saw the garden decked out in summer's adornments; syringa and honeysuckle, ramblers red on the walls. The girls had worn light dresses, the boys white flannels. She remembered Nick's hair slicked back and the smell of bay rum and his fingernails cleaned more carefully than the richer boys'.

"How did your other guests feel about it?"

"I'm afraid I didn't notice. Mother said I was a terrible hostess. I barely danced with another boy. How Nick and I danced! No other boy danced like that, nor any man since."

He was not, Philip reflected, a great dancer. Would Nina go through life comparing every man with Nick, every night with the first she had danced with him? Her hands, he noticed, were clasped over her heart.

The telephone which she had guiltily restored to the cradle began to ring. A man said, "Miss Redfield, it is imperative that I talk to you."

"Who is this, please?"

"My name is Samson. I represent Mutual Industrial and Fireman's."

"Didn't you telephone me before, Mr. Samson?"

"You cut me off. Rudely. For your own welfare, Miss Redfield, I—"

She said, "I'm going to be rude again. Good-bye, Mr. Samson."

Philip had closed the windows. "You don't mind, do you? It's getting quite cold."

"Not at all. Would you like tea or a drink?" She hoped the reporters had left some of Flo's good whisky, but the cupboard was as bare as it had been before she became a heroine. "I'm afraid sherry's all I can offer you."

It was a domestic sherry, the best a schoolteacher could afford, but served in old crystal. The sherry was the color of Nina's hair.

"And now, please, go on with the idyll."

Mr. Samson's call had broken the spell. "There's really not much to tell."

"What happened after the party? Surely that wasn't the end of the romance? What

To page 60

## ★ As I read the stars ★ By EVE HILLIARD ★

**ARIES** (March 21-April 20): Danger of accidents in connection with your job, September 14, is a feature of your week. September 16 sparkles with good luck in business or personal affairs.

**TAURUS** (April 21-May 20): Concentrate all your efforts on September 18 if you're hoping for a romantic date, but if you're looking for a bargain, choose September 20.

**GEMINI** (May 21-June 21): Don't try to put over a doubtful proposition, September 14, at home or on the job; you're sure to get the kick-back. September 18, step out.

**CANCER** (June 22-July 22): You'll find September 18 a day when everything clicks; you can't go wrong. Outings on September 19 bring a reward, plus happy hours.

**LEO** (July 23-August 22): There can be no doubt that September 18 enterprises are bound to produce some profit along £ s. d. lines, although September 19 may bring criticism.

**VIRGO** (August 23-September 23): That oh, so difficult personal problem may find a solution, September 18; the truth is, you may not care, now, one way or the other.

**LIBRA** (September 24-October 23): Some of you may be really down-hearted, September 16, through lack of progress or recognition. September 18 proves you have what it takes.

**SCORPIO** (October 24-November 22): If your beloved promises much, September 15, seems to fall down on the job, September 17, September 19 squares everything and brings happiness.

**SAGITTARIUS** (November 23-December 20): A challenge to your ingenuity may arise, September 15; you'll have to work it out by yourself, but September 17 is yours.

**CAPRICORN** (December 21-January 19): You could bang against a wall, September 16, and get nowhere, yet, by September 20, you can win.

**AQUARIUS** (January 20-February 19): Out of your depth September 15, wondering what course to pursue. Then September 17 shows the way to pleasant, enjoyable travels.

**PISCES** (February 20-March 20): While the midweek may be difficult, prickly with hard-to-manage situations, the weekend is Pisces' own, with more than one wish fulfilled.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

# COCOA is good for the whole family



Cocoa is a first favourite with all the family because it has everything each of them wants. It tastes delicious. It's choc-full of nourishment. A perfect drink in the morning—and the most satisfying night-cap of all—it makes anyone, young or old, feel warm and well. So easy to prepare—and economical, too, with 120 health-giving cups to the pound. 2/9 1/2 lb.; 5/3 lb. pkt.

## CADBURY'S BOURNVILLE COCOA

*Made by Cadbury's at Claremont, Tasmania, in the famous factory by mountain and sea.*

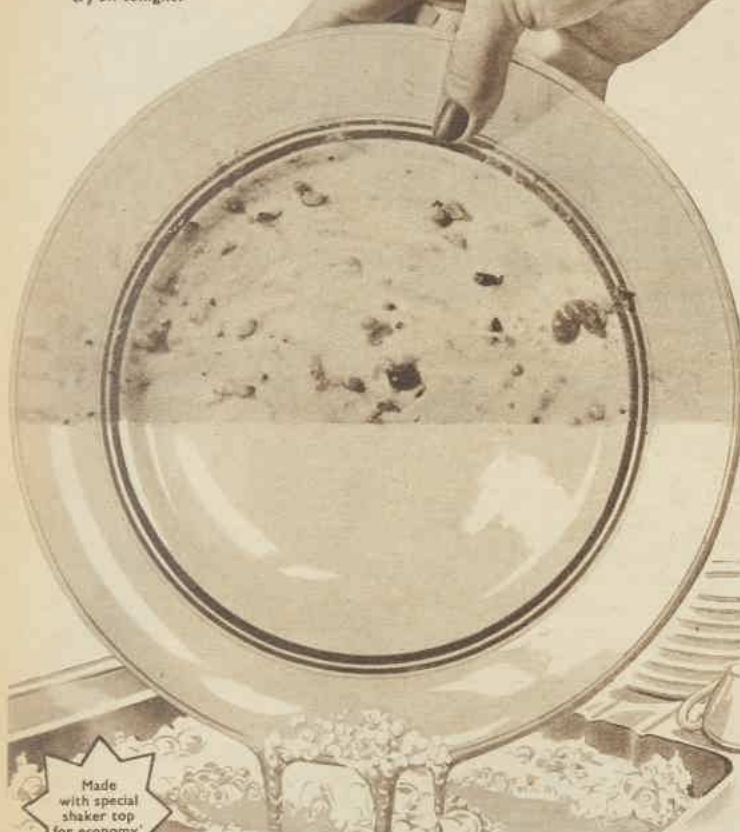
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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 15, 1954

Page 59

# Jif Strips Grease instantly!

This photograph shows what happens when a greasy dinner plate is dipped in hot water and Jif. For the same shining results with your own dishes, try Jif tonight!



## 3,000 SPARKLING DISHES FROM ONE BOTTLE!

Only three or four shakes of Jif, the magical new liquid detergent, are all you need to wash-up after the biggest family dinner because Jif is so concentrated. In hot water, or cold, Jif gives plenty of grease-killing lather in a second or two. Even the greasiest dishes come out so starry-bright they don't need to be dried. Ask for Jif... one bottle washes over 3,000 dishes!

### Concentrated LIQUID DETERGENT

A LEVER BROTHERS PRODUCT

J.L.WW196

about Bushie Neal and his corrupting influence? What made you hate him so much?"

Nina shivered as though an icy wind had penetrated walls and closed windows. Philip's question had struck a sore place. To expose would be to destroy, warp and wool, that delicate fabric which protected the frail gauze of cherished memories.

"Grow up, Nina Redfield. It was a pretty dream, but it belonged to a schoolgirl. You're a woman now and your Nick Brazza's a bad egg."

"Why is it so important? Please make me understand. Nick had nothing to do with the murder they want Bushie for. Nick was in gaol. Why has everyone been so excited because I mentioned him?"

Darkness comes abruptly at that time of year. The light that flickered in through the descending dusk was of that dun shade which robs everything of color. Through it Philip saw Nina's face as a pallid oval. "Do you read the newspapers?"

"Not the crime news. Only the headlines. I find it so dull and hard to understand."

"You read about Bushie's having killed a slot-machine collector and wounded a truck driver, didn't you?"

"Yes, I read that because I'd known Bushie."

"Did you know that the wounded man wasn't merely an honest truck driver?"

"No. What was he?"

"One of Bunionhead Peterson's mob."

"What a hideous name! I do remember reading it some time ago. Was he murdered, too?"

"Convicted. Federal charge. Bunionhead says he was framed. Perhaps he was. The whole thing might have been contrived by some of his competitors who wanted to get their hands on Bunionhead's business."

"Bunionhead?" The name puckered her mouth. "But what's all that got to do with the fact that I once wrote a poem to Nick Brazza?"

"We can forget the poem for a moment," replied Philip in that level voice which is the lawyer's equivalent of the bedside manner. "Bushie used to be one of Bunionhead's boys, but when Bunionhead was sent to Leavenworth and there was dissension among the various factions of his pay-roll it wasn't known whether Bushie stayed with the group who tried to keep the organisation together, collecting on the pinball and slot machines, or among the dissidents who had accepted an offer from a bigger syndicate."

"You make it sound more like business than crime," Nina commented.

Philip spoke like a lecturer addressing an audience of club-women. "The big crime syndicate is organised business, efficient, privileged, and extremely lucrative. With this difference, competition isn't fought with money and influence and ideas. These men use guns."

"And I'm supposed to know about things like that?"

"Since Bushie's victim was one of Bunionhead's men, it's obvious he was working for a new boss, someone who wants to get the slot-machine business away from them. Remember, this was not an isolated crime. There had been others. But Bushie hadn't organised the campaign. Bushie's no leader; he's a henchman. Who's his boss? That's where you come into the picture."

"Because I mentioned Nick? That's ridiculous. If Nick's such an important and mysterious figure, why didn't someone think of him before?"

"They probably did. But you said his name aloud. That gave the papers the right to print an elusive idea. In fact, Miss Redfield, you challenged the District Attorney's office to do something about these crimes."

"You mean they know and

## Continuing . . False Face

[from page 58]

they haven't?" She felt small and helplessly caught in a web which was meshed with another and joined to more and more of these uncertain tangles.

"Judge for yourself. When did you tell the reporters about Nick Brazza? Last night. This morning every newspaper reader in the country knew about it. Has our District Attorney moved a finger?"

"He sent two men to question me this morning."

"He did?" The astonishment was not feigned. "Investigators from Shannon's office, eh? Why didn't you tell me?"

"Is there any reason why I should?"

Her question was merely curious, but he took it as argument. "Are you by any chance a friend of Michael Q. Shannon's? An admirer?"

"All I know is that Mr. Shannon's the District Attorney. I'm not even sure that if you had asked me two minutes ago I'd have been able to tell you his name."

Now it was Philip's turn to pace the room. "That's the tragedy. The public doesn't remember. Before election Shannon makes all kinds of promises. Afterwards the crime bosses flourish."

"You mean to say the District Attorney is connected with crooks? Or takes money?" Indignation choked her. "In this State!"

"I'm not making accusations," he used the phrase as if it were ready on his lips. "Who does what and who pays whom is never clear. I'm certain Shannon doesn't take money. I'm sure he reports his entire income to the Department of Internal Revenue. But there are favors and fronts and funds for election campaigns and other burdens of office."

NINA asked sharply, "How do you know things like that?"

"It's our job to know. We

"Who's we?" she interrupted. "Whom do you represent, Mr. Everlyde?"

"Our committee. But it's more than that to me personally. It's my passion, my career, although at this moment," he admitted ruefully, "not too successful. If you're really interested in some of the things that happen in your Government, we've got files full of facts and statements and some of my speeches that have been printed."

"Your speeches?" That he made speeches did not surprise Nina. There were times when his drawing-room manner barely disguised the orator.

"I ran for District Attorney last election. As you know, I was defeated by the incumbent, Michael Q. Shannon, a man famous for his intolerance of crime, his prejudice against graft, his hatred of deals and his failure to do anything about them."

"Oh, of course. Philip Everlyde. I'm so sorry I didn't remember."

"Nothing is forgotten so quickly as the name of a defeated candidate."

"But I should have remembered."

"You'll be given another chance, I hope."

"Then you intend to run again?"

"Will you help me?"

Nina bent her head in humility. She wanted men to be princes and heroes, fighters and philosophers. Into her living-room had walked staunchness, idealism, corruption's stalwart enemy.

"Of course. But how can I help? I'm terribly stupid about politics and I'd curl up and die before I could make a speech or tell people how to vote, no matter how I believed in a candidate. But I do want to help. Please, what can I do?"

He pulled a hassock close to the couch and sat down upon it so that his eyes were on a level with hers.

"This Nick Brazza business, now. Go on with the story. The schoolgirl idyll was only the beginning. You say you haven't seen him lately. What does lately mean? How lately? And what did he tell you the last time you saw him?"

Nina's mouth closed as upon a bitter cud. She had expected him to ask her aid in some high undertaking and he had shown himself the equal of reporters and salesmen and promoters of television programmes. What of heroics now? Of philosophy?

Unmindful of the change in her, Philip went on: "I'd hoped for some definite lead on this Brazza business. I'd follow any trail, do anything to dig out some small fact that would be helpful in clarifying the crime situation in this State and incidentally showing up Shannon. Are you sure you don't know anything definite? Isn't there something you're concealing?"

"So that's what you want of me, to help you win an election?" In her disappointment Nina did not stop to consider his purpose in hoping to be elected. She was too far from these realities to understand that in political warfare heroism and philosophy are not such potent weapons as accusations and exposures.

"Not only that," Philip said sharply. "It's my purpose to extirpate these crooks in and out of office."

"Whatever your purpose, I don't like being used to further somebody's ambitions."

"Do you consider them ignominious?"

Nina yawned. "You're tired now. I shan't ask you to make any immediate decisions. Think about what I've told you."

"I'm not tired, Mr. Everlyde. Only tired of being used."

"That's a foolish attitude." "It's the way I feel. Since I saw Bushie and squealed" — she chose the word deliberately — "everybody's been trying to make profit of me. Good-bye, Mr. Everlyde."

He offered his hand. She took it unwillingly.

"I'll send those speeches and I'll give you a ring."

The telephone had begun again. She picked it up and hesitated, the receiver in her hand, waiting for Philip to be gone before she answered. Then at first the instrument seemed empty. "Hello. Is anyone there?"

"Squealer!"

"Who is this?" The voice was gone, the instrument vacant, the wires dead. Nina's heartbeat had died, too. Her hands froze to the instrument. The word echoed like a note repeated on a broken string. Squealer.

Through her front window a beam of light entered obliquely. The cheerful sounds of motor and tyres dispelled the echo. The waiting, the voice, the chill and silence had taken no more than half a minute, and the light that had entered was from Philip Everlyde's car turning in the driveway. She was tempted to call him back, but she was ashamed to show herself dependent. He drove off.

Deeper silence. Nothing seemed alive, neither wind nor leaf nor living creature. The evening air was cold. Bone-chilled, she hurried to her room for a sweater. Much of her life had been spent in this room, but she had never before noticed that the shadow of the chandelier had the profile of an evil, smiling man.

To be continued



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Here are truly contemporary fabrics. They are designed by artists of our own day and age and made by craftsmen using up-to-the-minute methods and machines.

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PLAIN AND CORK-TIPPED



Continuing . . . . .

## High Time He Settled Down

from page 5

and best man, surely we should do a spot of merry-making together this evening?"

"You haven't been a very attentive best man, have you?" she said, and, with a very small and very cool smile and a nod that dismissed him completely, she turned away.

That was that. He couldn't remember when he had felt so disconcerted. A bit of a girl like that turning him down flat. Now steady, Oliver, getting a bit conceited, aren't you? His lips twitched ruefully. That was what came of knowing that you were an eligible young man—a bit sickening really.

For a moment he didn't care for himself very much. The point was, what did one do next? Beat it, my lad, hot-foot, consider yourself well out of it. Yet it seemed a pity to let the remainder of the day fall to pieces. Here he was all dressed up and, all too truly, nowhere to go.

The thought of spending the evening sitting quietly at home, with the Old Man reading a book, suddenly engulfed him in boredom. But there was nothing else for it apparently; people were beginning to drift away, the party was thinning out; the little brunette rolled large brown eyes at him and he was aware that there was no need for him to spend a dull evening, but quite definitely he didn't want her company. Already, he had forgotten her name.

**I**NVOLUNTARILY, not knowing what he would do if he found her, Oliver caught himself wandering about looking for Jane, but she had disappeared. Gone to change, of course, ready for whatever it was she was going to do in the evening. He ran into the smooth Embassy type.

"Seen Jane?" he demanded without apparent eagerness, he hoped.

"Not recently," said the Embassy type languidly.

Waiting for her, of course, knowing quite well that she'd come down in a moment and they'd go out together. Nothing to do except my goodbyes and make a graceful exit.

He went to the flat and changed out of his finery. It was deadly quiet there; on the table was a depressing meal of cold salad, and a note from the Old Man explaining that he'd be dining out. So that was that—just what you wanted, wasn't

it? A long quiet evening alone with a book.

No, he didn't want it at all. With his fingers he picked out a piece of lettuce and ate it morosely, his eyes roving round the room. Grim, that was the word for it—funny he'd never noticed it before. No flowers, none of that airiness and grace that women seemed to spread about them—just a room with severely functional furniture, no echo of laughter, no ghost of perfume—dusty, too, for Mrs Baker's griminess was not compensated by efficiency.

Now look here, what's got into you tonight? The flat is as it always has been, on the dreary side, but there is no need to stay in it sulking and moping because a girl has turned you down. And since when had he minded a girl turning him down?

Oliver flung himself into an armchair and brooded. That was it, he wasn't used to being turned down because he rarely made offers to girls, and when he did, his offers were always accepted. It was a little shattering to realise how much he had wanted Jane's company. He saw the long sea-green eyes, the lifted chin, that exquisitely chiselled finish.

Stop it! He must be going potty, sitting drivelling over a girl; best thing was to go out and have a drink and a square meal somewhere—the salad was a mockery and that didn't go towards helping his state of mind at all.

He got the car and found that he didn't want a drink, didn't want food, didn't know where he wanted to go, and at last, without quite knowing how he got there, he found himself turning into the secluded square where Jane and Margarita lived. Across the road from the house he stopped the car, lit a cigarette, and overhauled himself severely.

Now see here, my lad, just what do you expect to get out of this? She's gone out, you know you won't see her, and, furthermore, do you want to see her? And there was the answer, pat and alarming. Of course he wanted to see her, she was the one person in the world whom he wanted to see, and not seeing her, the world was a desert of tedium.

Gosh!—a little breathlessly he came to the surface, but before

To page 63



"It's my hobby!"

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every bath  
or shower

for  
day-long  
skin comfort



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**SLIP ON AND OFF  
LIKE LIGHTNING—**

**without dusting powders.**

Housewives all over Australia acclaim these new Ansell "Silver Lined" Rubber Gloves with the magic silver lining. Makes them so easy to slip on and off without using dusting powders . . . they're your surest protection against housework hands.

**LOOK** for the silver lining which brands the rubber gloves you buy as Ansell "Silver Lined" Rubber Gloves. Only Ansell "Silver Lined" Rubber Gloves have this new process which gives to the lining a smooth-as-satin silver finish.

**SEE** how your hands stay soft and lovely when you wear Ansell "Silver Lined" Rubber Gloves for dishes, laundry, mopping, polishing, scrubbing, gardening and other similar jobs. No more chapped hands—chipped, broken nails.

What's more, you can use **really hot** water for dishes; Ansell "Silver Lined" Rubber Gloves are the simplest hand beauty treatment—and the most effective.

**FEEL** the tough sure-grip crepe outer surface . . . it's designed to stand plenty of rough, tough wear. Ansell "Silver Lined" Rubber Gloves give you bare hand touch with your most delicate china—even when washing up in really hot water.

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Obtainable from all stores, chemists,  
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SIZES 6½, 7, 7½, 8, 8½, 9.

(Slightly dearer in country areas)

Lovely Melbourne model and busy housewife, Bambi Smith, uses Ansell "Silver Lined" Rubber Gloves for all housework. She says: "These new Ansell 'Silver Lined' Rubber Gloves are simply marvellous. They're so easy to slip on and off . . . so comfortable to work in. They're the easiest hand protection I know."

**LOOK FOR THE SILVER**

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IN RUBBER**



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I feel so much brighter, now that I start the morning with Andrews! Here's the tin that gives me so much more energy during the day.

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It's so simple to prepare. I just stir two teaspoonfuls of Andrews into a glass of cold water. It effervesces at once—

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and there's a sparkling glass of Andrews, ready to refresh me at any time of day. Just one teaspoonful to a glass makes an enjoyable drink.



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Sparkling effervescent Andrews benefits the entire system! First it freshens the mouth and helps to clean the tongue, then settles the stomach and tones up the liver. Finally Andrews gently cleans the system. Drink a morning glass of healthful Andrews Liver Salt—for inner cleanliness!

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## MORLEY

ON UNDERWEAR AND KNITWEAR

Continuing . . . .

## High Time He Settled Down

from page 61

he had time to sort himself out there she was, coming into the square from the other end with a young spaniel on a lead. She was nearly up to him, in a moment she'd be going up the steps. He leapt out of the car and across the road.

"Jane," he said.

As he fell into step with her, she just looked at him, saying nothing, her face like a pale flower in the half light.

"I thought you were going out with someone this evening," Oliver said joyfully.

She shook her head. "I didn't say so." Cool little voice, a precise way of saying her words.

"But you said you had an engagement."

"With Haidi, to take her for a walk."

There was no friendliness, but he caught the movement of her lips, making a dimple in her cheeks.

"Jane, come out with me, come out and have dinner."

Just for a moment he wondered again what had come over him, then all that was forgotten, not important any more.

"I've had dinner," she said discouragingly, but somehow he was sure she was holding a smile in her hand.

"A drink then, or coffee—anything, only I must talk to you." She stood for a moment considering him and there was time for him to realise just how he was going to feel if she turned him down flat.

"I'll just take Haidi in," she said composedly.

WHILE he waited for Jane, Oliver made a grab at sanity. What's all this in aid of? What are you letting yourself in for? Then she was back, sitting beside him in the car, and sanity gave way to a sweet and most thrilling madness.

They sat in a corner of a quiet restaurant, empty, as far as Oliver was concerned, except for the two of them.

"Why wouldn't you come to dinner with me?" he asked.

She gave him a clear calm glance. "Why should I? I don't really know why I'm here now. You were very rude to me in the vestry—Your turn to be kissed now—wasn't that what you said? Why should you think I'd be falling over myself to be kissed by you?"

"I'm sorry if I was rude," said Oliver miserably.

"And you didn't pay any attention to me or try to look after me," the soft implacable voice went on.

"But you were with some other chap," he cried.

"Couldn't you have taken me away from him if you'd wanted to enough? So why should I say 'Yes, please' when you think you'll be good enough to do your duty by me and take me out to dinner?"

He looked at her hand resting on the table; a slim brown hand with some huge semi-precious stone, sea-green like her eyes, in a ring on her middle finger. He wondered what she did to get her hands so brown. He didn't know a thing about her—only one thing—that he loved her. There was no need to know any more. In that brilliant flash everything was quite clear.

Now he knew why John's face changed when he looked at Margarita, he knew why men got married. All right, you were caught, if you liked to think of it that way—but only because you wanted to be caught, that was the point he had missed—your own willingness.

"Something went wrong somewhere," he said slowly. "I—none of it was meant to be like that. I thought you were booked with that Embassy type. He seemed to be waiting for you."

She gave a little giggle of recognition. "Donald! He's my cousin, married anyway."

Oliver made another tremendous effort, it was now or never, he had to get this straight. "I—the fact is, I've always been terrified of girls; afraid I'd be caught, rushed somehow into marriage."

He broke off, appalled; of course that was utterly the wrong thing to say. Dismally he waited for the storm to break over him. But she said quite gently, "You don't know much about girls, do you, Oliver?"

"Not much," he admitted, then he looked across at her and she was watching him with a funny crooked little smile.

"Then I think it's time you began to learn, don't you?"

"Jane," he said weakly, like any other young man in love, dazzled by the stars in her eyes, enveloped in the perfume of all the flowers in the world which rose from the swirl of her skirt.

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ALL characters in the serial and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living persons.

FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

by TIM



## "BUSY AS A BEE"

— now she's  
regular  
without  
purgatives

Miss Y. Roe, Bardwell Park, N.S.W., writes: "I was dosing myself with purgatives to end constipation but found my strength and energy going. I started on your All-Bran and now I'm busy as a bee with my dressmaking..."



You get more fun out of life when you're naturally "regular". Feel younger, too. If constipation and harsh laxatives are draining your vitality away—start enjoying All-Bran every morning for natural regularity and better health.

It is a medically established fact that nature has provided, in the natural foods men were intended to eat, all the elements necessary for avoidance of irregularity due to lack of bulk. In many of these natural foods—such as certain vegetables, fruits and grains—nature grew, and grows today, abundant natural bulk which normally and naturally aids the rhythmic process of elimination.

In no other natural food is natural bulk so ideally found as in the outer layers of the whole wheat grain, known generally as bran. Bran is a good dietary source of such essential nutritional elements as iron, calcium, phosphorus and niacin. But far more important to you, it's nature's "laxative food instead of a medicine." When properly processed and shredded, this bran yields smooth natural bulk that the digestive system can handle in a natural way.



Enjoy All-Bran sprinkled over your regular breakfast cereal, or alone with milk, sugar and fresh or stewed fruit. Crisp, nutty flavour.

Kellogg's have made bran into a delicious breakfast cereal—All-Bran. All-Bran is sold as a cereal. Bought at cereal prices. Enjoyed as a cereal. Digested like a cereal. Many prefer it, on taste and eating qualities alone, to any other cereal on the market.

All-Bran performs naturally what harsh laxatives do chemically. It helps clear the intestines of waste in a natural way. It provides soft natural bulk for easy, natural action and because All-Bran is a natural health food, it builds up your strength and energy—instead of draining it out of you.

ACCEPT THIS FRIENDLY OFFER. Enjoy All-Bran for ten days. If you are not completely satisfied send the empty carton to Kellogg (Aust.) Pty. Ltd., Botany, N.S.W., and get double your money back. All-Bran is a trade mark of Kellogg (Aust.) Pty. Ltd.

AS4-4

## "What's it like in?"



"Brrrr—cold", says Marcia Gair-Robinson of Elwood, a seaside suburb of Melbourne.

Marcia's winter "sport" started off as a friendly date—now she is a confirmed year-round swimmer. "At first," says Marcia, "I was prone to catch colds. Now, to warm up quickly and guard against colds and 'flu, I make sure of a good hot cup of Bonox the moment I arrive home."

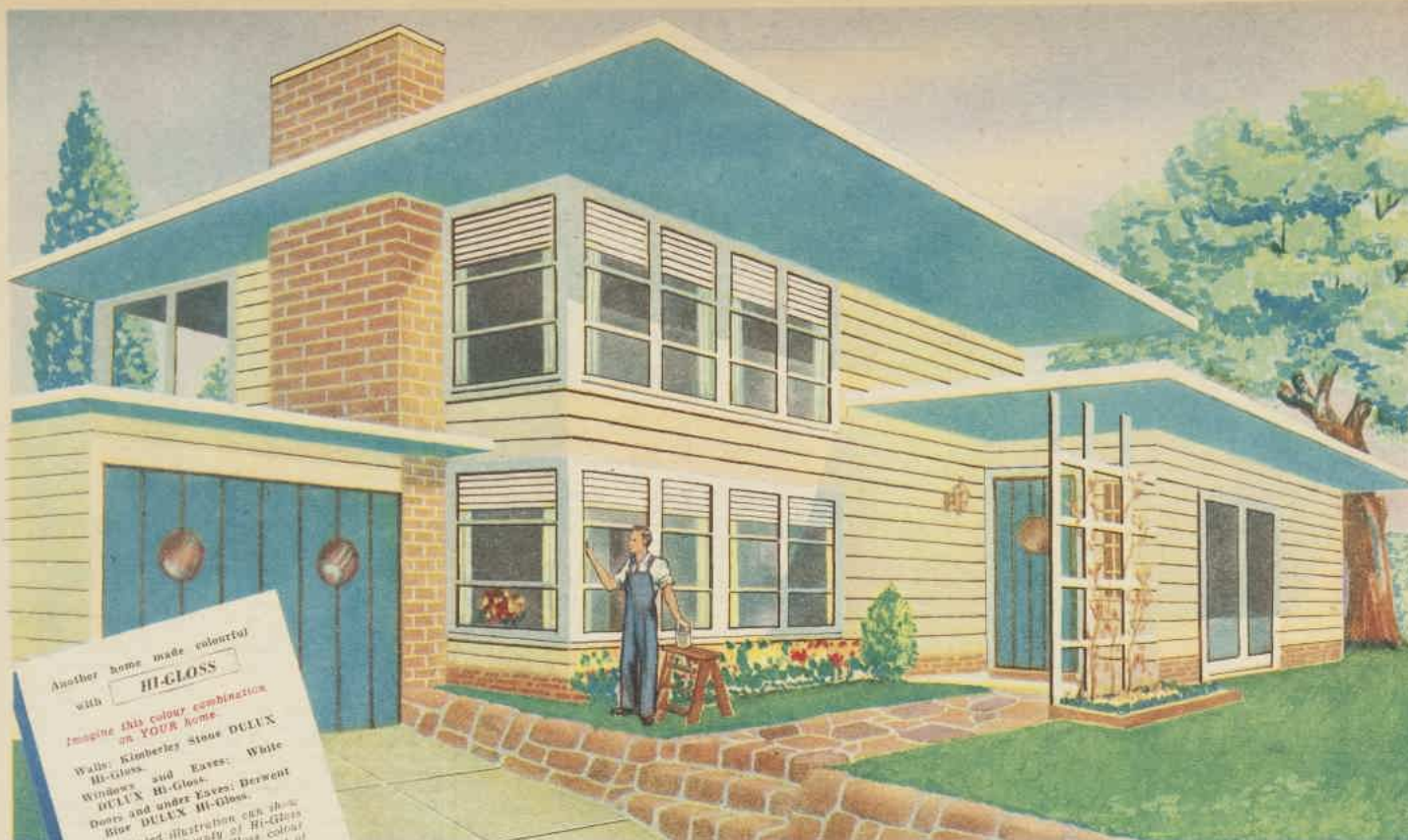
Bonox—a delicious drink—pours concentrated goodness of rich, prime beef straight into your bloodstream and keeps 'flu at bay. So drink Bonox at home, work, cafe, hotel or milk bar. Bonox... at new low prices. K854

## FIERY ECZEMA QUICKLY CURBED

Don't let ugly, disfiguring Pimples, Eruptions, Acne, Ringworm, Psoriasis, Blackheads or Itching, Cracking, Peeling, Burning Skin Troubles make life miserable and spoil your fun. Don't be embarrassed and feel inferior because of bad skin. Now every clammy, itchy, new American Hospital Discovery called Nixaderm that stops the itch in 3 minutes, kills germs and fungus, and in 24 hours begins to heal the skin, clear, soft, and smooth. We make how long you have suffered, let Nixaderm from your chemist, let-day under positive guarantee to heal your skin or money back.



Make Baby's Hair  
GROW CURLY  
4 Weeks Treatment  
3/6 EVERYWHERE  
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Another home made colourful  
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Imagine this colour combination  
on YOUR home  
Walls: Kimberley Stone DULUX  
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with the expert Colour Service this  
new DULUX book provides.



Don't be confused with technicalities—play safe: choose the perfect outside paint. It's HI-GLOSS Synthetic House Paint brought to perfection for you by the famous DULUX Laboratories, part of the world-wide chemical research organisation of I.C.I.—outstandingly the greatest step forward in paint production that modern Industrial Chemistry has ever achieved. **EASIER FLOW, GREATER COVERAGE . . . LASTING BEAUTY** Into the development of HI-GLOSS Synthetic House Paint has gone scientific research yielding easier flow with no brush-drag, greater spread, undreamed of beauty, and longer lasting gloss and protection than ever before thought possible.

❄ Here, then, is the paint to set all your doubts at rest, a paint so rich in superior qualities that it has proved by practical tests under all conditions to be the cheapest house paint to choose in the long run.

Ask for  
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Here's a new 24-page B.A.L.M. book filled with attractive, modern colour schemes for every room of your home. Thought-starters, too, to help you plan colour schemes of your own. "Colourful Homes" will enable you to put colour both inside and outside your home the way you, that is you in particular, want it. Buy "Colourful Homes" at your nearest DULUX dealer or write enclosing a 2/- postal note to Dulux Finishes, P.O. Box 21, Concord, N.S.W.



## New American Transfers

● Two outstanding new American transfer sheets are now available from our Needlework Department. With these transfers there is a special pattern service available. Orders for the patterns and the transfers should be sent to our Needlework Department.

ON transfer No. 215 there are cheerful day-of-the-week designs that can be used to decorate tea-towels, aprons, place-mats, serviettes, and other house linens. The transfer sheet measures 24in. x 28in. and features 14 motifs designed so that lettering can be separated from the flower patterns. Price of transfer, 2/6.

A pattern of the apron shown on this page is also available. Price of transfer and pattern, 3/-.



ABOVE are shown the lovely new designs included on transfer sheet No. 215. A pattern of the apron is also available. Price, transfer only, 2/6; transfer and pattern, 3/-.

### NURSERY MOTIFS

PLAYTIME or bedtime can be lots of fun for youngsters with the array of intriguing embroidery motifs that are on transfer sheet No. 216.

There are kittens and bunnies and other favorite nursery animals for pillow-slips, cur-

tain hems, as well as clothes. Mothers will enjoy embroidering the "Three little kittens have found their mittens" block on a crib cover.

A pattern for a useful little playsuit may also be ordered with the transfer. Price of transfer only, 2/6. Transfer and playsuit pattern, 3/6.



FORTY specially selected designs for nursery use are included in our new transfer pattern No. 216. The sheet measures 24in. x 28in. Patterns for the playsuit shown above may also be obtained from our Needlework Department. See address page 71.

## Dream in Blue Mist

in Spring's loveliest lingerie



You'll dream sweetly in enchanting new nightwear in Lustre's ever-popular graceful Velvarey. Ruffles of lace flatter the skin and graceful lines flow to perfection. Whether you buy the individual garment or a complete trousseau set, you'll be lovelier than ever in Lustre.

### Ask for the '53' set

NIGHTIE • PYJAMAS • DRESSING JACKET  
SLIP • HALF-SLIP • VEST • SCANTIES • PANTETTE  
SCANTETTE • BRIEFS

Also available in

ROSY  
PINK

FROSTY  
WHITE

MONEY  
BEIGE

Be beautiful in

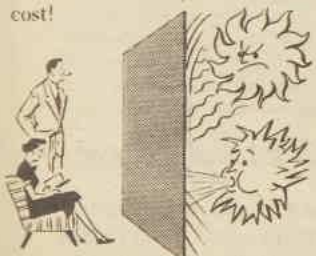
Lustre



# Bargains

## in beautiful bedrooms!

If you've got any sort of verandah or broken-down room going to waste, you can quickly change it to something as smart as the room pictured above — with Cane-ite—the only building board that INSULATES as it DECORATES, at one low cost!



Cane-ite's half-inch thickness insulates better than a brick wall 8" thick. Cane-ite lined "verandah" rooms keep comfortably COOL in heatwaves . . . WARM on the coldest winter nights.

### Choice of 3 finishes

(1) Natural suede-like finish. (2) Primed Cane-ite. (3) Ivory Cane-ite, beautiful pre-finished smooth surface which needs no further decoration. Particularly suitable for ceilings because of its good light reflection qualities.

Sold by timber merchants and hardware stores



## CANE-ITE

THE ONLY BUILDING BOARD THAT

*Insulates as it decorates*

Made by THE COLONIAL SUGAR REFINING CO. LTD., Building Materials Division  
Sydney, Newcastle, Wagga, Melbourne, Brisbane, Townsville, Adelaide, Perth

CS4-1



### Here's fast, low-cost wall and ceiling construction

Cane-ite comes in easy-to-handle sheets to fit all wall spaces with next-to-no carpentry . . . 6, 7, 8, 9, 10 and 12 feet lengths by 3 and 4 feet widths. (You can get up to 48 square feet coverage with a single sheet). You can paint Cane-ite in any finish. And it's white-ant proofed.

Continuing . . . .

## Henry and the Spaceman

from page 3

be the latest thing in pop-guns.

"Hello! I'm a spaceman!" "Hello, yourself!" Henry tried to look as frightening as possible. "Did you let down my tyres?"

"No! Sis did!" "Oh, Sis did, did she? Was that Sis I met across the back fence?"

"Yes. You squirted her with water, so she let your tyres down!"

"She also blackened all my washing!"

"Mm!" the youngster was firing of this arbitrary line of backchat. "I'm a spaceman!"

"A spaceman, are you?" commented Henry, beginning to pump. "What's a spaceman?"

"A spaceman goes through space! He goes to Mars! What's your name?"

"Henry! What's yours?" "Billy! Do you live next door?"

"Yes! Second floor. Moved in yesterday."

"Did you see my space pistol?"

Henry put down the pump and looked closely at Billy, who offered his toy for inspection.

"You show me how it works, Billy?"

The small boy, delighted with his adult audience, loaded and fired the pistol.

As Henry watched, everything slowed down. It seemed ages since he had seen a little boy. His life was so full of advertising, of slogans, of layouts, and of girls like Lois that he had not spent much time dallying with the younger set.

And from where he stood, Henry felt a strong conviction creeping up on him that he was missing something.

"That's great, Billy!" He grinned into the freckled face of the youngster. There in the green eyes he discovered a vigorous innocence so foreign to most of the eyes into which it had been his habit to gaze of late.

"That's a fine space pistol! Best I've seen! What say you tell me all about spacemen while I pump up these tyres, huh?"

"Gee, I thought everybody knew 'bout spacemen! They wear funny suits, an' they travel in rocket ships, an' . . ."

Billy chatted on while Henry pumped.

"What's your sister's name?" Henry inquired as the last tyre began to rise.

"Julie."

"I'll bet she's angry about my squirting her?"

"I'll say she is! She's going

out with Hector! We're all going for a drive, an' . . ."

"Who's Hector?" Henry disconnected the pump and went to the boot.

"Sis' boy-frien!" There was disgust in his voice.

"Don't you like Hector?" "Nuh!"

"Why?" "He thinks spacemen are silly! He tol' me! An' he doesn't like me coming 'long with him and Sis!"

"Oh! Do you always go along?"

"Yes! Mum and Dad are away, and Sis's got to take me!" he declared.

"Well, listen, Billy," Henry knelt down and poked a finger at the youngster, "if Hector doesn't like spacemen, then he's no good!"

"D'you like spacemen?" "I'll say I do! And I want you to tell me all about them sometime. O.K.?"

"O.K.! G'bye, Henry!" "See you later, Billy!"

On the Monday morning, around eight-thirty, as Henry drove away from his flat, he saw a familiar redhead making for the bus stop. The absence of slacks on this encounter revealed supporting features which stirred him.

But, though charming dream fodder Julie might provide, Henry's concentration this day was directed towards more earthly matters. As he entered the offices of Carfield Publicity he was a man with publicity problems in general, and one publicity problem in particular—the Anstruther Kitchens job!

Anstruther Kitchens was a section of a large company which produced equipment for happy homes. The Kitchens were their latest product, to be unleashed that week upon the purchasing public. Carfield Publicity, a small company, had been granted the opportunity of tendering layouts for advertising these kitchens. And to K. B. Carfield, energetic head of the company for which Henry worked, this job was the sun, moon, and stars.

He had indicated to Henry that he was expected to rise to great heights in the execution of his job, otherwise he might find himself propelling in a more negative direction.

This type of product was way out of Henry's line. Clients who marketed expensive cars, assorted liqueurs, and women's bathing-suits had been known to mention his name on bended

knees at their bedsides. But kitchens!

Young men like Henry, full of fire and red blood, could get worked up over almost anything. But kitchens, like the Sunday washing—no!

Henry drew happy housewives in modern kitchens, and unhappy housewives in old-fashioned kitchens until he felt like running home to mother to thrash the whole thing out. But none of the dozen layouts he locked away in his office at nine that night did anything to relieve that jobless feeling at the pit of his stomach.

By the time he pulled up outside his flat, his gloom was dragging on the ground. He took the side entrance, passing alongside his neighbor's home.

"Hi!"

Henry looked around. A small figure, wrapped to the neck in pyjamas, leaned out of a window. It was this figure which had uttered in the night.

"Billy!" He stepped across the low picket fence. "What are you doing out of bed?"

"Too hot! Where've you been?"

"I've been working!" He leaned on the window-sill.

"What's that?"

"I design things! Draw pictures!"

"Can you draw spacemen?"

"I think I could! I'll draw you one, huh? And give it to you tomorrow. Now you'd better climb back into bed!"

"Nuh!" His small hand clutched Henry's sleeve.

"Your sister will hear you. And she'll be annoyed. Especially as you're talking to me!"

"She can't hear us! She's out in the kitchen!"

Not exactly. Julie had been out in the kitchen, but at that moment, came back into the lounge, the room next to Billy's. The window was open.

"Where's Mars?" asked Billy.

"Ohhh!" Henry's face turned upward and searched the starlit sky. "I'm not sure! Only a few people know which is Mars! Only astronomers!"

"What's astron'ners?" The youngster drew further support from Henry's arm, and followed his gaze.

"They're men who watch the stars through big telescopes. They know which is Mars, and Venus, and Jupiter, and Pluto."

"Pluto? That's a doe!"

"It's a star, too. Billions and billions of miles away!"

"Gee! Can men go there?"

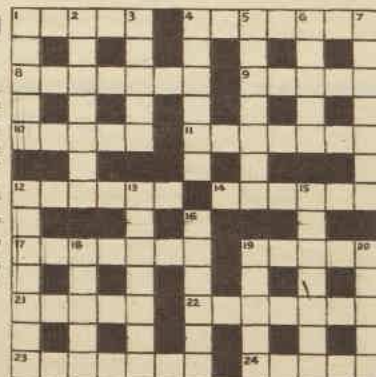
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## THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

### ACROSS

- Wickets leading to a stage (5).
- Insulting language from a fence (7).
- Metal, very important for chemists, generalists, and lately for stock-brokers (7).
- Did his wife call this famous sailor of "Ducky" (5).
- Sooner starts to raise (5).
- Beseech ending in entertainment (7).
- A doctor to sharpen and sprinkle (6).
- Red or a worshipper (6).
- There are four of them, but in spite of appearance, they are not male nymphs (7).
- Pencil resin in a sham berry (8).
- "O, Cassius! You are yoked with a lamp That carries . . . as the flint bears fire" (5).
- Free dead men can be corrected (7).
- Such springs are not (7).
- Pipe which carries air to a furnace (5).

Solution will be published next week.



### DOWN

- Clot of blood containing Nelson's blood (5).
- A daring young man used one for going through the air (7).
- Quick lover of stella (8).
- Male gipsy through a child's over-all (6).
- Commonwealth electorate before Edward put into words (7).
- Sensless in a neon, but not on it (5).
- A friend should bear his friend's infirmities. But Brutus makes mine . . . than they are" (7) Julius Caesar.
- Separate.
- This coarse fabric seems to be made of spirited sheep (7).
- Puriously offer price in a mutilated rally (7).
- Overwhelm a donkey with trouble (6).
- Fish hook which may have been used by the old inhabitants of Northumbria (5).
- Nimble though the head is full of beer (5).
- Our Mutual Friend has a character with a hood on (5).

# They built a house with a deck



GLADE-GREEN, burnt-orange, and lemon are the stimulating colors Mr. Christie chose for his study. The spacious top deck is off this room, and Mr. and Mrs. Christie find this a pleasant place for entertaining.



AN ANGLED WALL in the entrance hall adds interest to Mr. and Mrs. J. Christie's home at Cronulla, N.S.W.

● After the war, when Mr. and Mrs. J. Christie decided to settle in Sydney, costs and shortages of labor and material made it impracticable to build a new home.

HOWEVER, they planned for the future and bought a weatherboard week-end cottage on the waterfront at Gunnamatta Bay, N.S.W.

The cottage was in a delightful setting and on a large block of land, where further building was possible.

Recently the Christies moved into the new home they have built behind the cottage.

Designed by architect Terence Daly, the house is on sloping ground and is built on three levels. The bedrooms, study, and bathroom are on the top level, the car port, kitchen, living area, and a utility room at street level, while below there is a roomy workshop and storage area.

Wide front decks opening off the two top levels are a feature of the house. These were planned to take full advantage of the sweeping water view.



TOP SUN-DECK from which an uninterrupted view of Port Hacking and distant Bundeena and National Park is seen.



LIVING AREA has turquoise walls, grey ceiling, and raspberry-red drapes. The fireplace wall is angled to match the entrance hall wall and gives additional spaciousness to the room. The kitchen (right) is in tonings of blue and mauve with accents of black.



# The Beasley's - A HAPPY VEGEMITE FAMILY

Australia's proud of this family of cycling champions.

A big hug from Mum! As usual, it is Mrs. Beasley who's first to congratulate the menfolk of her family when they win yet another Australian cycling classic. 23-year-old John, who is the prize-winner on this occasion, is the 4th champion in this famous family of cyclists. Mr. J. J. Beasley started the tradition in 1905... and all 3 sons — Vincent, Clinton and John — have been Australian Champions in turn.



Meet genial "J.J." ... he's head of the family ... bikes are still his chief interest. A Vegemite man? "My word", says Mr. Beasley. "Makes the most nourishing sandwiches of all."



Three champion sons ... seven wonderful girls! The Beasley's are a big family, but a healthy family ... popular, sports-minded ... and — says Mrs. Beasley — great users of Vegemite.



With 10 children, 15 grand-children, Mrs. Beasley has definite views on health! "Being so sports-minded, I've given extra care to their energy and the food they eat. Right from the beginning it's always been Vegemite. They're grown-up now, but they all still love Vegemite on sandwiches, and in soups and gravies. And never a morning passes without Vegemite on toast."

## VEGEMITE EVERY DAY BUILDS HAPPY FAMILIES

because it provides the 3 essential vitamins your body can't store up.

Yeast is the richest known source of the precious Vitamin B group — and Vegemite is a pure yeast extract ... not an ordinary vegetable extract. That's why it is such a wonderful dietary source for your daily supply of Vitamin B<sub>1</sub>, B<sub>2</sub>

and Niacin which your body can't store up. So give your family Vegemite every day. Delicious for all kinds of sandwiches and snacks. A little Vegemite also adds flavour and vitamins to cooked vegetables, soups, stews and gravies.

Available everywhere in 2, 4, 6, 8 and 16 ounce sizes — new lower prices.

MADE BY KRAFT



PUT VEGEMITE NEXT TO THE PEPPER AND SALT whenever you set the table



## Continuing . . . Henry and the Spaceman

from page 66

"Not yet. But maybe they will some day."

"Hector says they won't even get to the moon!"

"You tell Hector he's talking through his hat!" Henry exclaimed, wondering what sort of a man could trample on a child's dreams. "They'll get there some day, Billy! But it won't be men like Hector who get there!"

"Why?"

"Well, it will be brave men who get there — men who dream, and work hard to make their dreams come true. They're the men who get everywhere first, and discover everything first! They're the men who don't forget the dreams they had when they were little boys like you, Billy. Sometimes their dreams don't come true! But they have fun dreaming — and trying! All the great things have been done by men who dream!"

Henry paused. Billy was watching him with a wide-eyed gaze.

But Henry's audience didn't end with Billy. Julie, in the lounge-room, was also listening. Her initial impulse, upon hearing her neighbor's voice, had been to send the heaviest blunt instrument she could lay her hands upon hurtling in his direction. But she had remained behind the curtain, curious to learn a little about the sort of men who squirted innocent women with garden hoses.

"Anyhow," Billy was saying, "I don't like Hector. An' I don't think Julie does 'cause she was saying on the phone—"

"Billy," his sister tore the curtains aside, "go back to bed at once! And don't you ever talk to strange men again!"

"Aw, Sis, this is Henry! He isn't strange!"

"Go back to bed! And you," she hurled at Henry's dim form, "go and beat somewhere else! Or I'll call the police!"

"Now is that the way to treat a new neighbor?" Henry asked. "I'm not a stranger. We've met. Surely your memory isn't so short?"

"I'll give you ten seconds, Buster!"

"You know," Henry moved into the light, "this is just like an old world scene, isn't it? I mean, you there in the window, looking positively bewitching, and me here — shall I go get my guitar?"

The window slammed down.

"Geed! She's coming to belt me!" Billy gurgled. "See you later, Henry!" He disappeared into his room.

"Night, kid!"

Up in his own flat, Henry tackled his beans on toast with an enthusiasm he would have been incapable of had he not spent those few minutes chatting with Billy.

There was something about children, Henry figured. The way they watched you with big wide wondering eyes, the way they held your arm — they threw a bit of meaning into the existence, and tuned up the system. Henry suddenly felt like a man who could beat the world, who could fly to the moon, rise to great heights. He would draw that spaceman tonight on his drawing-board, big and colorful.

A spaceman! He sprang to his drawing-board. And worked. And worked. It was one o'clock before he had finished. Before him was the layout for Anstruther Kitchens — a huge spaceman, and across it the words:

HOMEBUILDERS!  
BE MODERN!  
BE AHEAD OF THE  
TIMES!  
BE A SPACEMAN!  
IN A KITCHEN BY  
ANSTRUTHER!

Then there followed a few

well-placed words about saving steps, stooping, stretching, and storage space. Also,

"She'll never go home to mother."

If you buy her the ANSTRUTHER!

Henry's iambic pentameter wasn't the best.

He drained his coffee cup, tenderly rolled his design, kissed the model spaceman he had found in a science fiction magazine, and crawled into bed.

If this didn't catch the eye and distribute Anstruther Kitchens' overdraw among the accounts of a thousand home-builders, he'd take his place in the soup queue with the serenity of one who had tried.

Tomorrow would tell.

Henry's temperament was about as stable as a spaceman in a moonquake on reduced gravity. His spirits continually moved between bottomless gloom and a height of gaiety bordering on delirium.

And on Tuesday night, as he stepped from his car, he was enjoying an all-time high on the ecstasy end of the scale. He took from the front seat a bunch of flowers, a roll of stiff paper, a large bulky parcel, and marched straight to the door of Billy's house.

He even rang the bell.

Julie opened the door. "Are you haunting this house, Buster, or—?"

"No, no, I'd like to see Billy, if I may!"

"Billy is having his tea, and besides I don't want him—"

"Please, look, I won't take a minute! Just in and out! I promised him something. And I can't break a promise!" Henry cramped the doorway, and kept talking. "It has a bad effect on children when an adult breaks his promise, don't you think? You know, we must encourage the old childlike faith in mankind, and—"

"Some other time! I—"

"Who's there, Sis?" cried a pair of running feet from the hallway. "Henry! Come on in! Got my drawin'!"

Billy put out his hand and drew Henry inside. Julie found herself left standing — with a bunch of flowers.

In the dining-room Henry found a solemn-faced young man holding an inquest on a plate of steak and onions.

"Hector!" Billy introduced.

"Hi, Heck!" breezed Henry. Hector mumbled something to his onions, and then proceeded to study Henry as a professor might examine a disease down a long microscope.

Henry had flopped to the floor with Billy, and was untying the roll of stiff paper. Julie had followed them down the hall holding the flowers like a nervous bridemaid.

"Geed! Look at this, Sis!" Billy screamed, rushing the drawing to Julie. "Henry drew it!"

She looked at the drawing. Her eyebrows rose. She looked quickly at Henry, and away.

"It's very well done, isn't it, Billy?" And again her eyebrows shot towards Henry, who sat, grinning like a youngster, on the floor.

Hector said, "Ugh!"

"Billy, this is for you, too!" Henry pointed to the bulky parcel.

"What is it?"

"Better open it!"

Everybody was sitting up and taking notice now. Billy

To page 69

Ladies handkerchiefs are softer, daintier

... when you make sure they're Polo ...

Polo Ladies' Handkerchiefs are handkerchiefs to treasure — party-pretty, lovely to feel ... and specially woven from the finest Egyptian cotton. Guaranteed colorfast, in practical sizes and exclusive designs.

At better stores singly in smart, hygienic cellophane wrappers ... 1/9— or in attractive boxes of 3 ... 5/3.

Better looking Longer Lasting

Polo Handkerchiefs

Manufactured by Thomas, Henry & Son Pty. Ltd., Sydney

## UNDER-ARM HAIR

means the end of glamour

Get rid of ugly hair in 3 minutes

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If you want to be admired, always keep under-arms hair-free. But never use a razor. Razors make hair grow quicker and coarser. They scrape tender skin. Just apply wonderful Veet cream. Leave it on for 3 minutes. Then wash it off. It's amazing. Every trace of hair is gone. Skin is left smooth as silk, as if only hair had never existed. Remember, Veet is just as good for removing hair on arms and legs. No need to suffer embarrassment when you can get Veet. Try Veet to-day.



VEET hair-removing cream

## Continuing . . . Henry and the Spaceman

plucked at the string. Julie sat forward, craning to see everything. Even Hector had swung around in his chair. For a few moments the silence was broken only by the savage rustle of brown paper.

"Holy smoke! It's a space suit!" Billy exclaimed. "Gee, Henry, can I put it on?"

"Go ahead! I want to see if it fits O.K." Henry grinned like a ground ape.

"Do you mind telling me, whatever your name is, just what you're up to, giving Billy—"

"Julie began.

"It's like this," Henry stood up and took a vacant chair at the table, addressing both Julie and Hector. "I'm in the advertising business, and Billy's talk of spacemen gave me a great idea for a job on kitchens!"

"Kitchens?" echoed Hector, removing his glasses.

"Yes, kitchens! Anstruther Kitchens! She'll never go home to mother, if he buys her the Anstruther!" He got up and walked to the kitchen doorway.

"Now take this kitchen! Take those cupboards for instance—"

"One minute!" Julie halted him. "Just one minute. Maybe I'm slow to follow, but—first

you molest me over the fence, then you stand talking to my brother half the night outside his window, now you barge in here, give him an expensive gift, and gabble about Kitchens! Come away from those cupboards before you smash everything!"

Henry came over to her.

"I had a difficult job designing layouts to advertise these kitchens. Right? Billy gave me the idea, you see? Spaceman! Space in the kitchen for everything! Also, spaceman—modern—modern kitchens for modern homes! O.K.?" Henry beamed at her.

"How do I look?" yelled Billy from inside something which resembled an inverted goldfish bowl.

"You look fine! Wonderful! You're the best-dressed spaceman I've ever seen!" Henry laughed.

"Er . . . Billy!" Hector spoke in the sort of voice which sends little children cringing to the nearest corner. "Give the gentleman back his spacesuit! You mustn't take gifts from—"

"Hey, just a minute, laughing boy!" Henry snapped. "What's this got to do with you?"

from page 68

"It's got a lot to do with his sister! And I'm certain she doesn't want her brother rigged up in a stupid thing like that! Least of all, accept a gift from a stranger!"

"A stranger! I'm not a stranger! Not to Billy, anyway! Am I, Billy?"

"No, Henry! An' you keep out o' this, Hector!"

"Billy! Don't you dare speak to Hector like that!" Julie joined in.

"Aw, Sis, I can keep it, can't I?"

The two men turned to Julie, one stern and disapproving, the other almost pleading.

"Well, I . . ."

"Julie!" Hector interrupted. "Surely you're not hesitating! Even if you're thinking of allowing this man to give your brother expensive gifts, you shouldn't encourage the child in this space rubbish!"

"What space rubbish?" Henry demanded.

"This idiocy about spacemen and spacesuits! You ought to grow up yourself! Drawing spacemen!" Henry gaped at him in horror. "Julie, it's time you tried to draw Billy away from this craze of his! Space comics! Space guns! It's ridiculous!"

"What sort of a world do you live in, Grandpa?" from Henry. "Pity help any kid who ever comes under your influence!"

"Hector, I don't see," began Julie, who had been watching both men, and remembering certain things, like a talk beneath her window, and a bunch of flowers. "What harm can come—"

"Julie, my dear, it all has such a profound effect upon his developing mind! The boy will

grow up with these hideous ideas!"

"They're not hideous ideas!" Her green eyes took on that good, old-fashioned blaze. "They're good for him! They encourage his imagination!"

"Imagination?" Henry got in.

"Imagination!" Henry got in. "It's people with a bit of imagination," Julie continued "who—"

"Julie," came Hector's patronising whine, "do you want the boy to grow up a . . . a dreamer?"

"And what's wrong with dreamers?" cried Julie. "It's dreamers who've given us—"

She stopped abruptly, catching sight of Henry's grin, and blushed like a desert sunset.

There was a short silence.

Then the inverted goldfish bowl spoke.

"You'd better beat it!"

Nobody contradicted it. "All right! All right!" Hector rose and stamped to the front door.

"Sorry!" Henry's voice broke the silence. "I . . . I . . . seem to have . . . ah . . . sort of . . . broken up the happy group!"

"You haven't done anything!" Billy sympathised, taking Henry's hand. "How do I look, Sis? Do you like it?"

"You look wonderful!" She hugged the little boy to her.

"Can Henry stay to dinner, Sis?"

"Well," she glanced up at the publicity man, "he looks awfully hungry, doesn't he, Billy?"

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ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living persons.



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Raleigh Strained Foods save mothers so much time. It's no trouble at all preparing a variety of tasty meals for baby this new convenient way. It's so much cheaper, too. Raleigh Strained Foods are wholesome, nutritious and are prepared under the most hygienic conditions from only the finest selected Australian raw fruits, vegetables and meats.

Doctors and baby health centres approve prepared strained foods and only your grocer stocks

**Raleigh**  
STRAINED FOODS

Manufactured by Raleigh Preserving Co. Ltd.  
Brunswick and Pakenham, Victoria.

"Always look for the Raleigh Baby"



### THE GEM SEEKERS

IN Sydney a group of people don't have to buy bright gems for their own or their friends' adornment. They "make" their own.

They spend their weekends hunting in the bush for gem stones, such as opals and sapphires, and later cut and polish them.

The club's fossicking expeditions are rarely

financially exciting, but the members, who range in age from 20 to 70, get a lot of enjoyment out of learning to transform the crude natural stones into things of beauty.

There is an interesting article about this unusual club in the September 14 issue of A.M., the weekly magazine for all the family.

## "Four Good Reasons why Mrs. Sara uses Velvet Soap"



says *Aunt Jenny*

"Quadruplicate mischief means a big daily wash—so Mrs. Sara needs all the help Velvet can give."



"CHARMING MRS. SARA gets a hand from the Quads' big brother, Geoffrey. 'When I'm not washing I'm washing up,' smiles the Quads' mother. 'But good pure Velvet makes both jobs easier. And I do like it for my hands.'"



BUY THE  
BIG  
ECONOMY BAR

V.316.WWHP

IN THE PUBLIC EYE: Wherever they go the Quads are the centre of attraction. They must be well-dressed—and always are. "Sometimes I think the Quads get their clothes dirty four times faster than other children," laughs their mother, "so I'm certainly glad of Velvet—especially for those very grimy parts. Its extra-soapy suds keep their cottons fresh and neat and their woolies soft and warm."

# Beautiful Rooms

designed by an expert decorator for you



**RUTH SLOANE, M.S.I.D.**  
*well-known Interior  
Decorator tells you how to  
make the best of your home*

## DINING ROOM

Glade Green Feltex (645), which is one of the new contemporary colors, was the basis for this charming dining room.

A vivid contrast was achieved with terra cotta walls and mustard yellow ceiling.

Very full, cloud grey voile curtains hang at the windows, blending with the natural blond furniture.

A sharp and interesting color note was found on the chair coverings. They were made of heavy textured material in bright nasturtium, quite as vivid as growing flowers, and looking almost as a garden on the green floor.

## LOUNGE ROOM

Citrus Lime Feltex (642) is the floor covering for this beautiful room, which is a combination of contemporary and traditional feeling.

Even though the floor is light in tone, the color value is wonderful and requires only the care a good room deserves.

Our walls create the strong color contrast, being painted chocolate brown, with a pale sand ceiling.

The predominating piece of furniture is the large settee, which is covered in bright coral linen, giving a most dramatic effect on the lime floor.

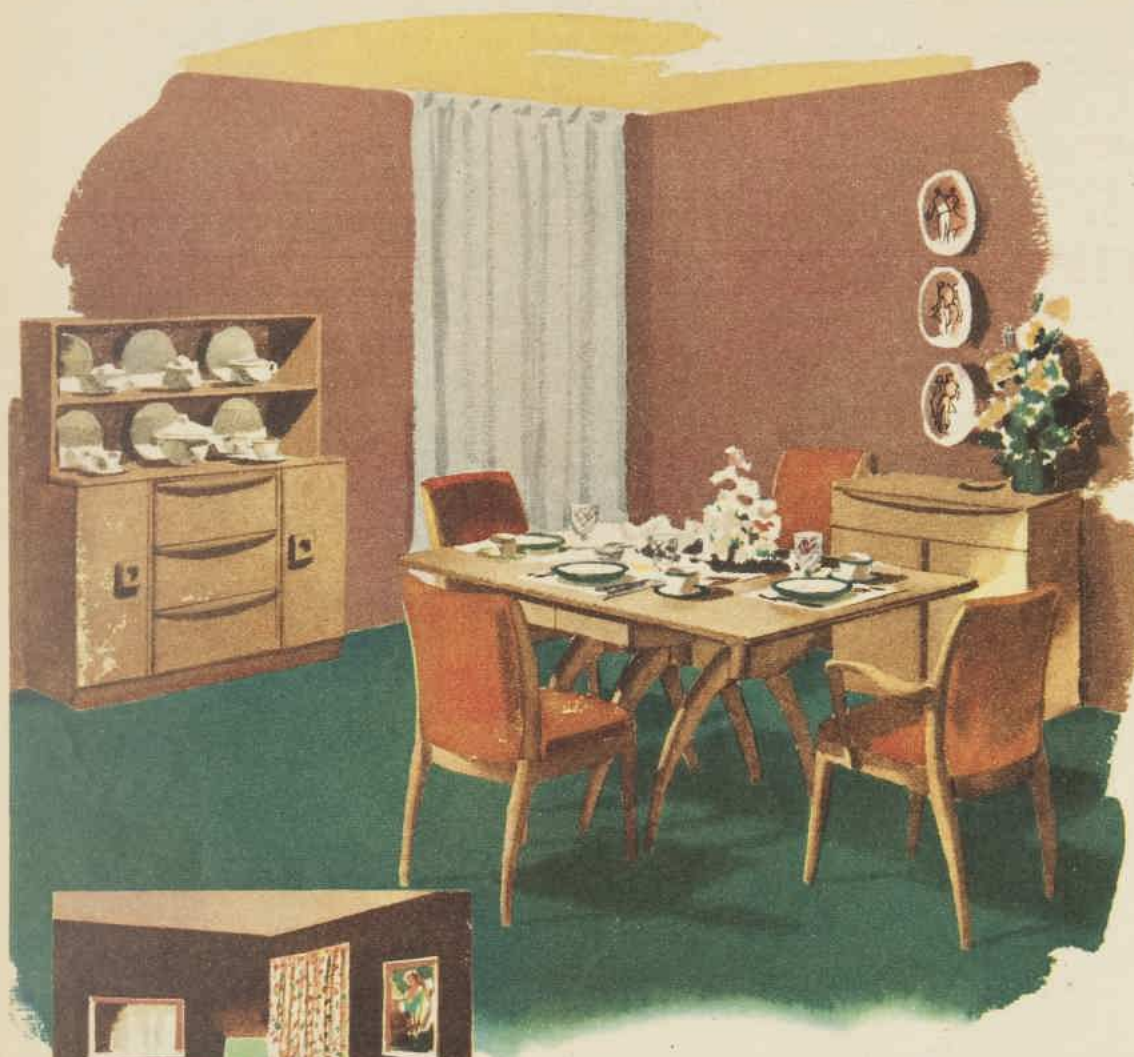
Avocado green was used on the chair and stool, and the odd chair has a striped material, in hues of coral, white, green and brown.

The same colors were repeated in the printed linen curtains, which team in full harmony with the rest of the room.

## BEDROOM

As shocking pink is such a vital and exciting color, we chose it for the bedcover and chair seat in this attractive room. Placed on a duck egg blue Marbled Feltex (708) floor, with turquoise blue walls and clover pink ceiling, the effect was truly striking. Off-white furniture and lampshades with clover pink curtains completed this colorful scheme.

*Ruth Sloane*



Charming, colourful rooms such as are pictured here make for better and brighter living. The keynote of a good furnishing plan is colour harmony and this is just what we are showing you in these three lovely rooms. . . . Remember, Marbled, Plain and Patterned Feltex are two yards wide, so it takes less Feltex to cover your floors, thus giving you a very big saving on your floor coverings.

# FELTEX

AUSTRALIA'S NATIONAL FLOOR COVERING

Always insist on FELTEX UNDERFELT for all your Floor Covering needs. Also a Branded Product.

FELT & TEXTILES OF AUSTRALIA LTD.  
Manufacturers of Marbled, Plain and Patterned Feltex.

**FASHION** Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained immediately from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd. 542 Harris Street, Ulama, Sydney (postal address Box 4000 G.P.O. Sydney). Tasmanian readers should address orders to Box 48-D G.P.O. Hobart; New Zealand readers to Box 965, G.P.O. Auckland.

# Fashion PATTERNS

## Beginner's Pattern

**F3364.**—An easy-to-make small girl's dress and jacket ensemble. Sizes 20in., 23in., 27in., and 31in. lengths for 4, 6, 8, and 10 years. Requires 24yds. 36in. material for dress and 1yd. 36in. material for bolero. Special price, 2/6.



**F3359.**—Smart button-up coat-dress styled with a becoming collar and yoked bodice plus a prettily flared skirt. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. material. Price, 3/6.

**F3360**

**F3361.**—Glamorous nightgown designed with a form-fitting bodice-top and graceful skirt. The orchid transfer for bodice embroidery is 12in. by 20in. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 5yds. 36in. material and 2½yds. ribbon. Price, 4/6. Transfer, 2/- extra.

**F3361**



**F3360.**—A cool, pretty sun-dress and short-cut bolero jacket. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Dress requires 4yds. 36in. material, bolero requires 14yds. 36in. material. Price, complete, 3/6.

**F3362.**—Blouse and separate skirt with a smart trim of rick-rack braid. Sizes 30in. to 36in. bust. Requires 5yds. 36in. material and 12yds. rick-rack braid. Price, 3/6.



**F3362**

**F3363.**—Slim-line one-piece and matching bosom-length bolero jacket finished with white pique trim. Sizes 32in. to 36in. bust. Requires 4yds. 36in. material and 1½yds. 36in. contrast. Price, 3/6.

**F3363**

## NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 738.—**SMALL GIRL'S SUN-DRESS AND PANTIES.** A pretty two-piece obtainable cut out ready to make with easy-to-follow instructions. The material is a coin spot summer breeze, obtainable in blue, pale pink, red, and green, all printed with a white spot. Lengths 18in. for 2 years, 15/6 postage, 1/7 extra; 20in. for 3-4 years, 16/11 postage and registration, 1/6 extra; 23in. for 5-6 years, 17/9 postage and registration, 1/6 extra; 27in. for 7-8 years, 18/9 postage and registration, 1/6 extra.

No. 739.—**LUNCHEON CLOTH AND MATCHING SERVETTES.** The cloth is obtainable clearly traced ready to embroider, with a pretty basket and flower design. The material is pure Irish linen in white and cream, also sheer linen in blue, lemon, and green. In size 30in. by 36in., the cloth is obtainable in all colors, but in 40in. by 45in. and 54in. by 54in., they are obtainable in white and cream only. Prices, cloth 36in. by 36in., obtainable in sheer linen in above listed colors, 22/11; postage and registration, 1/2 extra. Cloth 45in. by 45in. in white or cream linen, 32/6; postage and registration, 2/- extra. Cloth 54in. by 54in. in white or cream linen, 42/6; postage and registration, 2/6 extra. Serviettes, 11in. by 11in., Price 1/6 each Postage 3d extra.

No. 740.—**DUCHESSE SET.** An unusual three-piece purchase set obtainable clearly traced ready to embroider on good quality Irish linen in white and cream, on sheer linen in blue, lemon, and green, and in a fine Swiss organdie in white, blue, lemon, pink, and green. The centre mat measures 11in. by 17in. and the small mat 8in. by 8in. Price, linen, 8/11; postage 2d extra; organdie, 6/11; postage 8d extra.

No. 741.—**STRIPED ONE-PIECE DRESS.** A smart one-piece in striped cotton cambric is obtainable cut out ready to make with easy-to-follow instructions. The color choice includes blue and white, red and white, lemon and white, green and white, and pink and white. Sizes 32in. to 34in. bust, 29/2; postage and registration, 2/3 extra; 36in. and 38in. bust, 32/9; postage and registration, 2/3 extra.

NOTE.—Please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted. All Needlework Notions over 10/- sent by registered post.



738



741



740



## This is a fashion hook

With a crochet hook and some Coats Mercer-Crochet thread you can make a superb blouse, or a pair of delightful gloves, or a scarf or a hat, or (if you're ambitious) a bedspread, or d'oyleys or dozens of useful, decorative and practical things.

The elegance of designs worked in Coats Mercer-Crochet will last; for this glistening smooth thread has tremendous strength as well as beauty.

You'll enjoy making things for yourself and you'll love the admiring (and envious) looks when you say "It was easy, and fun, too."

Look for the Coats designs in Paragon Booklets.



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# ODO-RO-NO CREAM

A super-effective, "Action-Proof" ingredient now in Odo-Ro-No—perfected after years of research—brings you the safest, surest deodorant protection ever known!

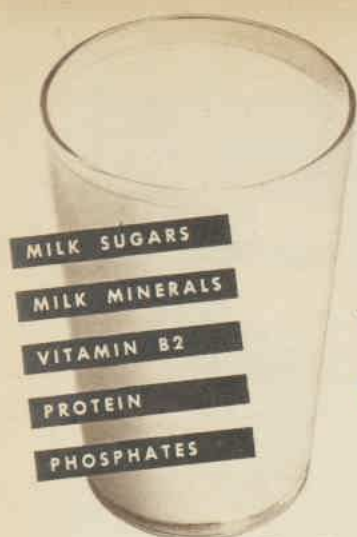
Rely on double action Odo-Ro-No

★ Slime body odour INSTANTLY

★ Checks perspiration SAFELY

Also available—liquid Odo-Ro-No with the popular applicator. In two strengths, regular and instant.





# Only Velveeta gives you all milk's goodness

Did you know that in making ordinary cheese, some of the precious food elements are lost? They are run off in the whey. These are: milk sugars, milk minerals and Vitamin B<sub>2</sub>. But, *Velveeta puts them back*. And never before has this been done!

Yes! Velveeta adds *all* of these precious food elements to the other vitamins, protein, calcium and phosphates so essential to good health. So, you see, Velveeta offers you *extra* value — because of its *extra* food values.

# Only Velveeta does all these, too

**GRILLS TO PERFECTION**

**HEARTY BREAKFAST**

Pop Velveeta under your griller and you'll watch it toast into mouth-watering, golden goodness. Perfect as a hasty, tasty breakfast, or for lunch, snacks and suppers. Remember, too — Velveeta gives you *all* milk's goodness and is digestible as milk itself! So good for all your family at any time.

**MELTS INTO DELICIOUS SAUCE**

**QUICK! EASY!**

It takes only a few minutes to serve this appetising and nourishing Velveeta sauce. Simply melt  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. of Velveeta in the top of a double boiler (or ordinary saucepan stood in boiling water), stir in  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup of milk — and pour over vegetables for *extra* flavour, *extra* nourishment.



**S-P-R-E-A-D-S**

*like butter!*

You'll notice how firmly and neatly Velveeta slices — yet how it spreads like butter under your knife! Choose Velveeta for school lunches... pack those *extra* food values into the youngsters' sandwiches. Save butter, too! You don't *need* butter when you spread delicious, money-saving Velveeta. Pasteurised and processed for purity. Ask for Velveeta in its yellow 8 oz. packet. Made by KRAFT FOODS.



# BISCUITS . . .

## Plain and fancy

**S**TART with a basic recipe and use it to make biscuits in dozens of shapes, sizes, and flavors. Try these suggested on this page. Other recipes included are flavored with vanilla, coffee, or honey.

Spoon measurements in all our recipes are level.

### BASIC BISCUIT MIXTURE

Eight ounces butter or substitute, 8oz. sugar, 2 egg-yolks, 2 tablespoons milk, 1lb. flour, 1 dessertspoon baking powder, 4 tablespoons cornflour, pinch salt.

Cream butter or substitute thoroughly with sugar, add beaten egg-yolks, then milk. Fold in sifted dry ingredients, making a dry dough. Roll on lightly floured board to a thickness of barely  $\frac{1}{4}$  in. Cut into shapes desired with floured knife or cutter. Place on greased tray, bake in moderate oven 12 to 15 minutes. Cool on tray.

Use the basic mixture for the following recipes:

### ALMOND MERINGUE FINGERS

One egg-white, 1 tablespoon sugar, 4 tablespoons marzipan meal, 3 or 4 drops almond essence, few almonds.

Roll biscuit mixture thinly, cut into finger-lengths. Cook and cool. Beat egg-white stiffly, add sugar, beat until sugar is dissolved. Add almond essence and marzipan meal. Spread lightly on cooled biscuits, top with chopped blanched almonds, set and dry out in a very slow oven.

### CHOCOLATE PEPPERMINT CREAMS

One egg-white,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup sugar, 1 tablespoon water, peppermint essence, green coloring, grated chocolate.

Roll biscuit mixture thinly, cut into finger-lengths, cook as directed, cool. Beat egg-white with sugar and water for 7 minutes over boiling water. Remove from heat, continue beating 1 or 2 minutes. Flavor half with peppermint essence and color pale green. (Reserve other half for strawberry creams.) Spread over biscuits, decorate with grated chocolate.

### MARSHMALLOW BISCUITS

Raspberry jam, 3 teaspoons gelatine,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup boiling water, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, 1 egg-white, 1 cup icing sugar, vanilla, pink or green coloring, coconut.

Roll biscuit mixture thinly, cut with

● Make some delicious biscuits—decorated for tea or supper parties and plain for lunch-boxes and after-school snacks.

plain 2in. cutter. Bake and cool. Soak gelatine in boiling water, when cold but not set, add lemon juice. Pour slowly on to stiffly beaten egg-white, mixing well. Beat in sifted icing sugar, vanilla, and coloring. Place a dab of jam in centre of each biscuit, spoon marshmallow on to each, working quickly as mixture sets quickly. Sprinkle with coconut.

### COFFEE FINGERS

Coffee-flavored mock cream, coffee-flavored warm icing, chopped blanched almonds or walnuts.

Roll biscuit mixture thinly, cut into finger-lengths, cook as directed; cool. Join pairs with coffee-flavored mock cream and top with coffee-flavored warm icing. Decorate with almonds or walnuts.

### CHOCOLATE DIAMONDS

Vanilla-flavored mock cream, chocolate icing.

Cut thinly rolled biscuit mixture into diamond shapes. Cook and cool. Join in pairs with vanilla-flavored mock cream, top with chocolate icing. Decorate with mock cream.

### DATE PINWHEELS

Biscuit mixture, 1 cup chopped dates, 1 tablespoon butter or substitute, 3 tablespoons milk, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, melted shortening, brown sugar.

Cook dates with butter or substitute, milk, lemon juice and lemon rind until soft and pulpy, stirring frequently, allow to cool. Roll biscuit mixture thinly, spread with date filling, roll up. Chill. Cut into  $\frac{1}{4}$  in. slices, place on greased tray. Brush with melted shortening, sprinkle with brown sugar, bake in moderate oven 10 to 12 minutes.

### STRAWBERRY CREAMS

Frosting, vanilla, strawberries. Cut thinly rolled biscuit mixture with heart-shaped cutter. Cook and cool. Top with frosting flavored with vanilla, decorate with strawberries.

### CHOCOLATE DAISIES

Mock cream flavored with grated orange rind, chocolate icing, blanched almonds, colored jubes.

Roll biscuit mixture thinly, cut into circles with  $\frac{1}{4}$  in. cutter. Cook and cool. Join pairs with mock cream, top with chocolate icing. Decorate with strips of almonds to form petals of a flower, make centre of piece of jube.

### COFFEE CREAMS

Four ounces butter or substitute,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup sugar, 1 egg, 1 tablespoon coffee essence,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon vanilla, 2 cups flour, pinch salt, chopped nuts, coffee-flavored mock cream.

Cream butter or substitute and sugar. Beat egg, reserve a little, mix balance with coffee essence and vanilla. Work in alternately with sifted flour and salt. Roll thinly on floured board, cut into rounds with 2in. cutter. Brush with egg, sprinkle with nuts, bake in moderate oven 20 minutes. Cool on trays. When cold join with mock cream.

### HONEY JUMBLES

Three ounces butter or substitute,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup brown sugar, 2 tablespoons honey, pinch grated lemon rind, 1 egg-yolk, 2 tablespoons milk, 1 cup self-raising flour, 1 cup plain flour, pinch salt, 2 teaspoons ginger, 1 teaspoon spice,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon nutmeg, small quantity lemon-flavored icing (colored green or pink or left white).

Cream butter or substitute with sugar. Add honey and lemon rind. Add egg-yolk and milk, mix well. Gradually work in sifted dry ingredients. Use a forcing-bag and large plain pipe to make 2in. to 3in. lengths of mixture on greased tray. Flatten both ends, leaving a "waist" in the middle. Bake in moderate oven 12 to 15 minutes. Cool on tin. When cold, top with warm icing.

### VANILLA SHELLS

Four ounces butter or substitute, 4oz. sugar, 2 egg-yolks, 2oz. cornflour,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cups flour,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 1 tablespoon sherry,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon vanilla, chocolate icing.

Cream butter or substitute with sugar, add egg-yolks, beat well. Add sifted dry ingredients. Lastly, add sherry and vanilla. Using a rose-pipe and bag, pipe shell shapes on greased trays. Bake in moderate oven 10 to 15 minutes. When cold dip small ends of shells in warmed chocolate icing.

# SMOKY DAWSON sings the praises of

## TO-DAY'S BIGGEST BREAKFAST BARGAIN

"Smoky"—star of films, television and Kellogg's top-rating radio serial "Smoky Dawson" says: "Kellogg's Corn Flakes taste better—naturally. Always have. Still do. I grew up with them—didn't you?"

# FRESH LIVELY FLAVOUR

Just as "Smoky" says: "Kellogg's Corn Flakes taste better—naturally." So, naturally, they taste better to more people than any other breakfast cereal.

As for honest-to-goodness, deep-down goodness, did you know that one helping of Kellogg's Corn Flakes with milk and sugar, plus fresh fruit and toast, gives you one-third of your daily food needs? 21 big breakfasts in every big packet... and compare the cost per serve with bacon, eggs or meat! No greasy grillers or messy pots and pans either! Better get two packets.

# Kellogg's CORN FLAKES

CRISPER  
TASTIER

**HEY KIDS!**  
Make a cut-out  
model of the  
AIRCRAFT CARRIER  
"SYDNEY."  
See offer on  
back panels

NET WEIGHT  
16 OUNCES

Flaked rolled  
corn with sugar  
salt and milk  
flavouring



CS4-1

# Savory dish wins £5



**SWEET AND SOUR** cabbage flavored with onion, curry powder, and mayonnaise and served hot is an appetising and economical luncheon dish. See main prize-winning recipe.

A savory vegetable casserole made with cabbage and onions wins the main prize of £5 in this week's recipe contest.

**CABBAGE** and onion, the two chief ingredients in this appetising luncheon entree, combine well with the curry-and-mayonnaise topping.

Consolation prizes of £1 each are awarded to readers for a crunchy-topped orange-coffee cake and a savory meat and rice dish.

All spoon measurements in our recipes are level.

## SWEET AND SOUR CABBAGE

One small cabbage,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup sugar, 1 cup water, 4 small white onions,  $\frac{3}{4}$  cup mayonnaise,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon curry powder,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup soft breadcrumbs, butter.

Wash cabbage thoroughly, drain, shred finely. Place in saucepan with sugar and water, cook 8 to 10 minutes until cabbage is tender but not soft. Drain well. Peel and slice onions, cook in boiling salted water 10 to 12 minutes, mix with cabbage, place in greased ovenware dish. Combine curry powder with mayonnaise, pour over cabbage. Sprinkle top with breadcrumbs, dot generously with butter. Bake in moderate oven until top is bubbly and lightly browned. Serve hot.

First Prize of £5 to Miss B. O'Brien, Yahgunyah, Warren, N.S.W.

## ORANGE COFFEE CAKE

Two ounces butter or substitute, 3oz. sugar, 2 teaspoons grated orange rind, 1 egg, 8oz. self-raising flour, pinch salt, 3 tablespoons milk, 3 tablespoons orange juice.

Topping: Four tablespoons brown sugar, 3 tablespoons flour, 2 tablespoons melted butter,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon grated orange rind.

Cream butter or substitute with sugar and orange rind. Add egg, beat well. Fold in sifted dry ingredients alternately with milk and orange juice. Place in greased slab tin, sprinkle all topping ingredients mixed together over cake mixture. Bake in moderate oven 20 to 25 minutes. Cool on cake-cooler.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Miss L. Price, Taranna, Tas.

## PORK CHOPS AND RICE CREOLE

Four to six pork shoulder chops, salt and pepper to taste, 2 tablespoons fat or good shortening, 2 onions, 1 clove garlic,  $\frac{2}{3}$  cups hot water, 1 tin tomato soup,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup chopped shallot,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup chopped green pepper,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup diced celery, 2 tablespoons chopped parsley,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup washed rice, 1 bay-leaf, pinch each of thyme and marjoram.

Sprinkle chops with salt and pepper, brown on both sides in hot fat. Remove chops and 1 tablespoon of the fat from pan. Add sliced onions and crushed garlic to fat, brown lightly. Stir in hot water and tomato soup and then remaining ingredients. Pour over chops in ovenware dish, cover and bake in moderate oven 1 to  $1\frac{1}{2}$  hours or until meat and rice are tender. If rice becomes dry during cooking add a little extra hot water.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. D. Rigney, 5 Walstab St., East Brighton, Vic.

## HONEY CONTEST

THE third progress prize of £5/5/- in the honey recipe contest is won by Mrs. E. Hood, 93 Essex St., Epping, N.S.W., with a recipe for honey-spun rice entered in Section 2.

## HONEY-SPUN RICE

Half cup uncooked rice,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup honey,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup sugar, 1-3rd cup cold water, 2 egg-whites, pinch salt, almond essence, cooked or tinned apricot pulp, almonds and cherries to decorate.

Wash rice thoroughly, place into large quantity of boiling salted water, cook quickly 15 to 20 minutes. Strain through colander, pour cold water over, drain well. Mix with honey. Place sugar and cold water in saucepan, stir over low heat until sugar is dissolved, cook until mixture forms a soft ball when tested in cold water. Beat egg-whites stiffly with salt. Gradually add syrup, beating well. Flavor with almond essence. Mix half of this mixture with the honey-flavored rice, pour into ovenware serving dish. Cover with apricot pulp, then balance of egg-white mixture. Place in slow oven until top is set and is lightly browned. Decorate with almonds and cherries.

## EPIDEMIC DISEASES

By SISTER MARY JACOB, Our Mothercraft Nurse

TO safeguard children parents should learn to recognise the early symptoms of the infectious fevers and know the simple nursing treatment for them.

In addition parents should find out how and when their children should be immunised against certain sicknesses. To neglect immunisation, which is now made so easy by Health authorities and Municipal Councils, unnecessarily exposes children to grave risks.

There are certain infectious diseases common to childhood that occur from time to time throughout the year, but

at certain times they become so widespread they are known as "epidemic."

Every baby should be immunised against whooping cough and diphtheria between the ages of six and 12 months.

A leaflet describing the signs and symptoms of some of the infectious fevers of childhood and outlining the simple nursing treatment for them can be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

Note: A stamped addressed envelope must be enclosed.

# Oh, so delicious ... best chicken soup you ever tasted

... HOME-MADE THE MODERN WAY !



One packet makes  
4 BIG BOWLS

## That's real Chicken... That's Continental

BRAND

**ONE SIP** and you realise that Continental brand Chicken Noodle Soup is something pretty wonderful. You know at once that it's chicken — tender, plump chicken simmered slowly to make that golden, nourishing broth. Lots of enriched egg noodles and just the right touch of herbs and parsley combine to give Continental the delicious goodness of the most carefully home-made chicken soup.

Yet this grand soup costs even less than regular home-made soups and saves hours of time and trouble. You simply add water and simmer. In just seven minutes you're rewarded with four big bowls of steaming, really home-tasting chicken soup. Why not tonight?

... and don't forget this other  
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5 garden-fresh vegetables  
in rich tomato stock!  
Home-made the modern  
way—in only 10 minutes!  
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bowls!



Thrifty ...  
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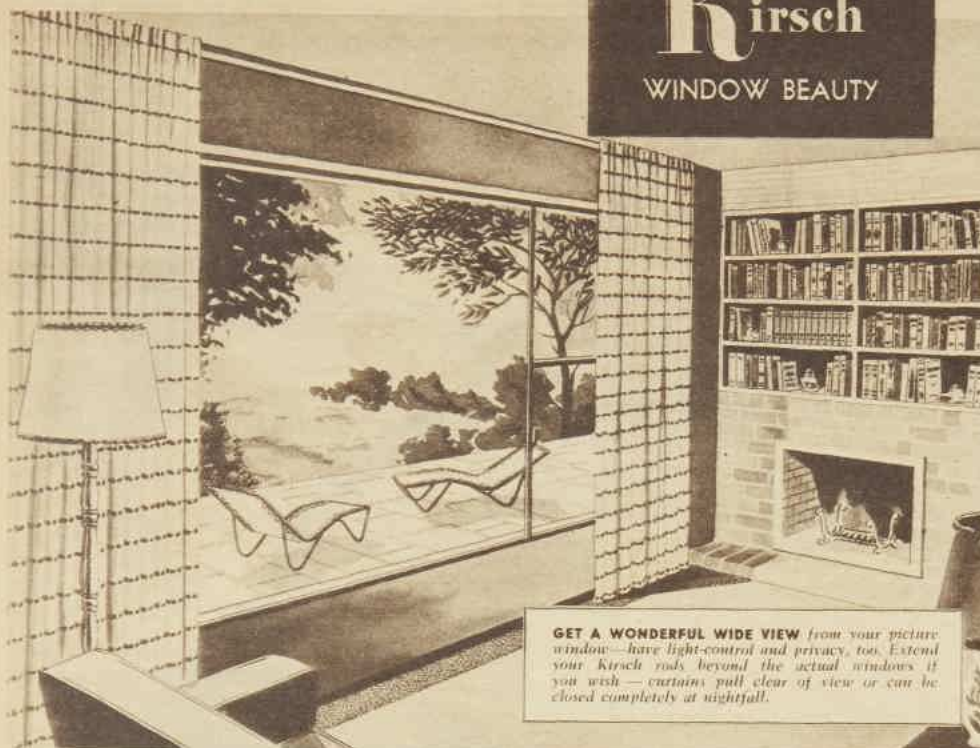


You can be sure of the products recommended by *Betty King*

Address any correspondence to Betty King, Box 2625, G.P.O., Sydney.

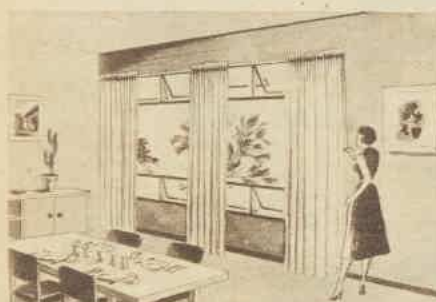
# Kirsch

## WINDOW BEAUTY



GET A WONDERFUL WIDE VIEW from your picture window—have light-control and privacy, too. Extend your Kirsch rods beyond the actual windows if you wish—curtains pull clear of view or can be closed completely at nightfall.

## Every type of curtain slides beautifully on Kirsch rods



**TINY WINDOWS YOUR TROUBLE?** Two small windows make a room look "ditty". This curtain arrangement on Kirsch rods unifies the windows. Close the curtains and you have a wall of softly draped folds.



**SAY WINDOWS YOUR PROBLEM?** Kirsch rods have been specially designed to make your curtains look just as beautiful at bay windows as they do at straight windows.

Kirsch Venetians and curtain rods beautify any window. Free booklet tells you how.

Until you have gently pulled a Kirsch cord and watched your curtains slide back smoothly and easily, without handling them, you couldn't imagine what a difference Kirsch rods can make at your windows.

**NO WINDOW IS TOO WIDE,** and velvets or voiles, tapestries or linens, they all run easily on Kirsch.

**HEADINGS STAY NEAT.** Only on Kirsch rods do your curtains drape so softly and evenly. On Kirsch rods and hooks the curtain headings sit up *always*—they never sag or droop even when they've been up for months.

**NO WORKING PARTS SHOW.** Only Kirsch rods conceal every working part *inside* the rod—cords, runners, screws, brackets, all out of sight. When the curtains are open all you see is the unobtrusive inch-wide ivory-coloured rod that tones with walls and woodwork.



PULL TO OPEN. PULL TO CLOSE.

Kirsch rods, cut to your individual measurements, are available at leading hardware and furniture stores. Easy to install yourself, but stores will arrange to have it done for you if you prefer.

# Kirsch CURTAIN RODS

ARE A PRODUCT OF  
WORMALD BROTHERS INDUSTRIES

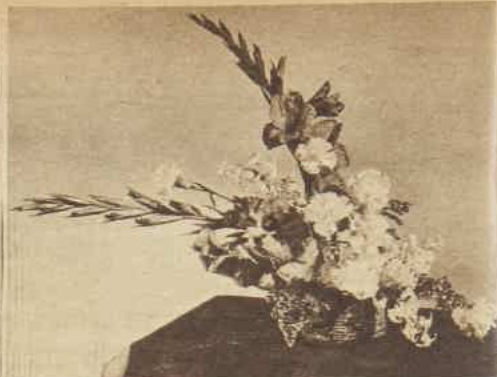
Send this coupon for "Window Beauty through Kirsch", a free folder which tells you about Kirsch Rods and Kirsch All-Metal Venetians.

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Please post to Kirsch in your capital city, or to Box 1578, G.P.O., Sydney.

K4-W.W.5



DEEP CYCLAMEN-TONED gladioli, pink carnations, and hyacinth were used in this design. Other flowers may be substituted, as, for instance, roses, iris, and sweet peas.

## Simple design

There is no reason why choice flowers should not be arranged in a wicker-basket for a cottage sitting-room, says Berin Spiro, New Zealand flower expert.

**A WICKER-BASKET** container is usually associated with the humbler blooms such as daisies, nasturtiums, or geraniums.

For formal room decor a china or pottery bowl would be used for the arrangement.

First of all, place a slightly curved gladioli spike in centre, then another horizontally with the open blooms low in the container. Two long-stemmed carnations are placed left and right and the centre filled in as shown, with one carnation



SKETCH above shows outline of design.

dripping over the rim of the container. Fill in with hyacinth as shown and soften the outline with fern. I advise the use of fern in this particular design.

## Contest winner

A mobile table for terrace use, made from a discarded nursery table, wins the £3 3/- cash prize this week in our home-makers' contest on how to make something new from something old.

**MRS. B. C. HARVEY,** 22 Longview Street, Eastwood, N.S.W., sent in the winning entry.

"We had a strongly built nursery table which was no longer any use, so my husband converted it into a useful piece of outdoor furniture," Mrs. Harvey writes.

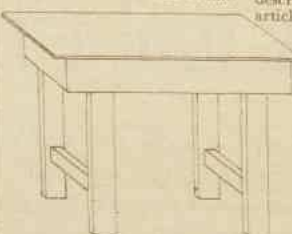
"The scarred tabletop was replaced with a piece of plywood cut to fit flush to the frame.

Two additional rails were fitted into the legs to hold a second shelf, and a cast-off set of tray-mobile casters was also attached. Painted to match the other outdoor furniture, this is a most convenient and useful table for outdoor use."

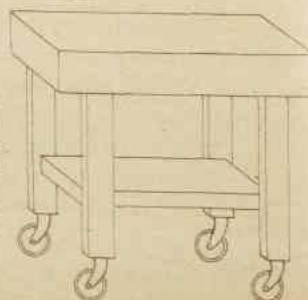
Perhaps you or a member of your family has made something from some discarded article. Send the idea in—it may win the weekly cash prize.

With each entry send a full description of the article or articles as they were and what was done with them. Rough sketches or a snapshot to illustrate the "before" and "after" idea should be supplied.

Address your entry to The Editor, Home-maker Department, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.



**NEW** flush-fitting top, an extra shelf, casters, and a coat of paint converted the nursery table shown above to the useful tray-mobile-table for outdoor use shown at right.



# Sweater in a new yarn

THIS yarn has a cashmere-like texture which washes beautifully, dries quickly, and does not rub.

Here are the directions:

**Materials:** Patons "Lucelle" five-ply (this is the only wool which should be used). Size A, 32-33in., 7 balls; Size B, 34-35 in., 7 balls; size C, 36-37in., 8 balls. 1 pair No. 14 knitting needles; No. 13 Parfery crochet hook; 4 small buttons.

**Measurements:** Length from top of shoulder—size A, 19in.; size B, 20in.; size C, 20½in. Length of sleeve seam—all sizes, 5in.

**Tension:** 11½ sts. to 1in. in width.

## BACK

**\*\*Cast on 150 (160, 170) sts. and work in k 1, p 1 rib for 3½in.**

**Next Row (wrong side):** P 1 (5, 9), inc. once in next 3 sts., p 1 (2, 3), \* inc. once in next st., p 6, rep. from \* to last 5 (10, 15) sts., inc. once in next st., p 1 (2, 3), inc. once in next 2 sts., p 1 (5, 9), 176 (186, 196) sts. \*\*

Change to st-st. and work straight until work measures 12½ (12½, 12½) in. from commencement.

**To Shape Armholes:** Cast off 12 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Now dec. once at each end of needle in every row until 140 (146, 156) sts. rem.

Work straight until back measures 19½ (20, 20½) in.

With right side facing, shape shoulders by casting off 11 (11, 12) sts. at beg. of next 8 rows; cast off rem. sts.

## FRONT

Work as given from \*\* to \*\* for back.

**Next Row:** K 82 (87, 92), cast on 24 sts., 106 (111, 116) sts.

**Next Row:** Purl

Cont. in st-st. until work measures 12½in. from commencement.

**To Shape Armhole:** Cast off 12 sts. at beg. of next row. Now dec. 1 st. at armhole edge in every row until 81 (84, 89) sts. rem.

Knit one row.

**Next Row:** Cast off 24 sts., p to end of row.

**Next Row:** K to end of row, cast on 12 sts., 69 (72, 77) sts.

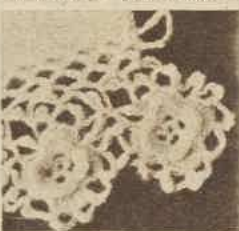
Cont. straight until work measures 17½ (18, 18½) in. from commencement. With wrong side facing, shape neck:

**Next Row:** Cast off 24, p to end.

Cont. in st-st, dec. one st. at neck edge on every row until 44 (44, 48) sts. rem.

Work a few rows straight until front matches back.

With right side of work facing, shape shoulder by casting off 11 (11, 12) sts. at beg. of next and following 3 alt. rows, armhole edge. Join in wool as



CLOSE-UP of the crochet medallions which, linked together, form the collar.

centre front, cast on 12 sts. and work to correspond with left side, reversing all shapings, and making 4 buttonholes, the first to come lin. from top of basque, and 4th ½in. from top, and remaining 2 at equal intervals. First mark position of buttons on left front with pins, then work holes to correspond.

**To Make Buttonhole:** With right side facing work 4, cast off 4, work 8, cast off 4, work to end.

In next row, cast on 4 over those cast off.

## SLEEVES

Cast on 114 (120, 126) sts. and work in st-st. for 2½in., cuff ending with a purl row.

**Next Row:** Purl

Cont. in st-st, inc. once each end of needle in 7th and every following 4th row until there are 124 (128, 134) sts.

Work straight until sleeve measures 5in. above cuff.

**To Shape Top:** Cast off 8 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then dec. one st. each end of needle in every alt. row until 64 (70, 74) sts. rem.

Now dec. on each end of every row until 26 (26, 26) sts. rem. Cast off.

## NECKBAND

Cast on 18 sts. and work in st-st. until band fits comfortably round neck. Cast off. Fold band in half and stitch neatly round neck edge. Sew on buttons to correspond with buttonholes. Press all seams.

## GOLLAR

The Medallions: Using No. 13 Parfery crochet hook, make 5 ch. and join into a ring.

**1st Round:** 5 ch., 1 d.c. into ring (4 spaces).

**2nd Round:** In each space work 1 d.c., 5 tr., 1 d.c.

**3rd Round:** At back of petals make loops of 6 ch., 1 d.c. in top of vertical stitch between petals.

**4th Round:** In each loop work 1 d.c., 1 half tr., 6 tr., 1 half tr., 1 d.c.

**5th Round:** 5 ch., picot (insert hook in 2nd st., join with sl-st. to form picot), 5 ch., 1 d.c. in 3rd tr. of petal, 5 ch., picot, 5 ch., 1 d.c. in centre of petal, 5 ch., picot, 5 ch., 1 d.c. in 3rd last tr. of petal. Rep. all round. Break off wool.

Work 12 medallions in this

manner. Join medallions by sewing the 5th and 6th picots on either side of medallion.

Join in wool to top of medallion and work as follows:

**1st Row:** 1 picot loop into each loop of previous row. Break off wool.

**2nd Row:** 1 d.c. into picot, \* 5 ch., 1 d.c. into picot, rep. from \* to end of row, turn.

**3rd Row:** \* 5 ch., 1 d.c. into loop, rep. from \* to end of row. Turn. Rep. 3rd row once. Fasten off.

Sew collar to neckband on the wrong side.



THIS pretty sweater with its Irish crocheted collar was knitted in a new yarn incorporating 10 per cent. nylon, 20 per cent. angora, and 70 per cent. wool.

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# Mandrake the Magician

**MANDRAKE:** Master magician, with **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, and **PRINCESS NARDA** are attacked by hungry natives who have been driven from their mist-filled valley home by something that has terrified them. In the struggle, Narda, carrying a large ring-like object she has found, is chased into the mist. Mandrake and Lothar follow her. The mist begins to lift a little and they stumble into an enormous metal boot. **NOW READ ON:**

WE CAN ONLY SEE TO THE ANKLE.

LOOK--THERE'S THE OTHER FOOT ABOUT A HUNDRED YARDS FROM HERE.

NO--THE STATUE COULDN'T HAVE BEEN HERE LONG --LOOK--IT'S ON THAT VILLAGE--

NO WONDER THE NATIVES FLED -- NO WONDER THEY WERE FRIGHTENED --AND FURIOUS--

THE FOG SUDDENLY LIFTS FURTHER--ASTONISHED, THEY STARE UP HUNDREDS OF FEET AT THE COLOSSAL FIGURE

OH--OH-- WHERE DID IT COME FROM? HOW DID IT GET HERE--?

IF--I ONLY KNEW--

AT THE EDGE OF THE VALLEY --THE ANGRY NATIVES ACT!

GET FIRE TO THE VALLEY! DESTROY THE EVIL GODS! --AND THE STRANGERS!

THE WIND IS RIGHT! NOW!

FIRE! COMING TOWARDS US!

NATIVES DID IT! US TRAPPED!

NO, WE CAN RUN. BUT WAIT--WHAT'LL THE FIRE DO TO THIS STATUE? DESTROY IT--BEFORE WE'VE HAD A GOOD LOOK AT IT!

FASTER--FASTER --IT'S GAINING ON US--

MISS NARDA! BETTER GO BACK!

KEEP AT IT--HEY! I THINK THE WIND'S CHANGING!

WHEW--THAT WAS CLOSE! THE WIND SAVED US.

IF US NO WORKED SO HARD, WIND BE TOO LATE.

YOU TWO WORKED HARDER THAN I DID. IT'LL SEE IF I CAN FIND SOME WATER.

AND AS SHE WALKS ON, BEYOND THE DESERTED VILLAGE--

WELL! ANOTHER ONE! MANDRAKE--HERE'S A SECOND STATUE--JUST LIKE THE OTHER ONE--

TO BE CONTINUED

# "TELL ME ANOTHER" says KLEENEX

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Silver's best friend

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"KATHLEEN." — Attractive one-piece dress designed to flatter the not-so-slim. The material is straw-cloth, the color choice includes grey, sage-blue, navy, black, and lilac.

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NOTE: Please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted, if ordering by mail, send to address given on page 71. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney.



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